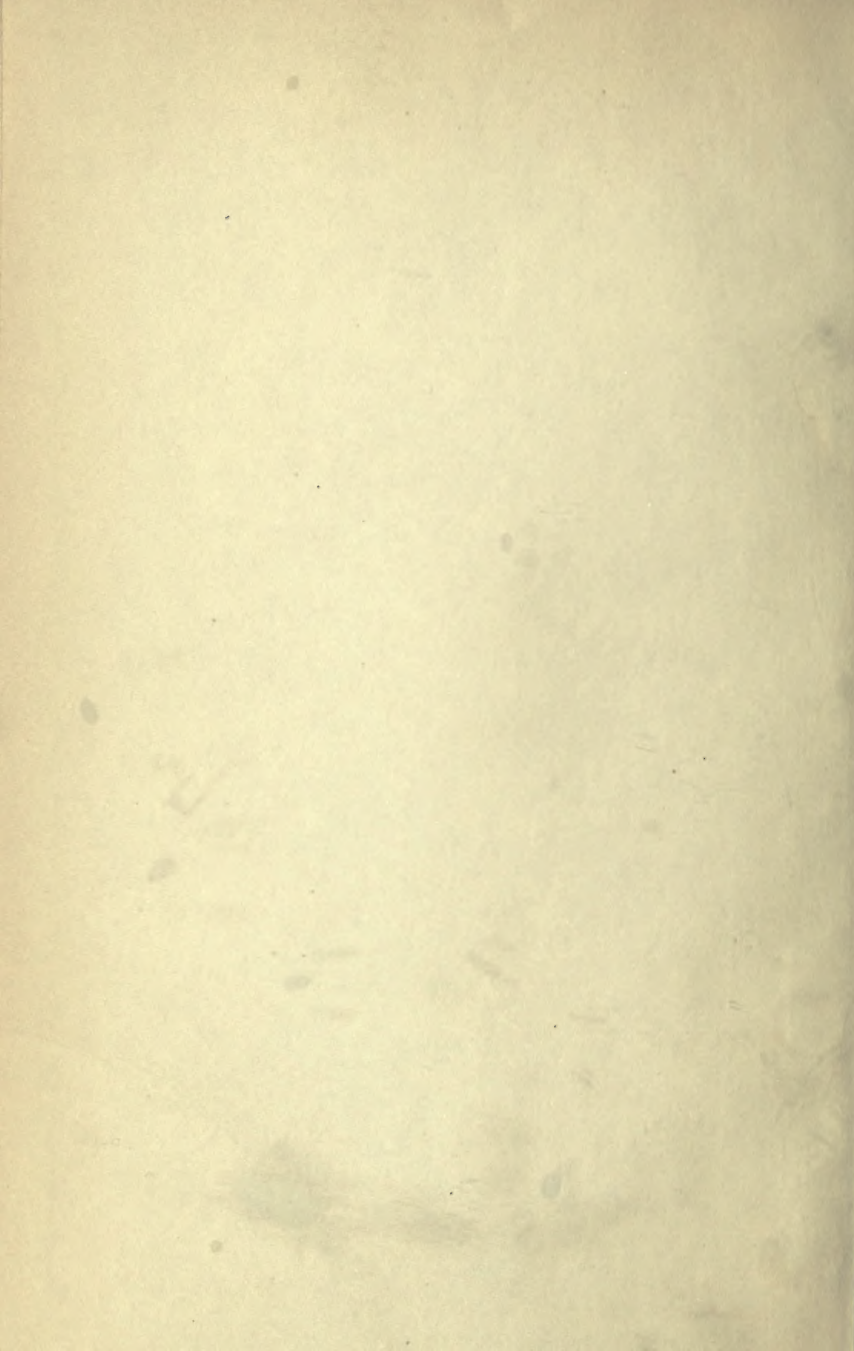
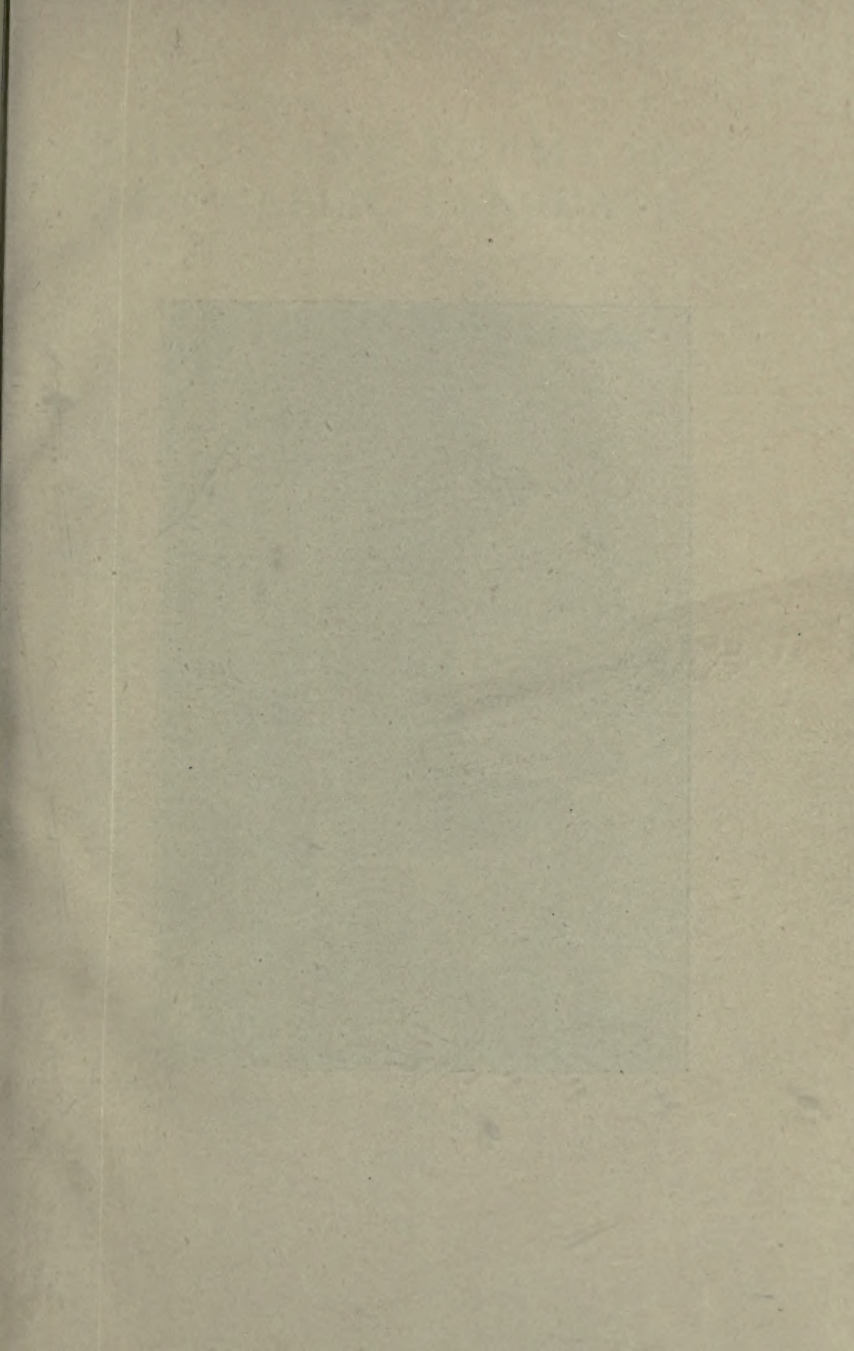


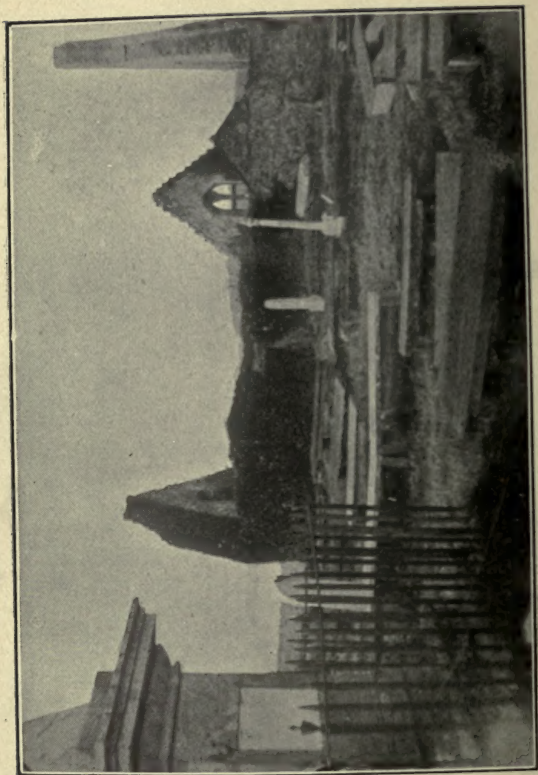
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ORAIN LE ROB DONN

ORAIN LE ROY DOMIN





Balnacill Church and Rob Donn's Monument

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SONGS AND POEMS IN THE GAELIC LANGUAGE

BY

ROB DONN

THE CELEBRATED REAY COUNTRY POET

ENLARGED EDITION

CONTAINING SEVERAL POEMS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,
WITH ENGLISH NOTES AND A NEW MEMOIR
OF THE POET

BY

HEW MORRISON, F.S.A. SCOT., ETC.

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Edinburgh
JOHN GRANT

1899

THE CATHOLIC LITURGICAL
BOOKS AND BOOKS IN
THE CATHOLIC LITURGICAL

THE CATHOLIC LITURGICAL

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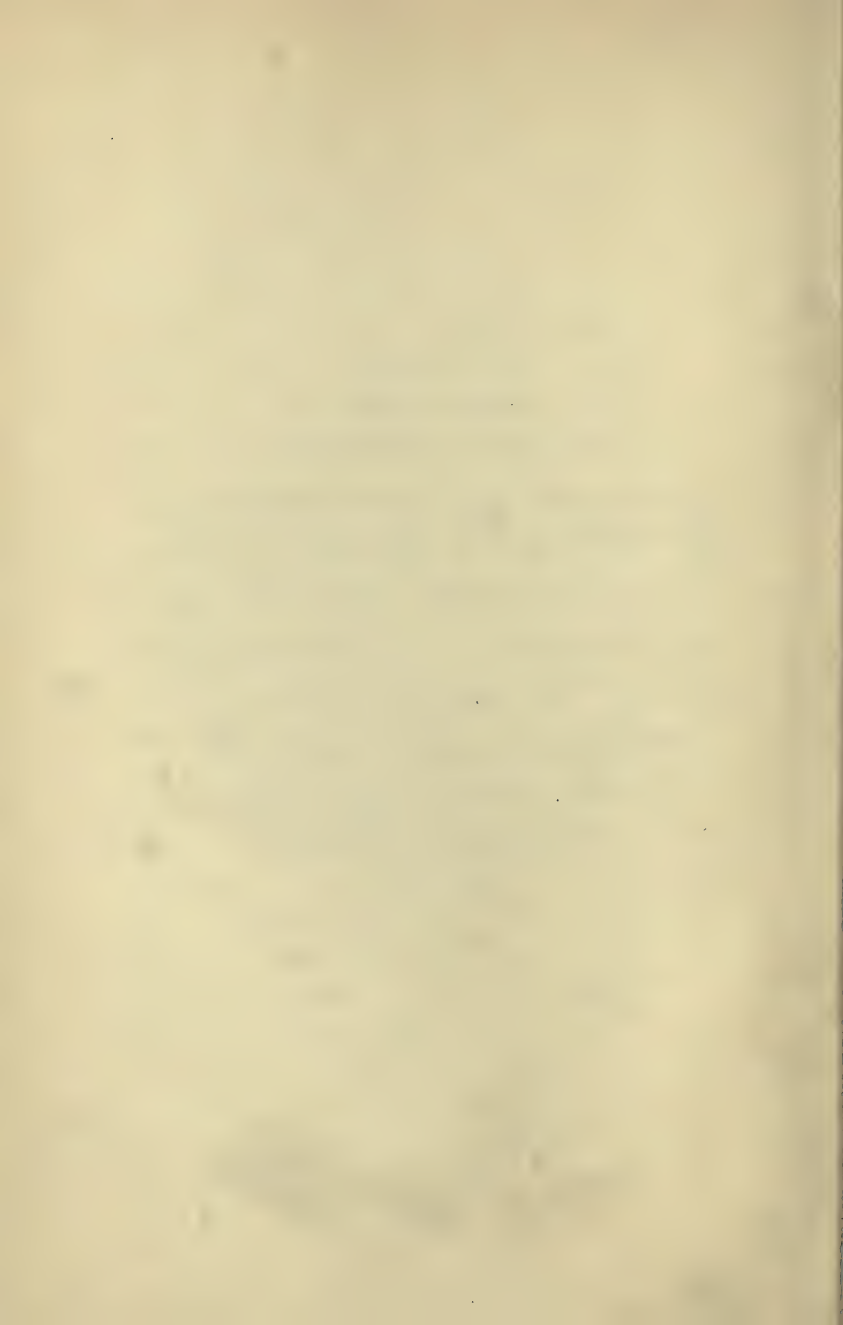
THE CATHOLIC LITURGICAL

THE CATHOLIC LITURGICAL

THE CATHOLIC LITURGICAL

TO HER GRACE
MILLICENT
DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

THE SONGS OF ROB DONN HAVE REFLECTED GREAT AND
LASTING HONOUR UPON HIS NATIVE COUNTY OF SUTHER-
LAND, AND HIS WISHES FOR YOUR FAMILY'S WELFARE, SO
WARMLY AND AFFECTIONATELY EXPRESSED, MAKE IT APPRO-
PRIATE THAT THIS ENLARGED EDITION OF HIS POEMS
SHOULD BE DEDICATED TO YOUR GRACE, AS THE FIRST IN
1829 WAS DEDICATED TO ELIZABETH, THEN COUNTESS OF
SUTHERLAND. YOUR GRACE'S KIND ACCEPTANCE OF THIS
DEDICATION IS MUCH APPRECIATED, AND THE WISH IS
EARNESTLY EXPRESSED THAT YOU MAY BE LONG
SPARED TO ENCOURAGE AND FOSTER TALENT
AND WORTH, AND BE A BRIGHT EXAMPLE
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE POET'S
NATIVE COUNTY



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ORAIN

LE

ROB DONN

BARD AINMEAL

NA H-ARD TUATH

AN TREAS CLO-BHUALADH ANN AM BHEIL TUILLE ORAIN AIR
AN CUIR A MACH, MAILLE RI EACHDRAIDH BEATHA
A' BHAIRD ANN AM BEURLA

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS edition of Rob Donn's Poems was undertaken by the Publisher with the view of providing as complete a collection as possible of the poet's works. It contains several pieces not included in either of the former editions, and some of them were never previously published.

After some consideration it was resolved to give the notes to the songs in English, so as to make the volume interesting to a larger class of readers. The titles of the songs are also given in English, but the index of "first lines" will serve to make reference to any of them an easy matter.

The thanks of the Editor are due to many friends for advice and assistance. To the late Rev. Eric Findlater of Lochearnhead, this edition owes many of the alterations which render what was previously obscure intelligible. The late Rev. James Ross of Durness, the Rev. Adam Campbell of Petty, and Miss Findlater, London, gave kindly assistance. The Rev. W. C. M. Grant of Durness and the Rev. Adam Gunn of the Free Church there, kindly lent parish and other records. Mr Hugh Mackay, mason, Edinburgh, and Captain William Morrison, both natives of Durness, have given most willing

and valuable aid in many ways—the latter kindly reading the proof sheets. To Miss Christina Mackay, Saingo, thanks are due for particulars of the bard's family, and to Mr Alexander Mackay, Edinburgh, for the second last stanza in the volume.

He has specially to thank Mr J. G. Duncan of Wick for the use of a volume from the library of the late Rev. Donald Sage of Kildonan, containing translations of several of the poet's songs; Mr William Mackay, Trowbridge, for the use of Mr Sage's annotated copy of the Inverness edition; Miss Gretchen Miller, Balnaceill, for the photograph from which the frontispiece is engraved; and Mr James W. Morrison, M.A., Melness, for identifying some of the places mentioned in the songs.

1st October, 1898.

LIFE OF ROB DONN.

STRATHMORE, the birthplace of our subject, is one of the most romantic spots in the Reay Country.* It extends south from the end of Loch Hope for only three miles, but the scenery is one of unrivalled grandeur. To the east the most prominent object is Ben Hope, rising majestically from Craig-na-garbad as a basement, to a height of 3040 feet, while on its west side there is a series of hills such as Meall Horn, Saval-more, Saval-beg, Meall Garve and Ben Hee, with many minor peaks, crags, and knolls, which together present to the eye a scene that, for picturesque grandeur and varied beauty, has few equals in the Highlands of Scotland. If the summer visitor is charmed with what the lovely Strath presents to his sight, the glory of the scenery in winter is not much inferior. White mountain-tops and glistening precipices and flowing streams, in places darkly whirling and in others running in foaming torrents, with lowering and driving clouds above, combine in presenting a sight both grand and impressive.

* In Gaelic the term is "Duthaich Mhic Aoidh," *i.e.*, The Country of the Mackays, it being the home and possession of the clan of that name. The name "Reay Country" dates only from about 1628. It extends from Kylscu on the west to the water of Torrisdale on the east.

At the place of Allt-na-caillich in this glen, Rob Donn Calder, or, as he is sometimes called, Mackay, was born about the year 1714. There is no certainty as to the year, the only clue to it being the statement of Roderick Morrison of Cerravaig, who, in 1829, stated what he believed to be the age of the poet at his death. Neither is there any more than common report as to Allt-na-caillich itself being the place of his birth, but in the absence of any recorded proof to the contrary, both statements have to be accepted. Both time and place, especially the former, correspond with all that is known of the poet from other sources. At that time the condition of that distant part of the country was not in any great measure different from the southern and more favoured districts. Clan feuds had never distracted the attention of the people from their ordinary calling as on the southern and eastern borders, where the Sutherlands on the one, and the Sinclairs on the other, were continually attacking the Mackays, or were being attacked by them in return. The result was that, although raids had ceased and feuds were dying down, the men of West-moin, as this part of Durness was called, were superior in comfort and in the pastoral art to their neighbours. Rob Donn's father was one of the smaller tenants who lived on Strathmore. While we have no tradition to give us much insight into his character, we still have one or two sidelights, which show to us a man upon whom domestic duties had their due weight, one in sympathy with his children, and of somewhat emotional temperament.

The class of tenants to which he belonged was frugal, industrious and God-fearing. Their daily life was certainly not a round of pleasure, but having gathered their harvest and stored their winter fuel, they spent the winter evenings in social intercourse, meeting alternately in each other's houses, where songs were sung, ancient heroic ballads were recited, and stories of ghosts and fairies filled up the intervals. Dancing was frequently engaged in to the strains of the bagpipe. In summer the time of both men and women was occupied in the rearing of cattle, and attending to the corn and hay crops. A part of each summer was spent at the shieling. This was at a part of the hill pasture, at some distance from the tilled ground. The whole household often went to the shieling in a body. Their houses were left to the care of perhaps one person for each hamlet, but honesty was then practised for its own sake, and neither rope nor nail were amissing on the owner's return. The sheep, cows and horses being brought to shieling, were kept there for two months at least. Till well within this half century, six weeks at the shieling was a recognised custom. The shieling bothy had its walls built of turf, and its roof, supported on rude birch branches, was of the same material. The family rested at night on beds of heather and bog myrtle, and the milk of the cows was made into butter and cheese for winter use. Sheep farming, such as now prevails in the county of Sutherland, was then unknown. There was, however, a class of men corresponding in a

manner to the sheep farmers of to-day. They were tacksmen of wide tracks, but in place of farming the whole of the places of which they had a tack, they farmed the rents only of the smaller tenants. They held many of these tracts of land in wadset. The wadsetter was frequently a younger brother or near relative of the chief of the clan, who had made money abroad, or in some calling at home. He lent money to the chief, and in return he was secured by deed in the annual rents of certain specified lands. These rents he not only collected, but it was not beyond his power to raise them, and in addition to them, he exacted a number of services from his dependents. These services went by the name of "Cairbheast," and consisted of such as giving a day's ploughing on the wadsetter's own land for each horse they kept. Each man was compelled to assist for one day at cutting or storing the peats, and each woman had to give one or two days in harvest, as the case might be, and all this had a prior claim to their own concerns. And still these wadsetters did good in a way. They were, as a rule, men of intelligence, and their example in conduct and behaviour was followed by the common people, who regarded them as their superiors. That many of them were held in high esteem, is apparent from several of the songs in this volume.

Although the manners and behaviour of the common people were, as a rule, commendable, they were, on the whole, without any school education, and it was uncommon to find a man who could

write and count well. In the parish of Durness, of which Strathmore was then, and is still, a part, the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald did everything he could to secure the services of competent teachers for the parish, and he encouraged schools in Strathmore, Hope and Eribol. But the district was anything but well equipped in this respect. In such circumstances the man who could read and write stood out in relief among his fellows. He was looked up to as a man of learning, and if his other qualities deserved it, he was accorded a place as a leader of the community in which he lived.

Rob Donn's father, Donald Donn, was not recognised in the district as the possessor of musical or poetic talents. Not so his mother. Of a lively temperament and possessed of a good stock of folk-lore in the shape of stories of the Feine and of songs of bygone days, she enlivened the winter evening fireside, to the delight of all who heard her. Rob drank in much of what he heard, and at a very early age began to show signs of the genius which distinguished him in after life. When but little more than three years of age it is told of him that he composed his first verse, and the production is no disgrace to his age or his talent. Having had a short frock made for him by a tailor, and being unable to fasten the buttons of his new garment, which were placed on the back, he sallied forth in a state of nudity. His mother chided him for coming out in such a condition. Whether he had premeditated on the cause of his failure to

button his frock is not stated, but his reply was :—

'S maith dhomhsa bhi 'n diugh gun aodach,
Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'c Nèill,
Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chùlthaobh,
'S nach 'eil a dhùnadh agam fhein.

From that time forward his utterances were frequently in verse. But even before the muse alighted on him, his powers of conversation and repartee were very marked, and delighted his fond parents. An example of this also is recorded. At that time it was a custom to kill a cow at Martinmas and salt the meat for consumption during the winter. Donald Donn was busy salting the beef, with Rob, and probably the rest of the family, watching the operation, when he remarked, that, as the small-pox was carrying off so many of the youth of the district, the best of the beef was not to be touched until it was seen which of the family was to survive the small-pox. Rob, on hearing this, exclaimed, "'S olc a' chuid sin do'n fhear a dh' fhalbhas!" *i.e.*, "That's a poor share for him who goes!" "True, my boy," said the father, "and yours will never be a poor share, while you are here to use it." One other instance of his infant precocity must suffice. It was in the harvest season, when the cutting of the corn required the combined work of every one of the family. Rob's nurse, who was an old woman, came to give such assistance as she could. She complained, however, that the younger reapers had given her but scant consideration, and had left her to reap the thinnest

part of the field. Rob moved along the edge of the field, where his faithful nurse struggled to cut and gather the straggling ears. Hearing her complain of the treatment of her fellows, he exhorted her to make the best of it by gathering even the few ears which were there. His exhortation was:—

“ Bith-s dol a null 's a nall,
Gus an riug thu grunnnd na clais',
Cha 'n 'eil agad air, ma tha e gann,
Ach na gheibh thu ann a thoirt as.”

That the people of the Strath should hear of such a production as this, is not to be wondered at, and that the author's fame should travel beyond his humble home is not at all surprising. John Mackay, tacksman of Musal, better known as “Iain MacEachain,” was a son of Hector, son of James Mackay of Skerray, a small hamlet in the eastern part of the parish of Tongue. The Skerray family was considered one of the leading houses in the Reay country at that time. John of Musal was a cattle dealer on a large scale, and to this added the occupation of a grazier. No place could be found in the district more suitable than Musal for such a purpose. The site of the old house can still be distinguished, but the grazing has deteriorated sadly in recent times. Iain MacEachain very early recognised the genius of Rob Donn. He was a poet himself, and he asked Rob's parents to allow the boy to come into his employment. This they cordially agreed to, knowing that

he would be treated more as a member of the family than as a menial. Their expectations in this respect were fully realised, and to this circumstance the poet owed much of what afterwards distinguished him as a keen observer of human nature, and as a capable discerner of just dealing and correct morals in the ordinary business of life. To his travels up and down the country, and south as far as Falkirk, on his master's business, is to be attributed in a measure the feeling of toleration for the views of others which several of his pieces exhibit. His life at Musal began when he was between six and seven. His work was to herd the calves in the vicinity of the house. The one regrettable thing connected with his long stay in Musal, was that Mr Mackay did not see to it that Rob got some education. His own family he educated—one of his daughters, at least, being sent to school to Thurso. Rob grew up without any education,—that is, quite innocent of school education and of the power to read books for himself. Nor was this want ever made up in any way save by the gift of Nature, of observing and of mentally noting what he saw and heard. Had he been to school, or had he even learned to write, there is no saying what we might now have before us in more elaborate poems, or even in love letters from Crieff and other places to which his calling led him.

He had not been long in Mr Mackay's employment when he gave an illustration of his ready power of versifying. His master, who had a number

of cattle under shelter at Dal-an-Anart near by, was much concerned as to the state of the weather, and asked Rob to go out and see how matters stood. The request was made in the following couplet :—

“ Seall a mach am bheil e 'g aiteadh,
No 'm bheil glaisidheachd air na nèil,”

to which the young bard on returning to the house replied :—

“ Chaidh mis 'a mach, 's cha 'n 'eil e 'g aiteadh
'S cha 'n 'eil glaisidheachd air na nèil
Ach badan cruidh air Dail-an-Anairt,
Agus t' anam anns an tòinn.”

Very shortly afterwards, an opportunity presented itself which enabled the bard to show his powers to greater advantage. A marriage was to take place in the neighbourhood, to which Mr Mackay and his household got a general invitation, in which Rob considered himself included. Before beginning his day's work he was assured that he was to go as one of the family. On his return home towards evening he was chagrined to find that they had gone without him. The bridegroom was known as “The Grey Man,” and in the song on p. 395, composed on the spur of the moment, every one who was present is mirrored by their peculiarities, but principally the grey-headed men and women, from the bridegroom to the remotest grey-haired friend at the feast. From that day the poet was a favoured

guest on every occasion of a public nature in the district. Even beyond the Strath he became known, and the power of his satire dreaded. This early effort has been the stem on which many a local effusion has been grafted, and the "grey" man of to-day, who would enter into the bonds of matrimony, is in danger of having his peculiarities set forth by some local songster, *à la* Rob Donn.

At a comparatively early age he is said to have had experience of the tender passion. The object of his earliest love was Ann, daughter of Donald Morrison in Hope. Ann was the belle of Westmoine, and the poet had at least half-a-dozen rivals. In the song to her on page 396, he gives an indication of who these were. One of them, Robert Aberach, better known as Robert Macrob-macrob, from Strathmelness in Kintail, married Ann's sister Barbara, and lived at Braesgil not far from the shieling of the Hope tenants, to which reference is made in the opening line of that most admirable of his songs to Ann on page 148. Ann married John Murray, the carpenter, who was the poet's chief rival. It has been stated that the marriage was not a happy one. That may or may not have been the case, but at all events there is a spice of romance in the fact, that on the 28th November 1773, Hugh Murray, Ann's eldest son, was married to Christina, Rob Donn's daughter. The eldest child of this marriage, Francis, is the subject of the verse on page 424. Tradition has it that Rob's next favourite was from the neighbouring parish of Tongue, and that

a plaintive song composed in her honour, but now lost, was his own favourite love-song.

By 1737 he had ceased to live in family with his patron, and when not in his employment he resided at Islandreir, a small township near Dornadilla Tower, in Strathmore, to which his father had removed by that time. In that year his name appears in record. In a deed of Sasine—in favour of George, son of Lord Reay—the poet, Rob Donn, by name, is designated bailie, and is described as living in Islandreir. Somewhere about 1740 he married Janet, daughter of Thomas Mackay, a small tenant in Islandreir, and he moved to Badnahachlais, at the south end of Loch Hope, still continuing in the employment of John Mackay, to whom the last tack of Musal was given in 1742.

As Rob advanced in years it devolved upon him to look after the cattle which his master bought at the local fairs or from the small tenantry of the adjoining parishes. These for some time previous to their being sent to the southern markets were grazed in distant parts of the country. In this way he became familiar with many districts of the Highlands and with every part of the great North road, from his native place to Falkirk, and even to Carlisle. He spent a part of one season at least in Crieff, where he composed one of his songs to Ann Morrison. Leading a life of this nature enabled our poet to see men and manners in other lights than those which would present themselves to him if he had never left home. To his coming in

contact with the people of Strathspey and Lochaber, may be attributed his leanings towards the House of Stuart.

One influence on Rob Donn's political sentiments has hitherto escaped attention. His employer and patron, Mackay of Musal, was in Edinburgh when the Highland Army entered it in September 1745, and in his journey homewards he seems to have given such a warm and glowing account of what he had seen, that very many, who were hesitating as to how they should act, made up their minds to throw in their lot with the Prince. Mackay crossed the ferry at Invergordon on the 23rd September and visited his acquaintance James M'Culloch, to whom he declared that "he saw the entry and the proclamation of the Highlanders at the Cross of Edinburgh; that they were 6000 strong and well armed, most of which were encamped on the links of Leith; that they proposed advancing into England forthwith; that they had been joined by a large body since they crossed the Forth, under the late Marquis of Tullibardine; that Glenbucket was at Perth with above 1000; that they had parties of each 200 men at Dundee and Montrose; that Stonywood, with numbers from Aberdeenshire, were gone to join them after proclaiming the Pretender in Aberdeen; and he names several persons whom I do not choose to name without better authority. He accounts oddly for the method by which they got entrance into Edinburgh; and he avers he saw everything he reports. He adds that Gardiner's dragoons and the

King's troops retreated before them; and that expresses had been despatched to the General to land at Dunbar."

This story of Mackay's decided the Earl of Cromarty, although it took him three weeks to leave Tarbat House with his small body of attendants.*

Mackay's influence on Rob Donn's enthusiastic nature must have been considerable, and his recital of what he saw and heard roused the bard's admiration for a cause which had in it elements that stirred the hearts of men as few things ever did.

Neither the Earl of Sutherland nor Lord Reay favoured the Stuart cause. They were both Hanoverian, but all the same Prince Charlie was the idol of the people, and the poet shared their feelings. His minister, the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, was much more Hanoverian than Lord Reay or the Earl of Sutherland, and he took every occasion to denounce the Prince and his supporters in most emphatic terms. But Rob had a warm heart for the Stuarts even after misfortune overtook them. His enthusiasm did not cool so quickly as that of those of the more calculating kind, and the conduct of his countrymen in the years that followed Culloden roused his anger to boiling point. In his poem of "The Black Cassocks," which will be found on page 82, he does not spare them. For the opinions to which he gave expression in that song he was called upon to appear before the authorities. His poem was read to him, and the supposed

* Gordon Correspondence, pp. 14, 15.

sedition opinions emphasised and pointed out. On being questioned as to what defence he had to make, he declared that what was recited was only part of the song, and that he ought not to be arraigned on an incomplete version of it. Being challenged to give the complete version, he gave the two last stanzas as on page 86 in addition to those recited by his accusers. It is needless to add that the bard was not further molested in the matter.

On account of the advancing years of Mr Mackay and his less frequent visits to the markets, the poet's journeys to the south, and indeed all over the country, became more frequent. He was more than a mere cattle-driver. He was a kind of roving manager for one who was held in esteem both north and south. He was a welcome guest everywhere. He was as much in request at Barcaldine as at Balnaceill or Strathy. At one time, travelling through Argyllshire, he met by chance Mr Macdonald of Achteriochdran, well known in his country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some questions relative to his way.

"I perceive, my man, by your dialect you belong to the north. What part there?"

"To Lord Reay's country."

"Oh! then, you must know Rob Donn."

"Yes; I could point him out to you in a crowd."

"Pray, do inform me, then, what sort of person he is of whom I heard so much."

"A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves."

This answer did not please Mr Macdonald, who was himself a poet, thinking he had met with too rigid a censor of the northern bard, and the conversation ceased while they proceeded together on their way. After a pause Mr Macdonald, pointing to Ben Nevis in the distance, said, "Were you ever, my man, on the summit of yonder mountain?"

"No, I never was."

"Then you have never been so near heaven."

"And have you yourself been there?"

"Indeed I have."

"And what a fool you were to descend," retorted the bard; "you can't be sure of being ever again so nigh."

Mr Macdonald looked at his companion and exclaimed, "I'll be shot if thou art not thyself Rob Donn!"

The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

It was while he resided at Badnahachlais that his bent for hunting the deer began to develop, and, in the course of a few years, he became an adept in the use of the gun. He was a favourite with the young men of the leading families of the district, and no deer hunt was thought complete that did not include him. He sometimes hunted on his own account. This was not in any sense regarded as poaching or wrong-doing at that time, nor is even yet in theory, by the bulk of the people of the Highlands, although the practice has quite gone out. Warnings by bailiffs did not weigh much with

the poet. He hurled satirical verses at his tormentors, and the people applauded his action. For a more than ordinary daring expedition into the heart of the Reay Forest he was reported to the authorities, and was summoned to appear before Mr Daniel Forbes, Sheriff-substitute of the county, who lived at Kinloch. One of his neighbours accompanied him on the way, which was by the north side of Ben Hope, and his wife, who was much concerned at the turn events had taken, went part of the way with them. They had not gone far when they came upon a herd of deer. Rob, who even now carried his gun, could not be restrained, and managed to kill two of the deer, much to the consternation of his wife and their friend. Noticing his wife's concern, he cheerily remarked, "Go home and send for them; if I don't come back you shall have the more need for them." As he noticed that this did not allay her fears, he gave her to understand that he was unconcerned as to how it would fare with him, and that he would soon be back to his home. The truth was that at that time the poet was held in too great esteem to permit of his being harshly dealt with, and prosecutor and judge were equally unwilling that anything more than an admonition should be administered to the bard. The admonitions of those with whom he had taken part in hunting raids the poet did not estimate highly, and it was not long after this incident, and while still at Badnahachlais, that he was reported to be still too often in the deer forest. It was now seriously intimated to him that

the law must take its course. Mackay of Bighouse was then factor at Tongue, and to him the poet made his way. To his protestations that he would abstain from hunting, and promises of better behaviour in the future, Mr Mackay would not listen. At length, the poet offered security for his future good conduct, but it was of no avail.

“Will you not accept your own son Hugh as cautioner?”

“No, certainly not,” was the reply.

Rob, somewhat crestfallen, left the room, remarking: “Thanks be to Him who accepted His Son for all offenders.”

Although he was not proceeded against further, he was, not long afterwards, moved from Badnahachlais to Alltcoirefhreasguil, a small township, not on the eastern shore of Loch Eribol, as stated in Dr Mackay's memoir of the poet, but on the west side of the Kyle of Durness. Here he continued for some years, probably till 1759, when he joined the First Regiment of Sutherland Highlanders. Whether he enlisted as an ordinary soldier cannot now be ascertained. It seems more likely that he was induced to accompany the regiment as his fellowship would be appreciated by men and officers alike. That this latter was so, is rendered the more probable by an anecdote. Robert roamed at will, while the others had to undergo the drill and routine of their daily work while stationed at Inverness. In one of his rambles he was met by a Major Ross who had just joined the regiment. The major did not know the

bard, and, fancying that he was shirking duty, sharply addressed him, demanding: "To what company do you belong?"

"To every company," replied Rob, imitating the major's manner of address and gait as he turned away.

Major Ross reported this to his superior officer as a breach of discipline, but was assured the delinquent could be no other than Rob Donn, and being afterwards introduced to each other, they are stated to have become good friends, although in the song to Sally Grant on page 280 there is an allusion to the major's strictness of discipline.

On his return home, he was employed as cattle-man at Balnaceill where Lord Reay then resided. In winter it was part of his duty to thrash out the corn for supplying the cattle with fodder. This part of his work he did not relish. It was too irksome and too confining, and very different from that to which he was accustomed. He even thought it a sort of humiliation, and his erstwhile friend, Alexander Cormack, in his songs, made allusions to the post which Rob held, which were not relished by the latter. In order to have some leisure for social duties, he employed a substitute, a proceeding which could not be tolerated, and Robert had to quit his lordship's employment. It was felt by many, however, that there were other reasons why the poet was so summarily dismissed. Popular feeling was somewhat strong against Lady Reay in the matter. The poet had stoutly supported his minister in frustrating a design her ladyship had of having one of her maids married

in haste and without inquiry into her conduct, although that was not by any means above suspicion. The minister was so resolute in refusing to accede to her ladyship's wishes in the matter, that, not only was the marriage postponed till ecclesiastical inquiry was made, but her ladyship's privileges of church membership were suspended for a season.

In his songs the bard meted out reproof of evil-doing to both high and low alike. This gained him the enmity of many, but the thoughtful and well-doing held him in great esteem. His minister, the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, was an attached friend, and held frequent converse with him. When the members of his session had become old and feeble, he had Rob Donn and John Mackay of Borley appointed assessors. As such they deliberated, but their office was quite distinct from that of the eldership, and they neither voted in questions effecting morals, nor signed the annual accounts. It has been stated frequently that Rob Donn was a ruling elder in Mr Macdonald's time. There is no authority for such a statement, not that the poet was any the less worthy of being so recognised. As just stated, he was one of the congregation's assessors and nothing more. And not only so, but during the time of his assessorship, namely, in May 1774, an election of elders took place, and while his fellow-assessor, John Mackay, was promoted to the eldership, Robert was not. Neither is his name mentioned in the Session Record as being present on any occasion, or forming one of the sederunt.

For some time after leaving Lord Reay's service the poet resided in Achumore. His place at Balnaceill was filled by a stranger. About this time Mr Macdonald had written his friend, the minister of Sleat, informing him that the Reay Country could boast of a poet of no common ability and genius. The Rev. minister of Sleat himself, devoted to the poetic art, invited Rob Donn to visit him. In due time Rob reached the Manse of Sleat, where he was accorded a welcome which was all the more cheering to his nature, that he was not in favour at the time at the house of Balnaceill. In the island of Skye there were poets then, as there always have been, but one, distinguished above his fellows, had the compliment paid him of being invited to the hospitable Manse of Sleat to meet the bard of Mackay's Country. One morning at breakfast their host proposed that they should make a verse each on the words bacon, butter, priest, tobacco-pipe and targe. The Skye bard's verse was:—

A mhuc mar bhiadh, 's sgiath mar bhòrd,
'S an Sagart nach itheadh 'n t-lm
Sparrainn a' phiob 'n a thònn.

Rob having heard this, remarked, "You have treated the priest but poorly," and immediately gave his verse as follows:—

Bhiadhainn an Sagart gu grinn—
Bheirinn dha 'n t-lm air a' mhuic;
An targaid air a làimh chll,
Is plob-thombaca 'n a phluic !

From Achumore the poet and his family removed

Thus I have 19 Days yearly to observe in which the Lord has
done some remarkable Thing about me or mine! Some of these should
be kept in a way of Remembrance & affliction of Soul: others in a way
of Thankfullness and Joy Thus have I providential occasions for the
various Graces and Duties of the Christian Life; But alas! how could
have I been in considering the Doings of the Lord and the operations
of his Hands! Let me take to my self Confession of Fault for my part
of these Affairs: and let my God have the Glory in Jesus Christ. Amen.
These 19 Days are but the Gleanings of Thy wonderfully merciful
Providence towards me. I value ~~them~~ ^{them} only as somewhat more solemn
in their own Natures, and particularly hard on me, in point of accounts
with God if in End I must be punished for the abuse of all my Favours.

Murdoch M. Donald

to Saingo, where he remained till the close of 1769. During the time that Mackay of Skibo was factor for Lord Reay, he does not seem to have had regular employment, but on Colonel Hugh Mackay, son of his early patron and employer, coming home from Jamaica to reside at Balnaceill, Robert was taken into his employment. This was early in 1770. His work was evidently more congenial than before, although Janet Sutherland, who was the colonel's housekeeper and afterwards his wife, did not conceal her dislike for him on account of his frequent allusions in his songs to her conduct.

In 1769, while at Saingo, his youngest son was baptized and named George. His family is stated to have consisted of thirteen, who "were mostly all spared to rise round him." Of these, eight—five sons and three daughters—are known to have attained manhood and womanhood, but little is known of some of them beyond that fact. His eldest son was James, who, in 1774, married Jean Stewart in Balnaceill. He afterwards went to Edinburgh, where he was employed as gentleman's attendant, and died about 1812. His second son, John, enlisted in Macleod's Highlanders and was killed at the battle of Arnee in 1782. Hugh lived in Crosple for some time, Colin was in employment about Balnaceill, and George is not mentioned in record after his baptism. His daughters were—Isobel, married to John Mackay; Mary, married to Donald Mackay; and Christina, married (1) to Hugh Murray and (2) to John Morrison.

Now and again there has arisen round the name of the bard controversies which have too frequently degenerated into petty personalities. Into the history of the various controversies it is not our purpose to enter, nor is it our wish to press unduly the case for or against either of the surnames Calder or Mackay, but the question must be stated as fairly as possible, leaving those interested to exercise their own judgment and draw their own conclusions. The name Mackay was first applied to Rob Donn on the title-page of his poems in 1829. Even in the enthusiasm created by that occasion there were not wanting people who protested against such a liberty. The poet was "Rob Donn" to every one. To those who cared for correct designation he was Rob Donn Calder, while, to enthusiastic clansmen, the name Mackay commended itself as appropriate enough to one who was a native of their country. The Rev. William Findlater, parish minister of Durness at that time, was appointed the first editor of the poems, and he bestowed much time and care upon revising the collection of poems written by his sister-in-law, Miss Thomson, from the bard's own recitation. Mr Findlater was unwilling to act unless he had power to reject such of the poems as he thought proper. Some differences arose over this, but when it was decided to introduce the name Mackay as that of the poet, he not only declined the editorship, but withdrew from the committee which was promoting the publication. In the Statistical Account of the parish a few years later, he mentions

Robert Donn and calls him Calder, mentioning that he was sometimes called Mackay—referring to the title-page of the poems published, and to the inscription on the monument erected in the churchyard.*

Mr Findlater's son, the late Rev. Eric Findlater of Lochearnhead, who was associated with his father in drawing up the Statistical Account, writing in 1882, says :—

“Rob Donn was a Calder, not a Mackay, and the surname Mackay was given by gentlemen of that clan engaged in getting a monument erected to his memory in the churchyard of Durness, and in getting his songs published. My father was inducted to the parish of Durness about the year 1812, but for four years previous to that he held the mission charge of Eribol, and Strathmore was in it, so that he had the best means of knowing about the matter, and I always heard him affirm that Rob Donn's name was not Mackay, but Calder. In 1850, I spoke to a very worthy man, Angus Calder, one of the elders in Kinlochbervie, and a native of Strathmore, upon this point, and he assured me that Rob Donn was no more a Mackay than I was. After his return from Australia, I mentioned the subject to my late dear friend, Dr M. Mackay of Dunoon [the editor of Rob Donn's songs], and asked him what had tempted himself and others to make a Mackay of the bard? His only answer was a shake of the head and a shrug of the shoulders.”

In Anderson's *Guide to the Highlands* (1850), the poet is designated Robert Calder Mackay or Rob Donn, and that, too, notwithstanding that Dr Mackay contributed to its pages, and the present writer, visiting the poet's birthplace of Alltnacaillich in 1881,

* This monument is not over the poet's grave. The grave has over it a plain slab with the inscription, “Rob Donn, 1777.”

had the grave of his brother William pointed out to him, and was assured it was William Donn's, although it bears William Calder as an inscription.

In addition to the name Mackay appearing as already stated on the title-page of the poems, one of the strongest grounds for attaching the name Mackay to the poet is contained in a note which Colonel David Stewart of Garth quotes from Munro's narrative of the casualties at the battle of Arnee on 2nd June 1782, as follows: "I take this opportunity of commemorating the fall of John Donne Mackay, a corporal in Macleod's Highlanders, son to Robert Donne, the bard, whose singular talent for the beautiful and extemporaneous composition of Gaelic poetry was held in such esteem." This John, who was married in Crosple, is in the parish register of baptisms twice designated "Donn," and under date 21st January 1773, he is further referred to as "John Donn *alias* Calder in Crosple." Which is the more likely to be correct—the recruiting list of Macleod's Highlanders, or the register of his native parish attested by the parish minister?

In the Session records and register of baptisms and of marriages for the parish of Durness, there are frequent references to the poet and his family. The first mention of Rob Donn himself, in record, is in a deed of Sasine of 1737. For the occasion he was specially constituted a bailie, and at that time he lived at Islandreir, a small place opposite Dornadilla Tower on Strathmore. Even in this legal document he is only Robert Donn. Donald Donn, very

probably his father, is mentioned in the same document. In 1768 the members of the Kirk-session of Durness were become feeble and tender, and several persons mentioned are invited to become assessors to the court, "as John Mackay in Borley and Robert Donn now are." In September 1769, an entry in the parish register runs:—"Robert Donn, poet in Saingo, had a son, George, baptized."

His eldest son, James, who, after his return from the army in 1775, married Isobel Stewart, is designated "Donn" only, on the three occasions on which his name appears. John is referred to above. Hugh, under date 17th September 1775, is mentioned as "Hugh Calder *alias* Donn in Crosple, etc." Colin as a young man employed in Balnaceill is designated "Colin Calder *alias* Donn *alias* Eckel and Mackay, had a child baptized Robert 14th January 1777." This is the only mention of the name Mackay in connection with any of the poet's family as such, and indeed with anyone bearing the name of Donn. That Colin was named after Colin of Bighouse is very probable. Whether he bore Mackay in addition to his other names on that account cannot be stated with certainty. The manner of entering "and Mackay" in the register is certainly singular.

It is more than significant that the poet's three daughters, mentioned in the parish register, should all bear the surname "Calder."

On 28th May 1770, the eldest daughter was married, and the entry in the register runs, "John

Mackay *alias* Mac-en-mac-uilleam-mac-neill in Uaibeg, married Isobel Calder *alias* nin Rob Donn in Balnaceill." In the entries in the register of baptisms, Isobel's name is given as "Isobel Calder" or "Isobel Donn," and under 15th June 1781, the entry states that John Mackay, etc., and "Isobel Donn *alias* nin Rob Dhuin *alias* Calder *alias* Eckel, had Janet baptized."

Mary, the poet's daughter, is mentioned in the Session records as Mary Donn, and the marriage entry has simply Mary Donn in Balnaceill. On January 8th, 1780, it is recorded that "Donald Mackay *alias* Mac-en-mac-alastair-roy, a soldier in the Duke of Gordon's Fencibles, and his wife, Mary Calder Donn *alias* Mackay, had John baptized."

On 28th November 1773, "Hugh Murray in Rispond married Christina Donn in Balnaceill." The family of this union was three sons and three daughters, and in two of the entries "Christina Donn" is mentioned, her *alias* being Murray, after her husband, in the same way as her two sisters were sometimes *aliased* Mackay after their marriage with Mackays. Hugh Murray died, and Christina married again. The record of that event has an important bearing on this question and is as follows:—"John Morrison *alias* Macuilleam Macustain Maceachin-roy, joiner in Durin, married Christina Calder *alias* Donn, widow of the late Hugh Murray at Rispond, 24th February 1792."

The poet's brothers, William, Donald, and Gilbert, are also mentioned in the register. William is men-

tioned twice as William Donn, namely, in 1768 and 1771. He then lived in Altnacaillich. In 1773 he removed to Badnahachlais, and he is then designated "William Calder *alias* Donn." It is impossible to distinguish whether Donald, mentioned in the deed of 1737, is the poet's father or his brother, but Gilbert, under date 14th April 1765, is referred to thus: "Gilbert Calder *alias* Donn in Teagisgil, had a son christened John." It is stated that Gilbert was killed while shooting in the rocks of Farout.

Who the Calders of Strathmore were it is difficult to say. Many of them retained that name, and their representatives are still in the county of Sutherland, but the greater number of them emigrated to America and the Colonies. Among them the surname of Donn was widely applied as a term of identification. In the register of baptisms already referred to there are, between 1763 and 1800, forty-two instances in which the surname Donn appears. Of those, thirty have Calder as their other name, while one has Mackay in addition to that of Calder, and one has Morrison. The remainder are known as Donn only.

So much has been written upon the merits and character of our bard's compositions that there is hardly any occasion to refer to them here. His place, as one of the very front rank of poets, has been assigned him by universal consent. His satires are unrivalled, and his elegies have never been equalled for pathos and good feeling. He has occasionally condescended to sing of persons and things unworthy

of his notice, but even these pieces have merit. Genius stamps his every effort. His meanest productions rise above mediocrity, and his humour is rarely vulgar if we take his time and circumstances into account. He reproved offenders, exhorted the careless, encouraged the well-doing, and extolled the high in state if they did justly and showed mercy. He was a great power for good in his time. His power of satire restrained many from exceeding their duty, and caused others to act up to their professions. He himself well expresses this characteristic of his in the elegy on Gray of Rogart:—

“ Bu mhaith leam an ciontach a bhualadh,
 'S cha b'àill leam an t-uasal a shealg,
 'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choireach,
 Cha ghabh an duin' onorach fearg.”

Which has been not too well translated:—

“ The guilty I should like to smite,
 But not the just to wound,
 My verse the pious may begloom,
 But can't outrage the good.”

In his compositions he rarely imitated, and when he did, it was not with any great success. His song to Winter is a good example of this kind of thing. He did not work at poetry. He did not even revise what he produced. His poems stand now as they came forth from him in the moment of inspiration. They have suffered, no doubt, from the dialect in which he sung. It is sometimes stated that the poems, as they now stand, are different from what they were at their birth. To the pen of the Rev. Donald Sage of

Kildonan, we owe the only example we have of Rob Donn's in the pure Reay country dialect. The song, "To Isabel," on page 192, as edited by Dr Mackay, when compared with the version given below, which sets forth the song as actually recited in its native place, will give the reader a good idea of the changes made in the course of editing the songs.

DAR chruinnich iad, gun d' imich iad,
 Gu ministear na sgire',
 'S a mheud uile bha 'm *Portchamuill*,
 Bha iad tamul faoltach.
 Nach iongantach an iomairt,
 Air gillean is air daoine
 'S na mnathan thanaig thar an loch,
 Le biadh, is deoch is piobair.

Thanaig naidheachd mar bha roimhe
 Gun robh Iain saor d' i,
 Gun bharrant an fhear bharrfhionn,
 Bh' air taobh eile chaolais.
 Bhreab a h-athar anns an eathar,
 Cha rob athadh sinedh,
 A' ghad no bhat, a bhean no mhac,
 Bho no each no chaora.

Nach fulangach an duine sin,
 Dar mhionnaich e nan aodann,
 H-uile fear a bha toirt misneach,
 Gus a bhriseadh thiomail ;
 Cha d' fhuair e ni cho taitneach,
 Ris an fhleasgach a bha dhi air,
 Gu siothintin thoirt da bhlas,
 O'n chaidh e as an *Fhaoilinn*.

Ge bu toigheach e ma eathar,
 Dar chaidh an naidheachd sgaoilt' air,
 Chaochail dreach air mar gu 'n creachte e
 Is leag e as a bhirlinn.

Cha robh cragan bh'air a chladach
 Nach do fhreagair glaoth e
 Le spionnadh chas 's e farsain às,
 A' pronnadh chlach is fhoachag.

An cualas sibh mar theireadh
 Iain Mac-Coinnich, 'n uair a sgaoil iad,
 Dar chunnaic e mur chaill e 'phost',
 'N deigh a chost 's a shaothair.
 Dar dh' aithnich e na bhailich e
 Dh' anart is do dh' aodach,
 'S a liuthad turus thug e mach,
 Air is 's air ais, an caolas.

Ars' Isbail is i clisgeadh,
 "Gu d' e nis a ni mi,
 Bheir e m' all' leis do Ghalladh,
 'N deagh mo Ghealladh fhaotainn.'
 Ars' Rob Buidhe is e tighinn,
 "Laogh mo chridhe, caochail,
 Greas to chas, gu farsain as
 Air ais o 'n fhear nach caomh leat."

As a specimen of the editorial emendations of the first edition, a portion of the "Lament for Mr Murdoch Macdonald" may be compared with the facsimile given opposite :—

"Chridhe na féile, a bhéil na tàbhachd,
 Cheann na céille, 's an fhoghluim chràbhaidh,
 Laimh gun ghanntair ann an tàbhairn
 An uachdar a' bhùird, a ghnùis na fáilte.

Tha mise 'n am aonar,
 Mar aon ann am fàsach,
 'S ni gun fheum dhomh, aobhar ghaire,
 Cuims' ann an cainnt, ann an rann no sgèala,
 Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann g' an claidinn.

Marbh-rann eile do Mhaighistir
Murcha Mac Dhonnúill.

'S cianal, 's cianal, O! 's cianal a ta mi
An ceann na bladhna, O! 'S cianal a ta mi
A Mhaighistir Murcha, a's tu air m' fhagail
'S maireg noch d'fhuair sinn linn no dha dhiot

Chridhe an reasain, a bheul na tabhaichidh
Cheann na ceille, 's an fhoghlaim chrabhaidh
Lamh gun ghaintir an àm dhiut paighheadh
An uachdar a bhuird, a ghnuis na fàitheadh
'S cianal, 'S cianal &c

Chàichail iad gnìomh'ra, nuair chioslaich am bas thu
Cha'n eil meas am bladhna air ciall no air pàirlean
Dh'fhuasgal na biastan gu'n riastain grainail
Leosain leig Dia srian o'n là sin

Tha mise na m' aonar, mar aon ann am fasach
'S ni gun fheum dhomh aobhar ghaise
Buims' ann an cainnt, rann, no dancail
Chionn 's nach eil thu ann gu'n clàistinn.

Chaochail iad rianan, o chioslaich am bàs thu,
 Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,
 Air ciall, no air crabhadh ;
 Thionndaidh na biastan gu riasradh gràineil,
 Leo-san leig Dia, srian o' n là sin."

On one or two occasions only did Rob Donn make any use of songs previously existing. When Hugh Mackay, son of John Mackay of Musal, left for Jamaica, he composed a song which is a somewhat free paraphrased translation of "Farewell to Lochaber." The song on page 203 is an improved version of a West Country song. It appears in its original condition in a Collection of Songs by Marion Cameron published in Inverness in 1805. "Isabel Nic Aoidh" is the one, however, of which there are more popular versions than any other. That at page 181 is from the Thomson MS., but that given below is also from the same source, the only difference being one of arrangement. This, however, is the one more generally accepted and best known:—

ISABAIL NIC AOIDH

(An ceud sinbhal.)

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh 's i 'n a h-aonar, &c.
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh aig a chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnamh na 'm frith' 's i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh !
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaoidh
 'S i so do thiom.

Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh
 Aig a chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnamh na 'm frith'
 'S i 'n a h-aonar, &c.
 Comharradh dubh,
 Nach eil gu math,
 Air fleasgach amh
 Bhith feadh an so,
 'N uair tha bean-tigh'
 Air Ridhean-nan-Damh,
 Muigh aig a chrodh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar, &c.

An dara siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-tigh'
 Air Ridhean-nan-Damh,
 Muigh aig a chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri, &c.

Duine 's am bith
 Th' air son a chluich',
 Do chinneadh maith,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith',
 Do Ridhean-nan-Damh ;
 Gheibh e bean-tigh
 'S i 'n a h-aonar, &c.

An Taobhluath.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a chleachdadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh
 Air achadh 'n aonar, &c.

'S neònach am fasan
 Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nithean bu taitneich'
 Dhaibh fein e bhith aca,

Bhith fulang a faicinn,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar, &c.

An Crunluath.

Seall sibh air a cheannaidheachd,
 An iomalladh na mullaichean,
 Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
 Na h-uile lath' 'n a h-aonar, &c.
 Innsidh mise do dh-iomadh fear,
 'S an rannaidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
 Gu'm beil i air a cùmail
 As na h-uile h-àite follaiseach,
 Le ballanan 's cuinneagan,
 An iomalladh na mullaichean,
 Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach
 Na h-uile lath' 'en a h-aonar.

A belief is common that in his native parish of Durness there must still be met with quite a number of songs composed by Rob Donn. This is a fallacy, and statements made as to certain individuals being able to recite quite a number not included in the first edition, have to be received with caution. A large number of apt sayings and smart witty verses are certainly to be met with in that district, and, for the most part, they are fathered upon Rob Donn. A close and critical examination will soon make it plain that few of them have any claim to so distinguished an origin. They may be, and often are, clever imitations. Rob Donn's influence both as poet and conversationalist did not die with him. Indeed, it may be said not to be dead after a century

has elapsed. It exerted a powerful influence for a generation after his day, and there were up to the middle of this century not a few in the parish of Durness who practised song-making and cultivated the art of repartee in conversation.

It is certainly difficult to say if we have lost much by the poet's inability to write. Two manuscript collections of his songs were made during his lifetime and to his own dictation. One of these was written by the Rev. Æneas Macleod, who was minister of Rogart from 1774 to 1794. It was this manuscript that was used for the most part by Dr Mackintosh Mackay in preparing the first edition of the poems. The other manuscript collection was by one of the daughters of the Rev. John Thomson, who was minister of Durness from the death of the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald to 1811. This collection had the advantage of being written with the poet himself at hand to consult, but on the other hand it was revised by the Rev. William Findlater. It also was in the possession of Dr Mackay at the same time as the Macleod MS. It is to it that many emendations in the present edition are due. The additional poems and stanzas in this volume may be accepted as genuine. They have been selected with every possible care from a large miscellaneous collection made in the course of many years.

It is singular that there are so few relics of one who was held in such high esteem by rich and poor alike. The poet's quaich, or drinking cup, is now in

the possession of Miss Findlater of London, and his walking-stick, acquired by a Thurso gentleman from his grand-daughter, came recently into the possession of the writer. The poet's gun lies hid in the hills of Durness. Feeling old age coming upon him, and fretting under the growing restriction upon the use of his favourite weapon, he marched with it one summer morning and buried it out of his sight. The whereabouts of the spot is known to some of the people now living.* Its recovery would be an interesting event.

Reference has already been made to the intimacy which existed between the poet and the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald. It is just to mention that to this is due in large measure the similarity of ideas expressed by our bard and those of the poet Pope. Mr Macdonald translated some of Pope's works into Gaelic, and in his monthly fellowship meetings he made frequent reference to the thoughts and ideas expressed in them. Rob Donn could not but be influenced by these, and even in his own day the similarity of thought was noticeable, and Mr George Morrison of Ardbeg notices it in his elegy. Rob Donn was also intimately acquainted with Mr Pope of Reay, who entertained such a high notion of his namesake's ability that he travelled to the South of England to pay him his respects.

With the Rev. John Thomson, who succeeded Mr Macdonald in the pastoral charge of Durness in 1763, Rob did not get on well at first, and indulged in

* Lecture by Capt. W. Morrison.

satirical sallies at the expense of his minister, although afterwards it is stated that they became good friends. Mr Thomson's upright conduct, high moral character, and honest and diligent discharge of his ministerial duties, impressed the poet in common with the people of the parish. Shortly after Mr Thomson's induction, Rob was in Thurso, where he was met by the Rev. Dr Nicolson, who, while a clergyman of acknowledged ability, did not display any great diligence or zeal in his calling. Expecting to be entertained by one of the bard's witful sallies at Mr Thomson's expense, Dr Nicolson inquired, "Well, and how does Mr Thomson nowadays?"

"Mr Thomson," replied the bard, "is doing what you never did or will do—he is doing his best."

Rob Donn's wife was a helpmeet to him in every respect. From what is known of their home life, she deserves the encomium passed upon her by Roderick Morrison. The poet, especially in his later years, was frequently from home. His company was much sought after and his presence was in request in every part of Sutherland and Caithness. If business took him away in the earlier part of their married life, pleasure and social duties increased their demands, especially after his return from the Fencibles. Yet Janet never complained so far as we know. That she had trials need not be questioned, but on the whole the family was fairly well brought up. She could not at any time have had much leisure from family cares. She not only attended to her domestic duties, but acted as dairywoman in Balnaceill. She was frequently in

demand as a nurse on interesting occasions, and at one time was in the family of Mackay of Bighouse for nearly a year on end. Latterly, her health gave way, and Robert, resigning his place at Balnaceill, took up his residence at the township of Nuybig in the neighbourhood. His wife did not live long after the change, and in less than a twelvemonth after her death, he himself passed away in his sixty-fourth year. He was buried on the south side of the church, and a plain slab covers his grave with the simple inscription, "Rob Donn, 1777." The date is not right, however. He died in August 1778.

Half a century later, his countrymen, under the guidance of Captain Donald Mackay of the 21st Foot, erected a handsome granite monument to his memory at the west end of the church. Its foundation was laid with masonic honours on the 12th January, Old New Year's Day, 1829, in the presence of one of the largest concourses of people gathered in the Reay Country since the raising of the Fencibles. The monument has an inscription on each of its four sides. That on the first is:—

"In memory of Rob Donn, otherwise Robert Mackay of Durness, *the Reay Gaelic bard*. This Tomb was erected at the expense of a few of his countrymen, Ardent admirers of native Talent and Extraordinary Genius, 1829."

The second side has—

"Poeta nascitur non fit" obiit 1778.

The third side bears a quotation from the poet's

own elegy to Mr Macdonald, together with a Greek quotation, as follows :—

“ Bu shluagh borb sinn gun bhreitheanas,
 ‘N uair a dh’ fhalbh thu, mur sgathadh sud oirnn.”
 “ Λέγεις· ἐγὼ γάρ εἰμι ὁ πορσύνας τάδε
 Γνοὺς τὴν παροῦσαν τέρψιν, ἣ σ’ εἶχεν πάλαι.”

The fourth side contains the following tribute to the bard’s memory by the Rev. Alexander Pope of Reay :—

“ Siste viator, iter, jacet hic sub cespite Donnus,
 Qui cecinit forma præstantes rure puellas ;
 Quique novos læto celebravit carmine sponso ;
 Quique bene meritos lugubri voce deflevit ;
 Et acriter variis momordit vitia modis.”

ÆTATIS 64.

Roderick Morrison of Cearvaig, near Cape Wrath, has given the only personal description we have of the bard. Roderick described him as “brown haired, brown eyed, rather pale complexioned, clear skinned, and, I would say, good-looking. When he entered a room his eye caught the whole at a glance, and the expression of his countenance always indicated much animation and energy. In figure he was rather below middle size, and stout and well formed for his size. In the month of November preceding his death, he attended the interment of an uncle of mine, who was a co-age of his. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, Robert turned to me and said, ‘There is my co-age committed to earth, aged 63, and before this time next year I shall be laid

down here too.' . . . I have always understood him to have been particularly happy in domestic life. His wife, Janet Mackay, was a remarkably sensible woman, and so active in her habits that she kept their concerns at home in order when Robert was absent. She was a fine singer, and it was delightful to hear them in the winter evenings sing together. Two of the daughters had some turn for composing verses, and occasionally amused their father by quick replies to his impromptus, composed to any passing incident."

No event since the decease of George, Lord Reay, cast such a gloom over the Reay country as the death of Rob Donn. A common sorrow pervaded all ranks. Rich and poor alike lamented the early passing away of one who was the brightest ornament of the generation in which he lived and sang. His life was exemplary in every respect. He did not always choose his company, but he shunned the thoughtless and the coarse. He abhorred miserliness in every form, but extolled the virtue of being "given to hospitality." His love songs, though few in number, are models of delicate feeling and expression, and his elegies breathe an air of profound sympathy. By his satires he ruled the whole country round. The oppressor had to reckon with his power, and the poor and the humble felt that they had one whose presence was their protection. He was in touch with every aspiration and with the varying phases of the everyday life of the common people, and, when he passed away, each one felt that he had lost a friend. His death did not affect the Reay country alone. All

over the North the news caused universal grief. To many the personal element figured largely. The loss of Rob Donn as a friend touched their hearts. His geniality was only excelled by his genius. His rivals in poetry went out as a matter of course. He excelled them as one star excelleth another, and he has had no equal since. If he had enemies in his lifetime they have not been much heard of. When he was laid to rest in Balnaceill there were few dry eyes in the vast concourse that surrounded his grave. The "memory" of that day did not die with those who were spectators. It has survived a hundred years and more in the traditions of the country of his birth.

Estimates of Rob Donn as a man and a poet have been given to the world, but the two poems following—the first by John Mackay of Strathmelness, in his praise in his lifetime, and the other on the occasion of his death, by George Morrison of Ardbeg—as products of the country which reckons Rob Donn its most illustrious son, are given as a fitting conclusion to this sketch.

By John Mackay of Strathmelness, who, by reason of old age, was discontinuing verse-making. Rob and he regarded each other with affection. Mr Mackay always addressed Rob as "my son," and the poet returned the compliment by calling him "father."

THA lusan aig a' ghàirneilear,
 Nach fhas 's na h-uile fonn,
Filius ante patrem,
 'S e bhàrr a 's fearr na 'bhonn :
 Ma dh' agairear na talannan-s',
 An àit-éigin tha thall,
 Bidh mo chuid-s' do 'n bhàrdaidheachd,
 Deadh phàidhte le Rob Donn.

Bha mis' uair is chinneadh dàn leam,
 Air an tugadh càirdean meas,
 'N uair a shuidheadh iad 's an tàbhurn,
 Mo làmh-sa nach fàgtadh mis';
 Ach tha mi air sgur d' an cheàird ud,
 Tha mo chàil air fàs ni 's mios,—
 Bheir mi thairis an dòrn spòrs ud,
 Seall tu, m' òrdag fo do chrìos !

'N uair bhios an solus gun éiridh,
 Bidh 'n talamh gu léir an call ;
 Ach 'n uair thaisbeanas a' ghrian,
 Eiltichidh gach sliabh is fonn ;
 Tha m' obair-sa air dol gu lar,
 Theid i bàs do dhìth nam fonn—
 Ach leis gach breitheamh d' an eòl dàn
 Bidh cuimhne gu brath air Rob Donn.

By George Morrison of Ardbeg, Eddrachillis.

NAIGHEACHD chruidh a chaidh aithris,
 Nios thar a' Bhealach an dé;
 Leam is duilich a chlàistinn,
 Nach robh an sgeul ud 'n a bhreug ;
 'S ni tha dearbht' nach cum pàirtean,
 No clall nàduir o 'n eug,—
 Tha Rob Donn air a chàradh,
 'S an ùir, o bhàsaich e 'n de.

Fhir bu chomasaich' inntinn,
 A bha, air chinnte d' an àl-s'
 Réir a' chothrom a fhuair thu
 C' ait an cualas ni b' fheàrr ;
 Measg do thàlanta buadhach,
 'S tu a fhuair a' ghibht'-bhàird,—
 Beul a dheanadh, 's a sheinneadh,
 Gu ro ghrinneil an dàn.

Cha d' rinn aire thus' a bhrìobadh,
 An aghaidh soillse gu taobh,

'S cha tugadh geilt ort nach innseadh tu
 'N uair bhiodh 'n f hirinn air t' ùidh,
 Cha robh bàrr aig fear eil' ort
 Gu bhi moladh nan saoi ;
 Ach 'n uair dheanadh tu di-moladh,
 Sin 'n uair chrìothnaicheadh 'n daoib.

'S tric a dh' fhoillsich do dhàinte-sa,
 Nì bheir àireamh fuidh smal ;
 'S cia b' e shealladh 'n ad shaothair,
 'S es' a chitheadh gu glan,
 Gun robh do chomasan àrda,
 Os cionn àireamh dol thar.
 "Mar tha cliù nan Reul Tuath
 Air gach reannag shuas a' toirt car."

Thàinig smal oirnn le cianalas,
 Nis o 'n thriall thu do 'n ùir,
 Fhir bu chuimseich' 's bu chiallaich',
 Bu mhòr t' fhiach feadh na dùthch',
 O 'n bha nàduir cho fial riut,
 A' toirt ciall diut is tùir,
 Thog luchd-teagaisg is riaghlaidh
 O do riaghailtean s' iùl.

Fhìlidh chiallaich na h-Alba !
 Rinn na marbhrainn a b' fheàrr;
 Leughar ulaidhean t' inntinn,
 A measg seinn do chuid dàn,
 Cha chan mise mu d' chliùth-sa,
 Leth 's a b' fhiù thu gu bràth,
 'N uair nach togt' as an ùir thu.
 Do thoirt iùil domh nì b' fhearr.

B' e mo thoil gu 'm b' i 'n innleachd,
 Gu cumail cuimhn' ort a leant',
 Do chuid òran a sgrìobhadh,
 'S an cur slos ann am *print*;
 'N uair a bhidhteadh 'g an leughadh,
 'S iad cho ciatach 's cho greant',
 Bheireadh breitheamhnan fiùghail
 Dhiut deadh bhiùthas mar *rent*.

'S tusa 'n duine bha eudmhor,
 Air son eucoir a chlaoidh,
 S tric a chionaich thu geur i,
 A 'm mi-bheusaibh an daoi;
 'S minic fhuair thu do shàruchadh,
 S bhiodh tu cràiteach d' a chinn,
 Iad bhi riut ann an nàimhdeas,
 'N uair 's e 'n càirdeas bh' air t' àidh.

Gu 'n d' thug gibhtealachd nàdur',
 Dhuit iteag àrd nach robh fiar,
 Dh' fhàg fuaidh mheas aig gach àrmunn thu,
 Anns na h-àitibh-s' an Iar :
 'S goirt a' chls tha aig bàs oirnn,
 A' gearradh mhàn ar cuid rial,
 'N uair a dh' fhoirficheas pàirtean.
 'S 'n uair a dh' fhàsas an ciall.

Smuainteach, beartach, ro ghnìomhach,
 Air siubhal dlomhair a leant',
 Tional neamhnuidean nàdurra,
 Gu rùsgadh 'n àillt' do gach fear;
 Bu tu 'n seillein ro chùbhraidh,
 Bha toigheach, iùlmhor, glé mhion :—
 Cha robh luibh air an siùbhladh tu,
 As nach drùchdadh tu mìl.

'N uair bhiodh uaislean na Siorr'achd
 A dlùth thional le 'n cùirt,
 Pàirt d' am miann is d' am aighear,
 Thu a thaoghal dhoibh dlùth;
 Chuireadh cuimse do chéille,
 Ceòl nan teud dhoibh gu taobh,
 Ged a tha thu nis ìosal,
 An tigh dl-chuimhn' na h-uir.

Bu mhòr do rùm anns an t-sreath,
 'N uair shuidheadh maithean le chéil';
 S mòr am bearn thu á 'n còmhdhail,
 Latha moide no féill;

Eadar comasan t' inntinn,
 Agus doimhneachd do chéill',
 Co a chuireadh ort tòimhseachan,
 Ann an còmhradh le beul ?

Am fear a 's maiseich' am beusaibh,
 Cha 'n fhear es' tha gun lochd ;
 'S duine foirf', e' àit am faod sinn,
 Dhol do 'fhaotainn a nochd ?
 Gu bheil cuid mu dheadh bhuadhan
 Nach dean luaidh, mach toir toirt ;
 Ach mar chuileagan fiadhaich,
 A' ruith, 's a' pianadh nan lot.

Cho luath 's a chaochail am bàs thu,
 Chaill luchd dàna am prop ;
 Cha robh foill do na bàrdaibh,
 Bhi 'g ad àireamh 'n ad *thop* ;
 Na 'm bu leat tomhas foghlum,
 Do réir do chéill' an robh *stoc*,
 'S e mo bheachd gur tu féin
 Aon cho geur 's thig air *Pope*.

Tha do shaothair cho pailt
 'S nach 'eil i 'n airc mo chuid rann ;
 Ach na 'm biodh 'n corr air mo chomas,
 B' e mo chomain a bh' ann ;
 Bidh mi 'g aithris na rinn thu,
 Oir tha toillteanas ann,
 'S mò a chuireas e chlà ort.
 Na na chùinneas mo cheann.

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MARBHRANNA.

(ELEGIES.)

TO JOHN MUNRO AND DONALD MACKAY,

Two men of considerable note : the Rev. John Munro, minister of Eddrachilis, and Donald Mackay, schoolmaster in the parish of Farr. Mr Munro was settled in Eddrachilis in June 1743, and died there on the 13th February 1755. No particulars can now be obtained regarding Mr Mackay, although tradition ascribes to him a high place in his profession, and great influence in his own and the adjoining parishes.

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bhàis,
Gur bras thu ri pàirt,
Gur teachdair tha laidir, treun thu ;
An cogadh no 'm blàr,
Cha toirear do shàr,
Aon duine cha 'n fhàir do thréigsinn ;
Thug thu an trath-sa
Dhuinn buille no dhà,
Chuir eaglaisean bàn, is foghlum ;
'S is fhurasd dhomh ràdh,
Gur goirid do dhàil,
'S gur tric a' toirt beàrn 'n ar Cléir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,
Mu 'n dithis so dh' fhalbh,
'N uair ruith thu air lorg a chéil iad ;
C' uime nach d' fhàg thu
Bhuidhean a b' àirde,
A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail ;

A' bhruidhean a b' fhèarr
 A' tighinn o 'm beul,
 'S an cridheachan làn do reuson ;
 Chaidh gibhteachan gràis
 A mheasgadh 'n an gnàths,
 'S bha 'n cneasdachd a' fàs d' a réir sin.

Dithis bha 'n geall
 Air gearradh á bonn,
 Gach ain-ìochd, gach feall, 's gach eucoir ;
 Dà sholus a dh' fhalbh
 A earrannaibh garbh',
 Dh' fhàg an talamh-sa dorch d' a réir sin ;
 Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,
 Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uaigh,
 Tha cuid a gheibh buaidh is feum dheth ;
 Mar ris gach aon ni,
 Dh' aithris iad dhuinn,
 Chaidh 'n gearradh á tlom an leughaidh.

Dithis a bh' ann,
 Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann,
 Do phobull fhuair àm g' an éisdeachd ;
 Dithis, bha 'm bàs
 'N a bhriseadh do chàch,
 Gidheadh gu 'm b' e 'm fàbhor féin e ;
 Cha ladurn gu dearbh,
 Dhuinn chreidsinn 'n uair dh' fhalbh,
 Gu 'n d' fhreagair an earbs' gu léir iad.
 A dh' aindeoin an aoig,
 B' e 'n cairide gaoil,
 'N uair sgair e o thìr nam breug iad.

Tha sgeula r' a h-inns'
 Mu dhéighinn na dith's,
 A 's feumail 'a bhios na ceudan ;
 Feudaiddh mi ràdh,
 Ge teumnach am bàs,
 Nach tug e ach pairt d' a bheum uainn.
 Ged thug e le tinn,
 An corpa do 'n chill,
 Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an déigh orr' ;
 Is iomadh beul cinn,
 Ag aithris 's gach linn,
 Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha làthair,
 Tuig'maid an t-*stràchd-s'* ;
 Is cleachdamaid trath ar reuson ;
 Nach faic sibh o 'n bha,
 An lathaichean s' geàrr,
 Gu 'n do ruith iad ni b' fheàrr an réis ud ;
 'S mac-samhuil dhuinn iad,
 Ged nach 'eil sinn cho àrd,
 Anns na nitheanaibh cràbhaidh, leughant' ;
 Na earb'maid gu bràth,
 Gu 'n ruig sinn an àit-s'
 Mur lean sinn ri pàirt d' an ceumaibh.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air tòir
 Gach neach a tha beò,
 'G an glacadh an còir no 'n eucoir ;
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhòrn,
 Cha reic e air òir,
 Ri gul, no ri dedir cha 'n èisd e.

Chi mi gur fiù
 Leis tighinn do 'n chùil,
 Gu fear th' ann an clùd mar éididh ;
 'S ged dheanamaid dùn,
 Cha cheannaich e dhuinn,
 Aon mhionaid do dh-uin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chuaidh,
 Cha rachadh cho luath,
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uainn an éiric ;
 Cha leig'maid an dith's
 Iad as an aon mhlos,
 Na 'm b' urr' dhuinn an dlol le seudaibh ;
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhàn'
 Thu, tighinn o 's àird,
 Buailidh tu stàtaibh 's déircean ;
 Cha bhacar le 'phrìs,
 Air t' ais thu a ris,
 'S tu dh' easbhuidh an aoin mu 'n téid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn
 A mach o na bhroinn,
 Mu 's faic iad ach soills' air éigin ;
 Glacaidh tu 'n òigh,
 Dol an coinnimh an òig,
 Mu 'm feudar am pòsadh éigheachd,
 Ma 's beag, no ma 's mòr,
 Ma 's sean, no ma 's òg,
 Ma 's cleachdamh dhuinn còir no eucoir ;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,
 Is anail 'n ar sròn,
 Cuirear uile sinn fò na féich ud.

Tha 'm bàs os ar cinn,
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,
 'S le fradhrac ar cinn cha léir e :
 Ach tha glaoth aig' cho cruaidh,
 'S gu 'm faodadh an sluagh,
 A chluinntinn le cluasaibh reusoin :
 Nach dearc sibh a chùl,
 Is fear aig' fo iùl,
 'S e sealltuinn le 'shùil gu geur air ;
 An diugh ciod am fàth,
 Nach bidh'maid air *gheàrd*,¹
 'S gu 'n bhuin e ar nàbuidh 'n dé uainn.

An cumhachd a tha
 Cur thugainn a bhàis,
 Gun teagamh nach pàighear 'fhéich dha ;
 Tha misneachd is bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na gheall a bheul dha ;
 Oir 's athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas air teann,
 'S fear-tighe do 'n bhantraich féin e ;
 Is Cruithfhear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chreutair.

¹ Guard.

TO DONALD, 4TH LORD REAY,

Who died in 1761. He succeeded to the title in 1748 on the death of his father, Lord George, known as "Am Morair mor."

'S i so nollaig a 's cianail'
 A chunncas riamh le mo shùil ;
 'S soilleir easbhuidh ar Triath oirnn,
 An àm do 'n bhliadhna tigh'nn ùr ;
 Ceann na cuideachd 's na tàbhuirnn,
 Luchd nan dàn, is a' chiùil,
 'N a luidhe 'n eaglas *Cheann-tàile*,¹
 'S an rùm tha mhàn fo 'n ùir.²

'S iomadh buille bha cràiteach,
 A rinn am bàs a thoirt dhuinn,
 Air chosd gheugan do theaghlaich,
 Gun athadh bonn do na cinn ;
 Ach cha deach' uiread do thròcair
 A chur fo 'n fhòd ri mo linn,
 'S a chaidh chàradh 's an *tòma*,³
 Le Morair Dòmhnall MacAoidh.

Bu lionmhor buaidh bh' ann do nàdur,
 Nach urrainn bàrd chur an céill ;
 Cha d' àt do mhoraireachd t' àrdan,
 'S cha d' leag càirdeas do spéis ;

¹ Tongue, popularly Kintail, also Kintail-Mackay in contradistinction to the other Kintail, Kintail-Mackenzie.

² The family vault of the Reay family in the church of Tongue.

³ Tomb.

B' fhiù do chòirean an sgaoileadh
 Air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir;
 Gun robh do mhaitheanas ullamh
 Do 'n neach a mhealladh thu 'n dé.

'S tric a dh' innis do ghnìomhara,
 Nach robh crìonachd 'n ad rùn;
 'S tu thug feart air an dìomh' nas
 Bha air crìoch luchd nan dùn.
 Chuireadh buileachadh d' fhàbhoir
 Uiread fàilt ann do ghnùis,
 'S a bhitheadh air na fir gionach,
 An àm cur sgillin ri crùn.

'S tusa tharruing gu tìomail
 O chleachdamh dhaoine 's am beus,
 Gu 'n robh 'n caitheamh 's an t-anabarr,
 'N a ni a dh' fhalbhadh gun fheum;
 'S uiread beartais 's a dh' fhàg thu,
 G' a roinn aig càch as do dhéigh;
 Ach bha thu cunntadh do dhaonnachd,
 Mar *stoc* a shaor thu dhuit féin.

'N uair thigeadh àm na Féill-Màrtuinn,
 Is cunntadh *Rainnt*¹ thugad féin,
 Bhiodh do shùil ris gach pàipeir,
 A chuireadh 'n *clarc* as a dhéigh;
 'S maith a dh' aithnicheadh tu 'n t-airidh,
 'S an neach a thàrladh 's an fheum;
 'S e do pheann a bhiodh èasgaidh
 Gu dubhadh mach an cuid féich.

¹ Rent. Màl, which is substituted by Dr Mackay, is rarely used in Sutherland.

Na 'm bitheadh gionaich 'n ad nàdur,
 C' uim' nach deanadh tu tòrr,
 Leis na thogtadh do mhàl¹ dhuit,
 'S le do *phension* d' a chòrr :
 'N uair a gheibheadh tu 'm meall ud,
 'S ann leat a b' annsa gu mòr,
 Iomhaigh Dhé air bochd aoidheil,
 Na iomhaigh 'n Rìgh air an òr.

Gheibhear cron dha do sgaoilteachd,
 'S nach do chaomhain thu 'n còrr,
 Leis an fhear tha na ghlutair,
 Gu deanamh upainn do 'n òr ;
 A dh' iarras fois thoirt d' a anam,
 'N uair chi e mar ris ni 's leòir,
 'S e 'n neach sin féin ris an canar
 Le Dia, an t-amadan mòr.

Seallaibh eachdraidh a' Bhlobuill,
 Chum na crìche o thùs,
 'S gheibh sibh olc nach robh 'n aoraibh
 Nam fìor eucoireach mòr',
 Agus starraidhnean mìodhoir
 Anns na Crìosdaidhibh còir ;
 Ach an crìon pheacadh biasdail,
 Cha d' fheud e riamh bhi 's an t-seòrs'.

Ge maith eòlas na firinn,
 Ni mòran bruidhean gun stuaim ;
 'S soilleir comharr' 'n deadh Chrìosduidh,
 Do 'n nòs bhi gnìomhach gun fhuaim ;

¹ *Reinnt* in MS.

Seallaidh Athair na caomhachd

Air fear na daonnachd gun ghruaim,
'N uair a their e ri crìon-fhear,
"Bidh-s' gu sìorruidh dol uam."

Labhraidh buidheann gun chreidimh,

Le mòran glaigeis 'n an ceann ;
Ach 'n uair thig iad gu cleachdamh,
Cha 'n fhaighear am focal ach fann ;
An teis-meadhon am pailteis,
Mar 's an airc bitheadh iad gann ;—
'S 'n uair is toirmneich' am farum,
Gur corp gun anam tha ann.

Abram, athair nan creidmheach—

Or 's e gun teagamh a bh' ann ;
Dhiùlt e beartas Rìgh Shòdoim,
Ged bu mhaith a chòir air 's an àm ;—
Bhiadh e ainglean gun fhios da,
Le blas is iochd nach robh gann ;
Cia mar 's dàna le fionaig
A ràdh gur h-aon e d' a chlann.

Cha b' ionann dòigh an robh gaol dhuit,

'S do mhòran daoine tha beò,
A bhios luchd-masguill a' séideadh,
'N uair ni iad eucoir no còir,
Air eagal uilc tha 'n an nàdur,
O 'n tha iad nàimhdeil gu tòir,
No bhi 'g earbsadh o 'n lamhan,
Am maith nach dean iad d' an deòin.

Gaol do Dhia, 's dha do nàbuidh,

Sùim nan àithntean gu léir ;

'S their a' mhuinntir gun chràbhadh,
 Gu 'm bheil an nàdur-s' d' an réir;
 Ach iads' tha beartach gun charrthunn,
 Riuth-s' a thàrlas 'n am feum
 Tha na Sgriobtuir 'g an sgàradh,
 O luchd na dàimh' ri Dia féin.

Bha daoine àrda do d' Shinnsear,
 An cliù, 's an inntinn, 's an céill,
 Bha 'g an giùlan mar Righribh,
 A thaobh an innleachdan féin :
 Cha d' thainig duine dhiubh 'n àird' riut,
 Ann am blàth's ri luchd feum',
 'S fhusa 'dhùrachd na 'earbsadh,
 Gu 'n tig ni 's feàrr 'n ad dhéigh.

'S tric le filidhean dhaoine
 Thigh'nn air an fhirinn ro theann;
 Ach 's tearc againn an t-àireamh
 A sheasas t' àit dhuinn 's an àm :
 Ach o nach 'eil mi m' fhìor fhàidh,
 'S e 'n neach a b' fheàrr leam thigh'nn ann,
 Fear nam buadhan, ni t' fhàgail,
 'S a dheanadh breugach mo rann.

Cha dean mo mholadh-s' ni 's àird' thu,
 'S cha 'n 'eil thu 'n dràsda 'n a fheum;
 Sgaoil do bhuadhan am pailteas,
 'S cha 'n 'eil thu 'n airc chur an céill;
 Ach 'n uair their mi 'n dàn bròin so
 Do dhaoinibh mòr' as do dhéigh,
 Mur bi 'leithid r' a inns' orr',
 Cha bheag an nàire e dhoibh féin.

TO HUGH MACKAY,

Son of Robert Mackay, Tutor of Farr, who died in 1746.
Though a young man he was held in great esteem in the
Reay country.

HUISTEIN, soraidh le t' iomradh,
O 'n chaidh t' iomchair air fàradh ;
Hùistein òig sin mhic Reabairt,
Tha do leabaidh 's na clàraibh.
Anns an dearbh bharaill againn,
Cha b' ann abuich a bha thu ;
Ach 's e breitheamh nan uile,
Ghlac 's a' chumadh a b' fheàrr thu.

Co an nàbaidh no 'n caraid,
A chuir aithn' air do bheusaibh,
Do nach b' aobhar gu osnaich,
A luaith'd 's a choisinn an t-eug thu.
Fhir bha gealltuinn le d' chomas,
Bhi do 'n fholluiseachd feumail ;
Bha thu treun ann am pearsa,
'S ni bu treis' ann an reuson.

A bhi 'g innseadh do chliù-sa,
Thug sud dùbhlán do m' gheurad,
Lughad àireamh do laithean,
Agus feabhas do bheusan.

Fhuair thu comain o 'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Air nach d' ràinig na ceudan,
 O 'n là dh'fheuch iad am brod¹ duit,
 Cha robh stad ann ad fhoghlum.

O 'n uair 's an d' thàinig am fleasgach,
 Gu àm cleachdaidh a thuigse,
 Cha do shuidh e mu bhòrd,
 Nach tugadh 'fhoghlum gu meas e.
 Bha e 'n a ghaisgeach neo-spòrsail,
 Is 'n a phòitear neo-mhisgeach,
 Ciod a' chuideachd a chunntar,
 As nach ionndrain a nis e.

Fhir nach d'fhuair sinn ach ias'd dhiot,
 Ann am bliadhnachaibh goirid ;
 Fhir a thiorcadh na dh' earbadh,
 'S fhir a dhearbhadh na theireadh.
 Fhir bu mheasa do d' nàmhaid,
 'S fhir a b' fheàrr do charaid,
 Tha do chliùth-sa cho làidir,
 'S nach do bhàsaich e mar riut.

'S beag a dh' fhoghnadh do chainnt dhomh,
 Gu do rann dheanamh soilleir,
 Oir cha d' rugadh o 'n uair sin,
 Duin' a b' uaisle na chailleadh.
 Bha thu mach air an tritheamh,
 O Mhac Aoidh ri do shloinneadh,
 'S o thaobh eile do dhaoine,
 Do fhuil dhìreach Mhic Coinnich.

¹ The A, B, C. *Am Brod* was really the horn-book used by school children.

Gabham leithsgeul an cumha,
 A llon 's a liuth' rinn thu fhàgail,
 Ged a bhiodh tu 'n an caidreamh,
 Uin' a b' fhaide na bha thu ;
 'S maing a chunnaic do leithid,
 Air cho beag laithean 's a dh'fhàg thu,
 Gun do mhac no do nighean
 Gu bhi 'n an suidh' air do làraich.

Buinidh dhuinne bhi umhail,
 Ri bhi cumhadh na chaill sinn,
 Agus labhairt gu tairis
 Air a' ghalar a chraidh sinn ;
 Gun bhi casaid gun reuson,
 Air an eug a thug uainn thu ;
 'S an àm taghaidh nan daoine,
 Co nach sìneadh mar rinn e.

'S goirt an naidheachd so thàinig,
 Chum na dh'fhàg thu 's an dùthaich ;
 Air mìos deiridh a' gheamhraidh ,
 Cha bu ghann duinn ar ciùrradh ;
 'S iomadh comharradh cianail
 Bh' air a bhliadhn' an d' fhalbh Hùistean,
 Air dà fhichead 's a sèa dhiu,
 Thar seachd ceud agus sùsdan.¹

¹ Thousand.

TO JOHN MACKAY,

Better known as John MacRobart, who was of the Abrach branch of the Clan Mackay. These inhabited the district of Achness and the neighbourhood, known as the Heights of Strathnaver. Their burying-ground at Grumbeg is divided into two parts, one being sacred to the Clan Abrach, and the other open to all. A conflict between two sections of the Mackays took place at this place on the occasion of a funeral.

THUG an t-aog uainn 'n ar n-amharc,
 Mach á dìthreabh *Strath-namhuir*,
 'N t-aon fhear nach d' fhàg samhail 'n a dhéigh.
 Thug an t-aog uainn, &c.

Cùis àrdain nan Abrach,
 Làimh làidir nach bagradh,
 Iain failteach Mac Raiberit 'Ic-Néill.
 Cùis àrdain, &c.

Corpa calma, bha fearail,
 Inntinn earbsach làn onoir,
 Làmh a dhearbhadh na chanadh a' bheul.
 Corp calma, &c.

Bu tu 'n companach deala,
 'S bu tu ceannard na cloinne,
 Bha thu 'n t-aon rud dh' fhear eile 's duit féin.
 Bu tu 'n companach, &c.

Bu tu 'm fialaidh neo-bhòsdail,
 Agus biadhtach na pòcaid,
 Ceanna cliar agus còmhnuidh luchd-feum.
 Bu tu 'm fialaidh, &c.

C' àit an cual' sibh a' tighinn,
 Aon cho buadhach am bruidhean,
 Air nach d' fhuaras ni bhitheadh 'n a éis.
 C' àit an cual' sibh, &c.

'N am biodh iomlaineachd agam,
 Gus an tiom-chràdh-s' chur stad air,
 B' e mo dhùrachd thu bhi fada o 'n eug.
 'N am biodh iomlaineachd, &c.

Na 'm bu ni àraidh bhi bòsdail,
 As na gàirdeinibh feòla,
 'S tus an t-aon a b' fheàrr còir air cur tréis.
 Na 'm bu ni, &c.

'N uair is llongmhoire cumhachd,
 'S ann is dì-chuimhneich' cumha,
 Na 'n uair 's dìobhailich' puthar an éug.
 'N uair is llongmhoire, &c.

Is mur fìor domh na thubhairt,
 Mu na Chriosdaidh bu mhodha,
 Leigeam 'fhianuis air *Muthadal* féin.
 Is mur fìor domh, &c.

TO BETTY SUTHERLAND,

Wife of Mr Walter Gray. She was held in high esteem all over the county of Sutherland.

A Bheataidh Sutharlan, ma dh' eug thu,
 S àrd a dh' éirich cliù leat ;
 'S e bròn do dhaoin', is call do thir',
 Nach d' fhuair iad tlom bu mhò dhiot :
 Ged thàrladh tric am bàs gun iochd,
 'S e'n t-Ard Rìgh glic tha stiùradh,
 'S e dh' abaich riamh do chainnt, 's do ghlòmh,
 Air chinn na crìch' bha rùin air.

Cha 'n fhàir mi ceartas thoirt ni 's leòir,
 Do 'n t-sàr-mhnaoi òig-s' bha ainmeil ;
 Aig meud gach buaidh bha oirr' r' a luaidh,
 'S a lugh'd 's a fhuair i dh' aimsir :
 Do phàirtean breith, 's do chleachd'an beath',
 Gach puinc fa leth 'g ad leanmhuinn,
 Do chliùthan àrd bheir dùbhlàn bàird,
 G' a ghiùlan slàn mar sheanchas.

Chaidh do bhreith thar chàch gu léir,
 Anns na rinneadh 'n tùs leat ;
 Cia lìonmhor foighneachd bh' ort 'n ad mhaigh-
 dean,
 Thagh thus an deagh fhear pòsda ;

Cha b'chruaidh a chàs, 'n uair fhuair thu'm bàs,
 Gu 'n robh e pàight' gu leòr ann,
 Thug beagan bhliadhnan sìth dha dhìot',
 Nach tugadh ceud tha beò dha.

Cha 'n ann gun chuimhneachan a dh' fhalbh
 Am pearsa dealbhach stuama ;
 Do shliochd 's do chliù, le tuigse dhùint',
 Gun fhios cia dhiubh bha 'n uachdar ;
 Do chlann ag fàs ri athair dàimheil,
 Geallt'nach àrd air buaidh iad ;
 Bidh iad ag ràdh nach cinn gu bràth leo,
 Gnìomh a 's fèarr na 's dual doibh.

Cha 'n fhac' 's cha chualas 's an Taobh-Tuath,
 Aon bhean an uails' thug bàrr ort,
 Do bheusan stuam' an leughar buaidh,
 Gach teaghlaich sluaigh o 'n d' fhàs thu :
 Do làmhnan gleust', 's do thuigse gheur,
 Far 'n do chòmhlaich foghlum nàdur,
 Mar aon an ceud bha faoilidh, fial,
 'S nach d' aontaich riamh ri àrdan.

Na théid an rannachd dhuit no 'm fonn,
 Cha dean e bonn nì 's aird' thu ;
 'S maith a b' fhiù e chur an céill,
 Na 'm bitheadh feum do chàch ann ;
 Bu chòir do ghnìomh, do chainnt, 's do a chiall,
 A sgrìobhadh sìos air pàipear,
 'S a chur an seòmar gach mnath' òig,
 Gu bhì fa' còir mar *phàtran*.

Rinn t' oilean iriosal thu slobhalt,
 An cuideachd isal Ghàidhealt',
 Rinn t'fhoghlum beartach thu 'n ad bhall
 Do 'n chuideachd Ghallda b' àirde ;
 Dheanadh tu iomchair mhaith le t' uails',
 An cuideachd—fuar no blàth iad,
 'S ann dh' aithnichteadh t' fhaoilt ri neach a
 chit',
 Air am faighteadh saoil a' chràbhaidh.

Gun luaidh air càirdibh fola 's feòla,
 Rinn thu 'n còrr mu 'n cuairt dhuit ;
 'S thug thu aoibhneas do gach neach,
 A bha 'n cleamhnas fuaight' riut :
 O 'n bha mi ann, cha 'n fhacas leam,
 Aon neach rinn rium cho luath riut ;
 Tha gaol gach saoi gun cheilg do 'n mhnaoi,
 'S cha b' eòl dhomh aon thug fuath dhi.

Cha cheist 's an tìr, co leis an t-aon
 Mu 'm bheil 's ag inns' na cainnt' so,
 Bhean àluinn ghaoil, bh' aig Bhàtuir *Raoin*,
 Ged thàir an t-aog fuidh chuing i ;
 'S e cainnt gach beòil mu ni cho mòr,
 Nach d' fheud gu leòir bhi taingeil ;
 An cridhe fial 'n do shuidh a' chiall,
 'S i nighean Thighearna *Langail*.

Cha ruig mi leas ni ràdh mu 'pears',
 An dealbh, an dreach, no 'n àillteachd ;
 Cha ruig mi feasd air innseadh ceart,
 Cia meud a beachd 's a tàbhachd ;

Ged 's cruaidh an sgeul gu 'n bhuail an t-eug,
 An uair sin féin a dh' fhàs thu,
 'S e bròn nan ceud da 'm b' eòl do rian,
 Gu 'm bu chuspunn riamh do 'n bhàs thu.

Cha 'n fhàir mi comain chur gu dearbh,
 Orrsa tha marbh 'n uair théid iad ;
 Ach gun an cliù a leigeadh bàs,
 Cho luath 's a dh' fhàgas iad sinn ;
 Cuiream an dàn-s' do *Chata* mhàn,
 Is 'n uair ni Bhàtair éisdeachd,
 Bithidh na rainn-s' 'n a bheul 'g an seinn,
 Mar chuimhneachan an déigh oirr'.

TO THE REV. MURDOCH MACDONALD,

Minister of Durness from 1726 to 1763. He early recognised the poetic talent of Rob Donn, being a poet himself and a translator into Gaelic of many pieces. He translated a large portion of Pope's works, and recited them to meetings of his parishioners. Rob Donn, who was a frequent listener, caught up the ideas and made use of them as opportunity offered.

Mr Macdonald was a native of Ross, educated at St Andrews, married Agnes, daughter of the Rev. Patrick Cooper, Pittenweem. His family consisted of four sons and seven daughters, most of whom were musically inclined. The eldest daughter, Florence, and the second son, Joseph, composed airs to several of Rob Donn's pieces.

'S e do bhàs, Mhaighstir Mhurchaidh,
 Rinn na h-àitean so dhorchadh,
 'S ged chaidh dàil ann do mharbhrann,
 Labhraidh balbhachd ri céill.
 Na 'm biodh a' Chrìosduidheachd iomlan,
 Cha rachadh dì-chuimhn' air t' iomradh,
 No do ghnìomharan iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t' iomchan-s' gu léir ;
 Gur h-e chràdh mi 'n am mheanmnadh,
 'S do luchd-gràidh agus leanmhuinn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 'n d' fhalbh thu,
 'S lugh'd a luirg as do dhéigh ;—
 Bheir cuid *leasan*an buadhach,
 O bhruaich fhasanta t' uaghach,
 Nach d' thug daiseachan suarach,
 As na chual iad uait féin.

Fìor mhasgull chionn pàidhidh,
 No stad gealtach le gàbhadh,

Bhrìgh mo bheachd-s' ann an dànaibh,

'S mi nach deanadh, 's nach d' rinn :

Ach na 'm biodh comain no stà dhuit,

Ann a t' alladh chur os àird dhuit,

Co na mis' do 'm bu chàra,

'S co a b' fheàrr na thu thoill ?

Bhuidhean mholtach-s' a dh' fhàg sinn,

Ged nach urr' iad a chlàistinn,

'S còir bhi 'g aithris am pàirtean,

Gun fhàbhor, 's gun fhoill.

Oir 's buain' a' chuimhne bheir bàrda,

Air deadh bhuadhannaibh nàduir,

Na 'n stoc cruinn sin a dh' fhàg iad,

Is comhstri chàirdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhtean-sa làidir,

Air am measgadh le gràsaibh,

Anns a' phearsa bha àluinn,

Iom-làn do na chéill ;

An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,

An toil a b' èasgaidh' gu maitheadh,

'S na h-uile h-aigheadh cho flathail,

Fad do bheatha gu léir.

Bhiodh do chomhairl' an còmhnuidh,

Le do chobhair 's do chòmhnadh,

Do luchd-gabhail na còrach,

Réir 's mar sheòladh tu féin.

Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deònach

Is an t-aineolach eòlach—

'S b' e fìor shonas do bheòlaind,¹

Bhi tabhairt còrr dhoibh do léirs'.

¹ Beo-shlainte.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumnach,
 Bha thu saor ri fear reusont',
 Bha thu aodanach, geurach,

Mar chloich, ri eucoireach, cruaidh:

Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoineach,
 Bu tu 'n labhairteach saothrach,
 Bu tu 'n comhairleach tlomail,

'S crìoch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath:

Tha e 'n a ladarnas gàbhaidh,
 Bhi le h-eagal ag àicheadh,
 Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh,

Ni an àird na chaidh uainn.

Ach 's fàbhor Freasdail, 's is ioghnadh,
 No 'n ni a 's faisge do mhlorbhuil,
 Am bèarn so th' againn a lìonadh,

Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Leam is beag tha air fhoighneachd,
 Mu na thubhairt, 's na rinn thu,
 'S mu na chliù sin a thoill thu,

O 'n là chaill sinn thu féin;

Ach mòran tartar is straighlich,
 Air son féich, agus oighreachd,
 D'fhag na beartaich mar bhann,

Air an clann as an déigh;

'S e ni a 's minic a chi mi,
 Dh' aindeoin diombuanachd tloma,
 Gum beil gionaich nan daoine,

Tarruing claonadh 'n an céill;

Ach cha 'n 'eil iomairt no dòighean,
 Anns na freasdail so dhomhsa,

Nach toir earail 'n am chòmhdhail,
Le seann nòt¹ o do bheul.

Toigheach, faicilleach, fiamhach,
Smuainteach, focalach, gnìomhach,
Ann do ghnothuchaibh dlomhair,
Gun bhi dlomhain aon uair.

Chaith thu t' aimsir gu saoithreach,
Air son sonas nan daoine,
'S cha b' e truaillidheachd shaoghalt
No aon ni chur thu suas.

'N uair tha nitheana taitneach,
Dol a mugh' a chion cleachdaimh,
B' e chùis fharmaid fear t' fhasain
'S cha b' e beartas is uails',
A' dol o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe,
Troimh na cathaibh bu ghairbhe,
Dh' ionnsuidh Fhlaitheas na tairbhe,
Gu buan shealbhachadh duais.

Gum beil cealgaireachd chràbhaidh,
Air a dearbhadh gu gàbhaidh,
Tha 'n a gairistinn r' a clàistinn,
Is ro chràiteach r' a luaidh.

'N uair a thuit thu le bàs uainn,
Mar gu 'm briseadh iad bràighdean,²
Dhùisg na h-uile sin a b' àbhaist,
A bhi an nàdur an t-sluaigh.

¹ Note.—It was customary then, and till recently, among the country people to ask those hearing a sermon to give a *note*, or recite some striking passage from it.

² Tether.

Gum beil cath aig an Ard Rìgh,
 Gu bhi gabhail nam pàirtean,
 Anns na chruthaich e gràsan,
 Thug air aghairt gach buaidh;
 Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fàsaich,
 Anns an talamh-s' an trath so,
 So a' bharail th' aig pairt diubh,
 Tric 'g a leughadh air t' uaigh.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut,
 Ann an guth 's ann an cluasaibh,
 Cha 'n fhacas riamh is cha chualas,
 Is 's e mo smuaintean nach cluinn.
 Ged bu bheartach do chràbhadh,
 Bha do mheas air gach tàlann,
 'S tu a thuigeadh na dàinte,
 'S am fear a dheanadh na rainn.
 A' chuid a b' àirde 's a' bhuaidh sin,
 Tha 'd air stad dheth o 'n uair sin,
 Ach na daiseachan suarach,
 A tha mu 'n cuairt duinn a' seinn.
 'N uair a cheilear a' ghrian orr'
 Sin 'n uair ghoireas na biasdan,—
 Cailleich-oidhch' agus srianaich,
 An coilltibh fiadhaich, 's an glinn.

'S eòl domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',
 Dh' fhàs 'n an cuideachd glé ainmeil,
 Tigh'nn air nitheanaibh talmhaidh,
 Ann an gearrabhaireachd gheur.
 Ach 'n uair thogar o 'n làr iad,
 Gus an nithibh a 's àirde,

'S ann a chluinneas tu pàirt diubh,
 Mar na pàisdean gun chéill.
 Fhuair mi car ann do rianaibh-s',
 Le do ghibhtean cho fialaidh,
 Nach do dhearc mi, ma 's fìor dhomh.
 An aon neach riamh ach thu féin,—
 Càil gach cuideachd a lìonadh,
 Leis na theireadh tu dìomhan,
 'S crìoch do sheanchais gun fhìaradh,
 Tighinn gu diadhaidheachd threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgaoileadh
 Gu bhì cuideachadh dhaoine,
 'S am feadh a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
 'S tu nach faodadh bhì pàidht';
 Chuid bu taitneich' 'n an ìomchainn,
 Cha 'n 'eil focal mu 'n timchioll,
 Cha bhì ceartas mu 'n ìomradh,
 Ach le 'n imrich 'n am bàs ;—
 'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn,
 Thaobh nan ciontan a rinn sinn,—
 Bhì slor ghearradh ar gaibhlean,
 'S ar cuid theaghlaichean fàs ;
 Gun cheann laidir gu 'fhoighneachd,
 Co nì 'n àirde na chaill sinn ;
 Cuid, d' an cràdh, là is oidhche,
 Nach tig t' oighre 'n ad àit.¹

¹ There was a desire on the part of many of the parishioners that Mr Macdonald's eldest son, Patrick, minister of Kilmore, should succeed his father in Durness.

TO THE SAME.

Lament composed on the occasion of a visit by the Rev. Patrick Macdonald, accompanied by his eldest boy, to the parish of Durness, little more than a twelvemonth after the death of his father. Mr Patrick wished to have something more in the nature of a lament than the preceding elegy.

'S cianail, is cianail, O! 's cianail a tha mi,
'N ceann na bliadhna, O! 's cianail a tha mi,
A Mhaighstir Mhurchadh, 's tu air m' fhàgail,
'S mairg sinne, nach d'fhuair linn no dhà dhiot.

CHRIDHE an reusain, a bhéil na tàbhachd,
Cheann na céille, 's an fhoghluim chràbhaidh,
Làimh gun ghanntair 'n am dhuit paidheadh,
An uachdar a' bhùird, a ghnùis na fàilte.

'S cianail, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan, o chioslaich am bàs thu,
Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna, air ciall, no air pairtean¹;
Thionndaidh na biasdan gu riastradh gràineil,
Leo-san leig Dia srian o 'n là sin.

'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am aonar, mar aon ann am fàsach,
'S ni gun fheum dhomh, aobhar ghàire,
Cuims' ann an ciannt, ann an rainn no 'n danaibh,
Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann g' an clàistinn.

'S cianail, &c.

¹ Parts, gifts; cf. the Scotch "a man o' pairts."

'S caomh leam an teaghlach, 's a' chlann sin a dh'
fhàg thu,

'S caomh leam na fuinn, bhiodhtadh seinn ann ad
fhàrdoich ;

'S caomh leam bhi 'g ùrachadh an cliù sin a' bha ort ;

'S caomh leam an ùir th' air do thaobh-s' do na
bhàghan !

'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bròn fa chomh'r do bhàis-sa,

Ach ghabh iad sgìos ann am mìos no dhà dheth ;

Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar iadsan, riaraicht' cho trà dheth,—

An ceann na bliadhna, O ! 's cianail a tha mi.

'S cianail, &c.

TO KENNETH SUTHERLAND,

Tacksman of Keoldale, in Durness, who was for some time land steward for Lord Reay for the Balnacille estate. Although a factor, Kenneth was popular, and his death was deplored by rich and poor alike. He was an accomplished musician and the warm friend of the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald and his family, several of the latter having been taught by him to play the violin. Joseph, Mr Macdonald's second son, while in India in the service of the East India Company, had a set of bagpipes made, on which he taught the natives to play the airs current in Durness in his time. From their playing he wrote down the airs which were published by his brother Patrick in 1803. Mr Patrick's own collection was published in 1784, not 1781 as is sometimes stated.

'S e do bhàs, Choinnich Sutharlain,
 Dh' fhàg na h-àitean so dubhach gu leòr,
 'S a chuir caoidh agus mulad
 Air gach mnaoi agus duine d' am b' eòl ;
 Fhir gun mhearachd, gun fhoill-bheart—
 Fhir nach dubhairt, 's nach d' rinn ach a'
 chòir :
 Bu shluagh borb sinn gun bhreitheanas,
 'N uair a dh' fhalbh thu, mur sgathadh sin
 oirnn.
 Ged a chuir sin fo dhìon thu,
 Ann an talla na dì-chuimhn' le bròn ;
 Mar tha do bhodhaig a' crìonadh,
 Tha ni 's modha do d' ghlòmhraibh tigh'nn
 beò ;

Fhir bha beartach gun àrdan,
 Fhir bha caithteach 's a thèaruinn gu leòr ;
 Fhir thug feart air a' chràbhadh,
 'S fhir bu bhlaiste na àireamh gu spòrs.

Bu chùis-fharmaid do bheusan,
 Oir a b' annas an leithid 's an fhonn ;
 Bhiodh do chùisean air thoiseach,
 Thaobh an t-saoghail a bhos agus thall ;
 Cha 'n fhacas 's cha chualas,
 Fear do dhreuchd air nach buannaicht' leat
 geall ;
 Rinn thu mòran a thional,
 'S do neach beò cha d' rinn sgillinn do chall.

Gu do bhàs o do thoiseach,
 Ann do ghnàths cha robh car far 'm bu léir ;
 'S tu bha tuigsinn nan uailsean,
 'S tu bha teàrnadh na tuath' anns gach
 feum :
 'N uair bhiodh *difir* 'n an cùisean,
 'S tus' a ghleidheadh gach taobh le do
 chéill ;
 Cha robh geilt gu bhi caillt' ort,
 'S cha robh airc ort gu *bribe* dhuit féin.

'M fear a dh' innseadh do bheusan,
 'S mòr a dh' fheumadh e ghéire 's a chainnt ;
 'S iomadh neach bhios 'g ad ionndrain,
 An àm togail is cunntaidh na *rainnt* :

Bhiodh do thiodhlacan dlomhair,
 'S tu nach séideadh do ghnìomh le do chainnt,
 'S tu nach maoidheadh air feumnach,
 'S tu nach iarradh dhuit féin bonn no taing.

'S iomadh neach a bheir tairgse
 Air do leantuinn an airgiod 's an spréidh,
 Ach an ceartas, 's an tròcair,
 Nach toir feart air do ròidean gu léir :
 'S mise féin a bha èòlach,
 Gu 'n robh annadsa còrr air cùig ceud,
 Ann am fialaidheachd mhòra,
 'S gun thu 'g iarraidh na glòire dhuit féin.

Fhir a theagaisgeadh ùmaidh,
 Gun a lag-bheart a rùsgadh le tannt ;
 Ach chuireadh beagan do thùir ann,
 Leis gach comhairl a chùinneadh do cheann ;
 Eadar dithis 's an t-saoghal,
 Ann am breith cha b' fhiù leat bhi meallt',
 Cò nach earbadh a chùis riut,
 Oir bu dearbhta gu 'n chùlaich thu sannt.

Mac an athair bha glic thu,
 'S bu tu athair a mhic a rinn cliù ;
 'S na 'm biodh roghainn o 'n bhàs dhuinn,
 Cha robh fhios co a dh' fhàg'maid do 'n
 triùir.

'S e rinn iomlan ar bròn dhuinn,
 Mu 'n do thiormaich na deòir o ar sùil,
 Gun na lotan sin slàn,
 A' bhuille 's goirte bhi 'n trath-s' againn ùr.

Ged tha dàimh ann do thalla,

Tha e 'n a fhàsach do shealladh mo shùl,
Rinn thu bèarn dhomh 's gach comunn,

Ann an cràbhadh no 'm folluiseachd cùirt';
Ged tha cuimhneachain call' ann,

'N uair nach fhaidh mi ort comain ni 's mò;
Bidh mi feuchainn mo chomais,

Gu bhi 'g iomradh air d' alladh s' do chliù

TO JOHN MACKAY, MACEachAN.

John Mackay of Musal, or of Strath, as he was frequently called, was wadsetter of part of Strathmore, and lived in Musal, near the birthplace of the poet. Mr Mackay was himself a poet, and early recognised the genius of the bard. For some time Rob Donn was employed by Mr Mackay, and regarded by him more as a companion than a menial. This elegy was accepted as being in every respect a genuine and correct estimate of Mr Mackay's worth and character. In 1729 he held a wadset tack of the lands in Clasneach.

IAIN MhicEachainn, o 'n dh' eug thu,
 C' àit an téid sinn do dh' fhaotainn,
 Duine sheasas 'n ad fhine,
 An rathad tionail no sgaoilidh.
 'S ni tha cinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
 Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,
 'S ged a thogt' o 'n àl òg e,
 'S tearc tha beò dhinn chi e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,
 'S do fhir tha fathast an caomhnadh,
 Thionail airgiod is fearann,
 Bhitheas buidheann eile 'g sgaoileadh.
 Bhitheas féin air an gearradh,
 Gun ghuth caraid 'g an caoineadh,
 Air nach ruig dad do mholadh,
 Ach "Seall sibh fearann a shaor iad."

Tha iad laghail gu lit'reil,
 'S tha iad 'n an deibhtearan geura,
 Is iad a' pàidheadh gu moltach,
 Na bhios ac' air a chéile;

Ach an còrr, théid a thasgaidh,
 Ged 's cruaidh a cheiltinn o 'n fhéile,
 Is tha an sporan 's an sùilean,
 Cheart cho dùint' air an fheumnach.

Leis an leth-onoir rhiataich-s',
 Tha na ceudan dhiubh faomadh,
 Leis an fheàrr bhi am fiachaibh,
 Fad aig Dia na aig daoinibh ;
 Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,
 'S e ceann mu dheireadh an dìtidh,
 "C' uim nach d' thug sibh do 'n bochdaibh,
 Biadh, deoch, agus aodach ?"

Ach na 'm b' urrainn mi, dhùraichdinn
 Do chliu-s' chur an òrdugh,
 Ann an litrichibh soilleir,
 Air chor 's gu 'm faic na daoin' òg' iad.
 Oir tha t' iomradh-s' cho feumail,
 Do 'n neach a théid ann ad ròidibh,
 'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,
 Do 'n neach bu ghainne 'n a stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,
 Ma 's àill leat alladh tha fiùghail,
 So an tìom mu do chionneamh,
 An còir dhuit greimeachadh dlùth ris ;—
 Tha thu 'm baiteal a' bhàis,
 A thug an t-àrmunn-s' do 'n ùir uainn,
 Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'oifig,
 'S mo làmh-s' gu 'n cothaich e cliù dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachoid,
 Air an neach a tha fialuidh,
 'S i mo bharail s' gu h-achdaidh
 Bu chòir an athchuing so iarruidh ;—
 Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean,
 Ni chuid a 's sine dhinn ciallach,
 Nach dean sinn lobairt do bhith-bhuantachd,
 Air son trì fichead do bhlaidnach'.

'S lionmhor neach bha gun socair,
 A chuir thu 'n stoc le do dhéilig,
 Agus bàth-ghiollan gòrach,
 Thionail eòlas le d' éisdeachd ;
 Dearbh cha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach,
 Mach o ùmaidhnean spréidhe,
 Nach 'eil an inntinn fo cudthrom,
 Air son do chuid, no do chéile.

Fhir nach d' ith m'le le taitneas,
 Na 'm b' eòl duit ocrach 's an t-saoghal,
 Fhir a chitheadh am feumnach,
 Gun an éigh' aig' a chluinntinn ;
 B' fheàrr leat punnd de do chuid uait,
 Na unnsa cudthroim air d' inntinn ;
 Thilg thu t' aran air uisgeach',
 'S gheibh do shliochd iomadh-fillt' e.

Chi mi 'n t-aim-beartach uasal,
 'S e làn gruamain 's fo airtneil,
 'S e gun airgiod 'n a phòcaid,
 Air an tigh-òsda dol seachad ;

Chi mi bhantrach bhoichd, dheurach,
 Chi mi 'n déirceach làn acrais,
 Chi mi 'n dilleachdan dearg-ruisgt'
 Is e falbh anns na racaibh.

Chi mi 'n ceòl-fhear gun mheas air,
 Call a ghibht' do chion cleachdaimh,
 Chi mi feumnach na comhairl',
 A' call a ghnothuich 's a thapadh.
 Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fhiarachd,
 Ciod e 's ciall do 'n mhòr acain-s',
 'S e their iad uile gu léir rium,
 "Och ! nach d' eug Iain MacEachainn !"

Chi mi 'n t-ìomadaidh sluaigh so,
 'N an culaidh-thruais chionn 's nach beò thu,
 'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n uachdar,
 Chi mi buannachd nan òlach ;—
 O 'n a thaisbein dhomh 'm bliadhna,
 Iomadh biadhtach nach b' eòl domh,
 Mar na reannagan reulta,
 An déigh do 'n ghrian a dhol fò.

'S tric le marbhrannaibh moltach,
 A bhios cleachdach 's na dùthchaibh-s',
 Gu 'm bi coimeasgadh masguill,
 Tigh'nn a steach annt' 'n a dhrùchdaibh ;
 Ach ged bhith'nns air mo mhionnan,
 Do Ti tha cumail nan dùl rium,
 Cha do luaidh mi mu 'n duine-s',
 Ach buaidh a chunnaic mo shùil air.

TO THE EARL OF SUTHERLAND.

William, the third of that name, eighteenth Earl of Sutherland, and his spouse Mary Maxwell died within a short time of each other in Bath in 1766, and were buried in the Abbey of Holyrood, Edinburgh. They left an only child, Elizabeth, one year old. She married in 1785 the eldest son of the Marquis of Stafford, and died 29th January 1839. The poet had retired to Saingo shortly before he composed the song in 1766.

RUGADH mis' anns a' gheamhradh,
 Measg nam beanntaichean gruamach;
 'S mo cheud sealladh do 'n t-saoghal,
 Sneachd is gaoth mu mo chluasaibh;
 O 'n chaidh m' àrach ri aghaidh
 Tìr na deighe, gu tuathail,
 Rinn mi luathaireach tuiteam,
 'S rinn mo chuislidhean fuaradh'.

Chrìoch mi sgur do na dàintibh,
 Chionn mo thàlann bhi géilleadh;
 Ach cha 'n fhuil'ngedh mo nàdur
 Dhomh, bhi 'n am thàmh air an aobhar-s',—
 Ceannard Teaghlaich *Dhun-Robain*,
 'N a luidhe 'n Abaid *Dhun-éidin*,
 Gun aon fhocal aig filidh
 Dèant' 'n a shiorrumhachd féin da.

Anns a' chaisteal so chianamh,
 'S an rùm dìota na teaghlaich,
 Chunnacas ìomhaigh nan cùigear,
 'S iad 'n am mòr-dhaoine treubhach;—

Am fear mu dheireadh bha beò dhiubh,
 'S bu mhaith a b' eòl dhomh mu 'n d' eug e,
 Fhuair mi 'dhealbh air mo leth-taobh,
 'N a sheasamh 'm breacan an fhéilidh.

Ged bu bhòidheach r' am faicinn
 Dealbh nam pearsa 's an rùm ud,
 Dhearcadh inntinnean gnìomhach
 Air dealbh bu sgiamhaich' r' a chunntadh ;
 Sgiath nan ainglean a' clapadh,
 'S iad 'g an glacadh d' an ionnsuidh,—
 Sùil gach anaim gu deurach,
 Ris na speuraibh 'g an ionndrain.

Bha dealbh eile gu h-uasal
 Air chur suas aig mo dheas-laimh ;
 Is ann leamsa nach neònach,
 An sluagh bhi brònach an *Catuobh* ;
 O na chaill iad an lànán,
 Bha mìn, mòrdhalach, maiseach,
 Iarla Uilleam an Còirneal,
 'S a chéil' òg, Màiri Macsual.

'N uair chaidh a' chàraid so cheangal,
 Bu tearc an samhuil an Alba ;
 'S fhad 's a dh' fhan iad 's an fhearann-s',
 Cha b' fhèarr dhiubh barail na dhearbhadh iad ;
 'S dlùth a ghléidh iad am bòidean,
 Fhad bu bheò, gus 'm bu mharbh iad,
 Le gaol seasmhach a' phòsaidh ;
 'S ann ro luath bhuainn a dh' fhalbh iad.

Ged tha 'n naidheachd ud brònach,
 Cha 'n 'eil e neònach mar dh' éirich,
 Oir 's e 'm Breitheamh a chruthaich iad,
 Thug gu cumhachdach éigh' orra.
 Ged a ghealltadh dhoibh saoghal,
 'S gach staid aoibhneach fo 'n ghréin so,
 Aon uair cha b' urr' iad an gleidheil,
 O 'n dh' éigh na Flaitheas dhoibh féin orr'.

Gu 'n robh 'n ceud Mhorair Uilleam
 'N a dhuine cionalta meaghrach,
 Morair Uilleam a dhà dhiubh,
 Ghleidh e 'chàirdean is 'oighreachd ;
 Ach 's e Uilleam an tritheamh,
 A dhol á tiom a dh' aon bhoillsgeadh,
 Rinn gach briseadh nis ùrachadh
 Do na dùthchaibh a chaill e.

Sud an teaghlach bha òrdail,
 Gheibhteadh mor gun bhi uaibhreach ;
 Sud an teaghlach bha ceòlmhor,
 Gheibht' ag òl gun bhi buaireant' ;
 Sud an teaghlach d' am b' àbhaist
 A bhi 'n a thàbhairnn aig uaislibh ;
 A' slor leasach' an fhearainn,
 Gun bhonn gearain aig tuath orr'.

Sud an teaghlach d' am buineadh
 Cliù a' b' ainneamh r' a innseadh,
 Chumadh n' uailse gu stàtail,
 'S a bhiodh blàith ris na h-islìbh ;

'S nach do thog leis an eucoir,
 Bonn le h-éigin air aon diubh,—
 Bha gach còir aca cinneachadh,
 Mach o dhiombuanachd dhaoine.

Bha mi coimeas nan àrmunn,
 Ri deadh àmhainn bha feumail,
 An déigh a teine a bhàthadh,
 'S gun bhi làthair ach eibhleag ;
 Ach tha mi fathast an earbsadh,
 Am beagan aimsir an déigh so,
 Gu 'm bi an t-sradag ud, Beataidh,
 'N a teine lasarach aoibhinn.

'N uair a bha thu 'n ad leanabh,
 'S tu a dh' uireasbhuidh aimsir,
 Thòisich fàbhor is fortan
 Ri cur casg air luchd d' ainmeinn';
 Bha do thaoitearan tapaidh,
 'S cobhair Freasdail 'g an leanmhuinn ;
 Chaill do naimhdean am barail,—
 Ghleidh thu t' fhearann is t' ainmean.

Bidh mi dùnadh an dàin so,
 Oir tha e àrd air son m' inntinn ;
 Le aon athchuing do 'n òigh so,
 Dh' fhuireach beò mar aon chuimhne :
 Tha mi 'g earbsadh ri Freasdal,
 'S a rìgh gu 'm faic, 's gu 'n cluinn mi,
 Thu bhi pòsda ri gaisgeach,
 A leanas cleachd'an do shinnshear.

TO HUGH MACKAY,

Younger of Bighouse, who died young. He was the eldest son of the Honourable Hugh Mackay, second son of George, Lord Reay, and Elizabeth, who succeeded her father, George Mackay, in the Bighouse estates.

NACH truagh an sgeul a shuair mi féin,
 Mu 'n àm so 'n dé, o 'n dh' fhalbh mi uaibh,
 Gu 'n bhuail an t-eug an t-uasal treun,
 Le cuartach¹ gheur, 's gu 'n mharbh sud e.
 B' ann do MhacAoidh, thaobh duine 's mnaoi,
 An gasan aoidheil, dealbhach ud,
 Mo chreach! 'g a inns', gun deach do 'n aoig,
 Mac-oighre tir *Strath-Haladail*.

Nach cruaidh an guth so th' aig an t-sluagh,
 O 'n deach' thu luath's a dh' earb iad riut;
 Tha ghaoir cho cumant aig daoine uails',
 Aig mna'ibh, aig tuath, 's aig searbhantaibh;
 Cha 'n 'eil o 'n *Tòrr*, gu 'n ruig an *Stòir*,
 Aon duine beò o 'n dh' fhalbh thu uainn
 A 's urra còmhradh mu na bhòrd,
 Ach tuirseach, brònach, marbhrannach.

Cha 'n ann mu chall an codach féin,
 Tha 'n sluagh gu léir cho càsmhorach,
 Ach aon thoirt uath', gun aon fhear-fuath,
 'S an robh gach buaidh cho fàsmhorach:

¹ Fever.

A phears' gu léir, a dhreach, 's a chéill,
 Anns nach bu léir dhuinn fàilleagadh ;
 Mach o 'n eug bhi cur an céill,
 Nach 'eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

Tha do chàirdean fola 's feòla,
 'S do luchd-còlais cianalach,
 Air son do ghearradh as an t-saoghal,
 Mu 'n robh aon diubh riaracht' dhiot ;
 'S e chis am bròin, nach d' fhàg thu beò
 Fear cho òg, 's cho ciallach riut ;
 Ma sgriobhar cliù do bheath' air t' uaigh,
 Gur lìonmhoir' buaidh na bliadhnachan.

Ged bhiodh do ghnùis air duine bàth,
 Cha bhiodh a bhàs neo-thùirseach dhuinn ;
 'S dheanadh do thoimhsean is do chàil,
 Am fear bu ghràist' cho ciùrrtach dhuinn ;
 An tuigse gheur, a thogail sgéil,
 'S a' ghibht' a b' fhearr g' an cuimseachadh,
 'S tu 'n seud bu làin', tigh'nn thuig gach la,
 'S an t-slige b' àillte cumaidhtidheachd.

'S lìomhor cridhe thuit a mhàn
 Mu 'n cuairt, air là do thìodhlacaidh,¹
 Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn,
 Bhi suidhicht' an inntinn shìor-bheartaich ;
 Bha iomadh ceud do t' fhine féin,
 A' deanamh feum mar ìomhaigh dhiot ;
 Ach dhearbh am beum so dhuinn gu léir,
 Nach 'eil fo 'n ghréin ach dìomhanas.

¹ Funeral day.

Coe an duine thug orts a bàrr,
 Am breith, am pàirt, no 'n ionnsuchadh?
 No cò an t-aon a sheasas t' àit,
 Dhe 'n th' air an cràdh 'g ad ionndradhainn :
 Gach beag is mòr, gach sean is òg,
 Le gul is deòir 'g an ceannsachadh,
 Ged 's tric le bròn bhi tuisleach oirrn,
 Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

Tha sinn uile an iomadh truas,
 Na bha mu 'n cuairt do theaghlach-sa,
 Bhi gun aon a measg an t-sluaigh,
 A dheanadh suas do chall-sa dhuinn :
 Do thomult mòr, do chomunn còir,
 Do chomas deònach, gealltanach,
 Chuir buille bhròin 's na h-uile pòit,
 'S a chuir gach ceòl mu Bhealltuinn uainn.

TO DONALD MACKAY,

Tacksman of Clasneach. The lands of Clasneach were held in wadset in 1729 by John Mackay, son of Hector Mackay of Skerray, better known as "Iain Mac Eachann," and father of "Isabal Nic Aoidh."

'S ann o bhliadhna na tiom-sa,
 Luidh a' ghrian air an sgir' so,
 An déigh dhuinn triùir a bhi dhìth oirnn,
 'S bu chùis iargainn a h-aon diubh,
 Chuir sinn iosal 's an dille,
 'M fear bu chiallaich', bu mhaoineich', 's bu
 chliùiteich'.

'S ann, &c.

Bu neo-bhrosgullach dhomhsa,
 Bhi sìor acain an còmhnuidh,
 Bàs nan *topachain* lòmhair',
 Bha 'n am *propachain* cobhair,
 Chuir sin toimhsean gach còrach,
 Maille ri corp Dhomh'll 'ic Dhomhnuill do 'n bhàghan.

Bu neo-bhrosgullach, &c.

An t-uasal, iriosal, rianail,
 Faoilteach, furanach, fialuidh,
 An ceannard sonnasach, cliarach,
 Ris nach dealaicheadh sinn miannach,
 Thaobh 's gu 'n d' fhan thu cho ciallach,
 Ged a mhaireadh do bhliadhnan gu mìle.

An t-uasal, &c.

Bha cùrsa fiosrach do thìom-sa
 Fo chliù measail gun aomadh ;
 Do rùn iochdmhor do dhaoineibh,
 'S do dhlùth ghibhteachan mine,
 Do thaobh tuigse na firinn,
 Bitheadh do shliochd feadh na tìre le cnuasachd.

Bha cùrsa, &c.

Chuid bu tarsuinn 'n am beusaibh,
 Na 'm biodh moltachd fo 'n ghréin annt',
 Chuireadh t' fhocal an céill dhoibh,
 Ni 's lugh' na dh' fhàgadh iad reuson ;
 Cha bu tlachd leat bhi 'g éisdeachd,
 Fear tha olcas na bheusan le cuilbheart.

Chuid bu tarsuinn, &c.

Cha robh t' eachdraidh ri fhoighneachd,
 Bheannaich Freasdal gu saobhir
 An cuid, am pearsa, 's an cloinn thu,
 'S ann 's a phòsadh a rinn thu,
 'S thug e mach dhuit mac oighre,
 Tha 'n a mhaise, 's 'n a shoillse d' a dhùthaich.

Cha robh, &c.

'S dùbhlán focail fir-dàna.
 A tharruingeas iomhaigh do nàduir,
 Gach cùis shocrach a' fàs dhuit,
 Do mhùirn fhosgailte, phàirteil,
 Aois is toimhsean nach d' fhàilnig,
 Gun aon *spot* chun do bhàis ann do ghiùlan.

'S dùbhlán, &c.

Bha buaidh thaitneach no dhà ort,
 Tha ro thearc anns na h-àitibh-s',
 Bha thu blasd' an cùis ghàire,
 Gun phuinc dleasdanais àicheadh ;
 An gnìomh, 's am focal, 's an àbhaist,
 Bha do chleachdamh cho cràbhach ri t' ùrnuigh.
 Bha buaidh, &c.

Mu do choinneamh gu cinnteach,
 Lìon thu teaghlach do mhuinntir',
 Gu cainnt fhallain a chluinntin,
 O mhòr chomasaibh t' inntinn,
 Bhiodh an comain do chuimhne,
 Air son foillseachadh rìoghachd is dhùthchan.
 Mu do choinneamh, &c.

Ann an sealladh beag tloma,
 'N uidhe a 's giorra na mìle,
 Chaill sinn ceathrar a dhaoine,
 Ach so an starradh do rìreadh,
 Chuir am folach ar faoilt oirnn,
 Mar a' ghealach, is dìle do bhùirn¹ oirr'.
 Ann an sealladh, &c.

Ged a lìontadh na beàrnan-s',
 Cha bhi ni oirnn ach càradh,
 Bitheadh e dìomhain dha 'n àireamh,
 Nach leig air dì-chuimhn na dh' fhàg iad ;
 Ged robh an gnìomh'ra ni 's tàire,
 'S ann bhios miagh air an àlach a 's ùire.
 Ged a lìontadh, &c.

¹ Water.

TO EWEN.

Ewen was a poor old man, sorely distressed with asthma, and dwelling all alone in one of the most secluded, cold, and uninviting spots in that part of the country—Polla—at the head of Loch Eribol. Rob Donn, as was not unfrequently his custom, was shooting in the neighbourhood all day, and came to Ewen's humble abode to pass the night, that he might not be far from the hill for next day's sport. Ewen was lying on an uncomfortable bed in a corner of the bothy, and to all appearance fast approaching his end. Immediately before leaving Balnacille the bard had heard of the death of Mr Pelham. This was intimated by Mr Macdonald, the minister, as he himself tells us, "in the fellowship meeting on the Monday three weeks after the event." The bard not unnaturally pondered over the position, rank, and influence of Pelham and Ewen, and this masterpiece of song was the result. Having composed it, the poet, to wile away the time, repeated the song aloud to himself several times. Ewen, ill as he was, could not restrain himself, and rising from his bed, grasped his staff and endeavoured to chastise Rob for the slighting references to his condition in life.

'S tric thu, Bhàis, cur an céill dhuinn,

Bhi sìor éigheachd ar cobhrach ;

'S tha mi 'm barail mu 's stad thu,

Gu 'n toir thu 'm beag is am mòr leat ;

'S ann o mheadhon an earraich,¹

Fhuair sinn rabhadh a dh' fhòghnadh,

Le do leum as na Chùirtibh,

Do na chùileig 'm bheil Eòghann.

'S cian fada, gur fada,

'S cian fada gu leòir,

¹ Pelham's death took place on March 3rd, 1754.

O 'n la bha thu fo sheac-theinn,
 Gun aon ag acain do bhròin ;
 Ma tha 'n tlom air dol seachad ;
 'S nach d' rinn thu chleachdamh air chòir :
 Ged nach dàil dhuit ach seachduin,
 Dean droch fhasan a leòn.

Ach na 'n creideadh sinn, Aoig, thu,
 Cha bhiodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
 'S nach 'eil h-aon do shliochd Adhaimh,
 Air an tàmailt leat cromadh ;
 'S i mo bharaile gur fìor sud,
 Gur àrd 's gur ìosal do shealladh ;
 Thug thu Pelham á mòrachd,—
 'S fhuair thu Eòghann 's a' Pholla.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Tha thu tigh'nn air an t-seòrs' ud,
 Mu 'm bheil bròn dhaoine mòra,
 'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir,
 Mu nach chlunntear bhi caoineadh ;
 Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
 Tha saor fathast o dhòghruinn,
 Do nach buin a bhi caithriseach,
 Eadar Pelham is Eòghann.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,
 Mar gu 'm buailt' iad le peilear,
 Dean'maid ullamh, 's am fuaim so,
 Ann ar cluasaibh mar fharum ;

Fhir a 's lugha measg mhòrain,
 An cual thu Eòghann fo ghalar?
 Fhir a 's mò anns na h-àiteach'-s',
 An cual thu bàs Mhr. Pelham?
 'S cian fada, &c.

Ach a chuideachd mo chridhe,
 Nach toir an dithis-s' oirnn sgathadh!
 Sinn mar choinneal an lantarn,
 'S an dà cheann a' slor chaitheamh;
 C' àit an robh anns an t-saoghal,
 Neach a b' ils' na mac t' athar s'?
 'S cha robh aon os a cheann-sa.
 Ach an Rìgh bh' air a chaithir.
 'S cian fada, &c.

TO THE RISPOND MISERS.

These were two old bachelors who had lived together all their life, with an old maid for housekeeper. They were reputed to be rich, but very miserly. Their father was the tacksman of Rispond, a holding on the west of Loch Eribol. The two were born within a twelvemonth of each other. Their death and that of their housekeeper took place in the same week. Only a few nights previous to the death of the oldest (who died first), a poor creature asking alms was turned from their door without receiving anything.

'N an luidhe so gu h-ìosal.

Far na thìodlaic sinn an triùir,

Bha fallain, làidir, inntinneach,

'N uair dh' intrig a' bhliadhn' ùr ;

Cha deachaidh seachad fathast,

Ach deich latha dhith o thùs ;—

Ciod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,

Ni 's braise na th 'air ar dùil ?

Am bliadhna thiom' bha dithis diubh,

Air tighinn o 'n aon bhroinn,

Bha iad 'n an dà chomrad,

O choinnich iad 'n an cloinn ;

Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,

Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,

Ach gheàrr e snàth'nn na beath-s' ac'.

Gun dàil ach latha 's oidhch'.

O aon duine 's bean a thàinig iad,
 Na bràithrean so a chuaidh,
 Bha an aon bheatha thiomail ac',
 'S bha 'n aodach d' an aon chloimh ;
 Mu 'n aon uair a bhàsaich iad,
 'S bha 'n nàdur d' an aon bhuaidh ;
 Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,
 'S chaidh 'n sìneadh 's an aon uaigh.

Daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,
 Is e fiosrachal do chàch ;
 'S cha mhò a rinn iad aon dad,
 Ris an can an saoghal gràs ;
 Ach ghineadh iad, is rugadh iad,
 Is thogadh iad, is dh' fhàs—
 Chaidh stràchd d' an t-saoghal thairis orr',
 'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bàs.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach,
 Ris gach aon neach tha beò ?
 Gu h-àraidh ris na seann daoinibh,
 Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phòsd' ;
 Nach gabh na tha 'n a dhleasdanas,
 A dheasachadh an lòn,
 Ach caomhnadh ni gu falair dhoibh,
 'S a' folach an cuid òir.

Cha chaith iad féin na rinn iad,
 Agus oighreachan cha dèan,
 Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac',
 Bhios a' biadhadh chon is eun ;

Tha iad fo 'n aon dìteadh,
 Fo nach robh, 's nach bi mi fhéin,
 Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-òr ac',
 Na 'n uair bha e anns' a mhèinn.

Freasdail glic an Ard Rìgh—
 Dh' fhàg e pàirt do bhuidhinn gann,
 Gu feuchainn iochd is oileanachd
 D' an dream d' an d' thug e meall;
 C' air son nach d' thugtadh pòrsan,
 Dhe 'n cuid stòrais aig gach àm,
 Do bhochedannaibh a dheònaicheadh,
 An còrr a chur 'n a cheann?

An déigh na rinn mi rùsgadh dhuibh,
 Tha dùil agam gun lochd,
 'S a liuthad focal firinneach
 A dhìrich mi 'n ur n-uchd,
 Tha eagal orm nach éisd sibh,
 Gu bhi feumail do na bochd;
 Nì 's mò na rinn na fleasgaich ud,
 A sheachduin gus a nochd.

TO JOHN MACKAY

of Oldany, third son of Robert Mackay, Tutor of Farr. His eldest brother Hugh died in 1746, and Alexander, one of his younger brothers, some time before himself. His brother George was for a time in Handa, and afterwards succeeded to the Bighouse estate by marriage.

SGEULA bàis tighinn 'n a chaoir oirnn,
 O gach ceàrn' an séid gaoth oirnn,
 Fhuair mi naidheachd, 's bu daor leam i, 'n dè.
 Fhuair mi naidheachd, &c.

Nios o *Alldanaidh* 'n *Asainnt*,
 'N robh mo thriall o cheann seachduin,
 'S e mo chràdh o nach deachaidh, 's nach d' téid.
 'S e mo chràdh, &c.

Iain òig, mhic an Taoiteir,
 C' àit' an cualas, no 'n cluinntear,
 Sgeul a 's cruaidh' air do mhuinntir, na t' eug.
 Sgeul a 's cruaidh, &c.

'S ann an cuideachdaibh diomhair,
 Gheibhteadh dealbh an fhior Chrìosdaidh
 Ort, an smuaintibh, an gnìomhraibh, 's am beus.
 Ort, an smuaintibh, &c.

Fear flathail, 's fear faoilidh,
 Fear-tionail, 's fear-sgaoilidh,
 Tha 'n a luidhe 's an *Fhaoilinn*, 's bu bheud.
 Tha 'n a luidhe, &c.

Ged nach tàir mi do bhuadhan,
 Réir 's mar b' àill leam a luaidh riut,
 Gur tu neach do nach cualas riamh beud.
 Gur tu neach, &c.

C' àit an cualas riamh aon neach
 Dh' earb riut, 's a dh' fhalbh diombach,
 Bha do chomhairl' is t' impidh gu feum.
 Bha do chomhairl, &c.

Bu mhòr do dhàimh ris na daoineibh,
 'S tearc do nàmhaid 's an t-saoghal,
 'Soilleir beàrn Chloinn Mhic-Aoidh as do dhéigh.
 'Soilleir beàrn, &c.

Gasan gealltanach faidhreil,
 Gnìomh gaisgich, 's gnùis maighdinn,
 'S mairg a phlanndaich 's a choill thu, 's thu d'
 ghéig.
 'S mairg a phlanndaich, &c.

Clann t' athar bha buadhach,
 Mheud 's a thàmh, 's a chaidh uainn diubh,
 So an treas tarruing chruaidh orr' le eug.
 So an treas tarruing, &c.

Bàs Iain 's an àm so,
 Buille' ùr 's an dà sheann lot,
 Dh' fhalbh Hùistean,¹ 's dh' fhalbh Sanndai, 's
 dh' fhalbh éis.
 Dh' fhalbh Hùistean, &c.

'S e do chomunn bhi aoibhneach,
 Dh' fhàg do dhealachadh neimhneach,
 Dha do mhnaoi, 's dha do chloinn, 's dhuinn féin.
 Dha do mhnaoi, &c.

Na 'm biodh comas aig daoineibh,
 Neach a chumail ba chaomh leo,
 'S tusa 'm fear a b' fhaid' aois an cuig ceud.
 'S tusa 'm fear, &c.

Ciod an stà dhuinn bhi brònach,
 Ged nach tàir sinn bhi deònach,
 Gheibh sinn bàs, na tha beò dhinn, gu léir.
 Gheibh sinn bàs, &c.

Ach a Sheòrais² na h-*Airde*,
 O 'n tha òig' is gibht bàird agad,
 'S ann is còir dhomh chùis fhàgail duit féin.
 'S ann is còir dhomh, &c.

¹ See elegy to Hugh, who died in 1746, page 11.

² George Morrison of Ardbeg, whose elegy on Rob Donn is given in the biographical notice of the poet. George Morrison was a poet of considerable merit himself, and fully deserved Rob Donn's regard for his gifts in this respect. He was drowned in September 1788, off Holburn Head, near Thurso.

Mu 'n duine-s' fhuair bàs uainn,
 B' fhiach 'iomradh a chlàistinn,
 Uiread 's a dh' fhaod'maid a ràdh ris le chéil.
 Uiread 's a dh' fhaod'maid, &c.

Ann an dreach pearsa talmhaidh,
 Ann am beartas pàirt anama,
 An diugh cha 'n eòl domh fhior dhealbh fo na
 ghréin.
 An diugh cha 'n eòl domh, &c.

Tha do bhàs tighinn a' m' chluasan,
 'S cha 'n 'eil fàth faotainn buaidh air,
 Mo cho-ghràdh gu 'm bu chruaidh leam an sgeul.
 Mo cho-ghràdh, &c.

TO JOHN GRAY

of Rogart, who died in Perthshire on his way home from the South, where he had been attending the markets. Gray was married to Rachel Munro, who died before August 1741. In July 1761 Robert Watt, writer in Edinburgh, had sasine of the lands of Rogart in virtue of a bond granted by John and his daughters Elizabeth and Isobel.

THA rògairean airtnealach, trom,
 'N taobh bhos agus thall do na *Chrasg*,
 O 'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-cinnidh,
 Gu 'n do dh' eug e an Siorramachd Pheairt.
 Dh' aindheoin a dhreachdan 's a cheilg,
 Cha do chreid duine riamh a bha ceart,
 Aon smid thàinig mach air a bheul,
 'S cha mhò chreid e féin Rìgh nam feart.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon nì cho làidir,
 'S an t-saoghal s', ri bàs, gu toirt teum;
 'N t-stràchd thug e an dràs' oirnn air aghairt,
 Gun do mharbh e fear Roghaird do leum.
 Tha Sàtan ro bhrònach, 's cha 'n ioghnadh,
 Ged fhaigheadh e 'm fear-so dha féin,
 Air son nach 'eil fathast air sgeul aig'
 Fear a sheasas dha 'àite 'n a dhéigh.

'S fad o na chunnacas, 's a chualas,
 Gur teachdaire gruamach am bàs;
 Gidheadh gu bheil cuid ann an daoich ris
 Thug rud-eigin gaoil da an trath-sa.

Tha dùil ac' an Cata' 's an Galladh,
 Nach urr' iad a mholadh gu bràth,
 Air son gur h-e féin thug a' cheud chàr
 As an fhear thug cùig ceud càr á càch.

Sibhse tha mòr agus mion,
 Sibhse tha sean 's a tha òg,
 Thugaibh cheart air' air a' bhàs,
 'N uair is beartaich' 's is làine bhur cròg ;
 Oir thig e mar mhèirleach 's an oidhch',
 Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhòrd ;
 'S cha 'n fheudar a mhealladh le foill,
 'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-feadhna nan ròg.

Rinn deamhnan is triùcairean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,
 Co bu staraich', bu charaich', 's bu chliceich',
 'S a b' fheàrr chuireadh lith air a' bhréig ;
 B' e Sàtan am breitheamh bu shine,
 Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghréin ;
 'S b' i 'bharail nach fhaighteadh a leithid,
 Mur robh e 's na Grèadhaich iad féin.

Bu mhaith leam an ciontach a bhualadh,
 'S cha b' àill leam duin' uasal a shealg.
 'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choireach,
 Cha ghabh an duin' onorach fearg.
 Tha Caiptein Rob Grè air a dhiùltadh,
 Le breitheanas Prionnsa nan cealg ;
 Rinn coimeasgadh Reothaich a chumadh,
 Gu uails' agus duinealas garg.

Tha breugan is cuir air am fàgail,
 Do 'n fhear a 's feàrr tàlann g' an inns';
 Cha cheadaich a' chùis iad do Bhàtair,
 Tha onoir is àrdan 'n a ghrìd;
 Ge comasach Iain a bhràthair,
 Cha 'n fhaigh e an dràsd' i chion aois;
 Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Sàtain,
 Ceart comh-luath 's is bàs do fhear Chraoich.

TO DR GORDON,

Who died in the island of Jamaica, but who in his own country had acquired much fame. Under date 29th May 1742 his brother-german Hugh, of Carrol, Sheriff-substitute for the county, granted him sasine of the lands of Scottary in Clyne.

'S ann do Shiorraidheachd Chata,
Thàinig naidheachd á Sasunn tha cruaidh,
Gur e bàs Dhochtair Gordain,
'S fada deas a chaidh 'eòlas is tuath ;
Bha e 'n a annas ri innseadh,
Ged a ghearraich an t-aog e cho luath,
Fear am buanas a shaoghail,
'S nach cualas da aon neach thug fuath.

Fuath cha b' urradh dha fhaotainn,
O 'n a tharruing e 'n gaol thuige féin,
Bha le 'chuid, is le 'dhaoine,
'S le chomhairlean tiomail gu feum ;
Bha 'n a ghaisgeach 'n àm strì dhoibh,
Is 'n a shoisgeul 'n àm sìth dhoibh le chéil',
'S cha 'n 'eil creidimh aig daoine,
Gu leithid-sa fhaotainn na dhéigh.

O 'n latha ghluais thu 'n ad dhuine,
Bha thu buadhach air muir is air tìr,
Rinn do ghliocas thu ainmeil,
Ann do gnothuchaibh garbh agus mìn ;

Bu tu 'n cosannach tarbhach,
 Bu tu 'n léigh a bha sealbhach 's tu saor ;
 Bu tu fear-casgaidh na feirge,
 'S bu tu cuspair an fharmaid 's a' ghaoil.

Am measg sluaigh ann ar n-amharc,
 Bha e cruaidh gu 'n robh samhailt duit ann ;
 Ged rinn fortan duit fàbhar,
 'S ann bha 'm beartas a b' fheàrr ann do cheann ;
 Fhir nach deanadh dhuit naimhdean,
 Is a bheireadh do chàirdean bhiodh gann ;
 Bha thu do chompanach dàimheil,
 'S cha robh athair thug bàrr ort do chlann.

'N déigh na labhair mi bhuadhan,
 Tha rud fathast ri luaidh riut a 's mò ;
 'S tearc a mholar mar thoill thu,
 Nach bi cuid air an roinn as gach taobh ;
 Na 'm bu dàn' leam a chantuinn,
 Ma bha duine gun smal air, b 'e thu
 Thaobh na mèine bha d' chridhe,
 Bheireadh nàmhaid 'n a bhreitheamh dhuit cliù.

Ann an Sasunn 's an Alba,
 'S mòr tha facain¹ gu 'n d' fhalbh thu cho luath ;
 Ann an eilein Shaimeuca,
 'S ann a 's mòr tha mu d' dhéighinn na tuath ;
 Ged robh buidheann gu deurach,
 'N uair a mheangas an t-eug iad le cruas,
 B' olc an airidh do sheirbhis
 Bhì cho fada o 'n fhoirfeachd tha shuas.

¹ Caoidh.

Bha do chomhairl' is t-eisimpleir,
 Fàgail ghnothuichean deiseil aig càch ;
 Bha do sporan an tarruing,
 Mus biodh feumach no caraaid an sàs :
 Dh' aindeoin féil' agus caithteachas,
 Bha thu féin ann do bheartas a' fàs ;
 'S chaidh do 'n ùir leat', a dhuine
 Uiread bhuadhan 's a b' urrainn dhol bàs.

Ceartas thabhairt 's an t-slàn duit,
 Cha ghabhadh filidh no bàrd sin air féin ;
 Ach cha 'n fhaodar dhol mearachd,
 'N uair bhithear a moladh do bheus.
 Gu do bhuadhan-sa àireamh,
 O do bhreith gus an d' ràinig thu 'n t-eug,
 B' fhusa fichead dhiu fhàgail,
 Na aon fhocal a ràdh bhiodh 'n a bhréig.

TO MAJOR MACLEAN,

Who in his twenty-eighth year was killed in action at Brucker Muhl on September 21st, 1762.

Cìod a dh'fhairich sibh bhàirde,
 Anns na h-àitibh s', 's gur balbh sibh,
 Gun bhi cleachdadh bhur tàlann
 Mu na Ghàidheil a b' fhèarr dhiu.
 Fhuair sinn naidheachd á Sasunn,
 Gun chaill sinn fleasgach 's a' Ghearmailt,
 Am Màidseair òg Mac Illean,
 Bu tearc a leithid 's an armailt.

Ma ghabhas mis' orm a' dh' aodann
 Dhol a shìneadh mar cheud fhear,
 'S e aon aideachadh ni mi,
 Gur beag a chi mi do 'n b' fhiach thu.
 Fhir fhuair comasan inntinn,
 Gu gnothuch cinnt o na ciochaibh,
 Nach fhaic sibh 'leithid a rithis,
 Air ochd thar fhichead do bhliadhnaibh.

Gur h-e 'n t-aobhar mu 'n d' shin mi,
 Ri bhi 'g innseadh do bheusan,
 Do chur beagan 's a' Ghaidhlig,
 De 'n chuir càch anns a' Bheurla,

Air chor 's gu 'n cluinneadh ar n-àlach
 Am measg an àraichear treun fhir,
 An cliù acaineach àrd sin,
 Thug Prionns' *Ferdinand* fein ort.

Gum bheil t' athair 's do mhàthair
 Gu ro chràiteach 'g ad ionndrain,
 Tha do phiuthair 's do bhràthair,
 'S cha 'n e mhàin ach na prionnsa ;
 C' àit' an cuala sibh sgeòil
 Tha cho neònach r' an cluinntinn,
 Ri aobhar cumh' agus àrdain,
 Bhi aig càirdean mu 'n aon fhear.

Bha na h-uile ni moltach
 Dh'fheudtadh chantuinn mu d' dhéighinn ;
 Bha do mhàthair is t' athair,
 An àirde breith 's am foghlum.
 Bha thu bhrod Chlann Illeain,
 'S bu chinneadh leathan bha treun iad ;
 Ach thog do chleachdaidhean beatha,
 Os cionn an leithid gu léir thu.

'S iomadh neach do nach b' eòl thu,
 Tha ro bhrònach 's cha 'n ioghnadh,
 Mu aon gun samhuil an catha,
 Gu do thalcuis a dhìoladh.
 Mar chraoibh a dh'fhàs ann an starradh,
 'S a chaidh ghearradh gun chrionadh ;
 Meanglan òg ann an laithibh,
 'S gaisgeach catha an gnìomh thu.

Gum bheil eachdraidh an àrmuinn,
 Dol ni 's airde na m' eòlas ;
 Bha e 'n a onoir do dh' Alba,
 Ged a dh' fhalbh e 'n a òige.
 'N uair a bhithear a leughadh
 Sgeul a bhàis is a bheò-sa,
 Ciod a 's faisge d' a chéile,
 Na aobhar gàire agus bròine ?

'S tus', a bhàis, nach eil diomhain,
 A' deanamh diobhail 'n ad bhoillsgibh,
 'S gann gur urrainn do naimhdeas
 Dol ni 's àirde na rinn e.
 Cuiridh bith-bhuantachd imrich
 An saoghal cuimrigeach caillte,
 Mu 'n tuit leat ach tearc leithid,
 Mhic Illeain do shaighdeir.

TO WILLIAM MILLER, THE TINKER.

O 'n uair a chaidh Uilleam do 'n ùr,
 Gur tearc againn sùil tha gun deur,
 Do mhuilleir, a bhrach'dair, no 'chòcair,
 No 'mhnathan da 'm b' nòs bhi ri spréidh ;
 Cha mhodha na clamhain is gaothair,
 Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' 'n a dheigh,
 Air son gu 'm buin iomall na cloinne,
 Gach ubh is gach eireag, dhoibh féin.

'S glan a tha 'n talalmh-s' 'n a fhàsach,
 O 'n uair chaidh thu bàs o cheann mìos ;
 Ge maiseach na macain so dh' fhàg thu,
 Cha seas iad dhuinn t' àitse 'n an dithis ;
 'S ann a tha acfuinn do cheàirde,
 Mar shoitheach na chlàraibh 's e 'n dìosg ;
 An t-òrd is am balg ris an teine,
 An rusp, is an t-innein, 's an t-iosp.

'S giorra mo sgil, na mo dhùrachd,
 Gu innseadh do chliù mar bu choir ;
 'S minic a dhearc mi do chruinn-leum
 Do 'n àite 'm bu chinntich' do lòn ;
 Sgiathan do chòta fo t-'achlais,
 Is neul an tombac' air do shròn ;
 Bhiodh gaoir aig na coin 'g a do ruith,
 Agus mir air dhroch bhruich ann do dhòrn.

Air fhad 's a théid cliù ort a leantuinn,
 Cha 'n urrainn mi chantuinn gu leòir ;
 'S tu dh' fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chriathradh,
 'S tu dh' itheadh, 's a dh' iarradh an còrr ;
 'S tu rachadh do 'n t-sruthaig do chlisgeadh,
 'N uair ghabhadh na h-uisgeach' gu lòn :
 Bu choltach ri rapas nan seilcheag,
 An easgann mu thimchioll do bhedil.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh neach feadh na talmhainn-s',
 A' choiteir, a shearbhant, no 'thuath,
 Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodann,
 Oir shiùbhladh e 'n sgìre re uair ;
 Nis o 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,
 Tha rud-eigin smal air daoine' uails',
 Air son nach 'eil neach ac' 's a' Mhachair,¹
 A ghlanas tigh suidhe no poit fhuail.

¹ The south-east part of the county of Sutherland.

DAIN AGUS ORAIN.

(POEMS AND SONGS.)

AM BRUADER.

(THE DREAM.)

A cheud Rhoinn.

CHUNNAIC mise bruadar,

Fhir nach cuala, thig is cluinn ;

Ma 's breisleach e, cur casg air ;

'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'g a sheinn.

Na 'm b' fhìor dhomh féin gu 'm faca mi,

Am Freasdal, 's e air beinn ;

Gach ni is neach 'n a amharc,

Is e coimhead os an cinn.

Chunnaic mi gach seòrsa 'n sin,

A' tigh'nn 'n an cròthaibh, cruinn ;

'S na 'm b' fhìor dhomh, gu robh mòran diubh,

A b' eòl domh ri mo linn ;

Ach cò a bha air thòs dhiubh,

Ach na daoine pòsd' air sreang,—

'S a' cheud fhear riamh thuirt focal diubh,

Cruaidh chasaid air a mhnaoi.

Labhair glagair àraidh ris,

" 'S tu leig mo naimhdeas leam,

'N uair phòs mi ghobach, àrdanach,

Nach obadh cnàmhan rium.

'S e 's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dhi,
 An uair is pailte rùm,
 Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mheinneach,
 "'S an droch-uair, teann a null."

"Their i rium, gu h-ain-meinneach,
 'N uair dh' éireas fearg 'n a sron,
 Gu 'm b' olc mi ann an argumaid,
 'S nach b' fheàrr mi thogail sgedil,"—
 "Cha b' ionann duit 's do—c' ainm e sud,
 'S deadh sheanachaidh e 'n tigh-dòd',
 O! 's buidhe dhi-s' thug dhachaidh e,
 B' e féin am fleasgach còir."

"'N uair chlosas mis' ag smuaineachadh,
 Gach truaighe thug mo shàr ;
 Their i, sgeigeil, beumnach, rium,
 Gur ro mhaith dh' éisdinn sgeul,
 Is their i ris na labhras mi,
 Gu 'n canadh clann nì b' fheàrr :
 Aon ghnìomh, no cainnt, cha chinnich leam
 Nach di-mol i le 'beul."

Fhreagair Freasdail reusonta,
 "'S e 's feumail dhuit bhi stuaim',
 'S a liuthad là a dh' éisd mi riut,
 Is tu 'n ad éigin chruaidh.
 Mu 'n d' chumadh còt, no léine dhuit,
 Bha 'n céile sin riut fuaight',
 Is ciod iad nis na fàthan,
 Air am b' àill leat a cur uat?"

"S e theireas i gu 'm b' eudach sud,
 'S gu 'n robh thu breugach, meallt',
 Is bheir i ort mar b' àbhaist di,
 Nach can do 'bheul-sa drannd.
 Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, éitidh ;
 Ach o 'n 's éigin di bhi ann,
 O! ciod e 'n t-àite 'n càra dhi
 Bhi fàs, na air do cheann."

Thubhairt fear de 'n àireamh ud,
 Bu tàbhachdaiche bh' ann,
 "A Fhreasdail, rinn thu fàbhor dhomh,
 Am pàirt 'n uair thug thu clann ;
 Ge d' thug thu bean mar mhàthair dhoibh,
 Nach dean gach dàrna h-àm,
 Ach h-uile gnìomh a 's tarsuinn,
 Mar a thachaireas 'n a ceann."

"Nach bochd dhomh, 'n uair thig *strainnsearan*,
 Bhios ceòlmhor, cainnteach, binn,
 'N uair 's maith leam a bhi fialaidh riuth',
 'S ann bhios i fiata ruinn ?
 'N uair dh' òlas mi gu cùirteil leath',
 'S e gheibh mi cùl a cinn,
 'S bitheadh mise 'n sin 'n am bhreugadair,
 Ag ràdh gu 'm bheil i tinn."

"Cha tàmh i 'm baile dìthreibh leam,
 Cha toigh leath' gaoth nam beann,
 An t-àite mosach, fàsachail,
 Am bheil an cràbhadh gann ;

'S ged chuir mi làmh ri eaglais i,
 Cha 'n fhada dh' fhanas ann,—
 "An t-àite dona, tàbhurnach,"
 Bidh sluagh cur neul 'n a ceann."

Ach sin a thubhairt Freasdal ris,
 "'S e thig do 'n neach ni chòir,
 A bhi ni 's dlùith' ri dhleasdanas,
 Mar 's truime crois 'g a leòn ;
 Ged a shaoileadh tu gu 'm maithteadh dhuit,
 Na pheacaich thu gu h-òg ;
 Cha 'n fhear gun chamadh crannchur thu,
 Fhad 's bhios a' cham-chomhdh'l s' beò."

"Cha 'n fhac thu féin o rugadh tu,
 Aon cheum do m' obair-s' fiar,
 Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu,
 Do dhreachdan 's do chiall.
 Cia h-iomadh *tric* gu beartas,
 Bh' air an ditheadh steach 'n ad chliabh,
 Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhiot,
 A chum air ais sud riamh."

"Aidich féin an fhìrinn,
 Agus chi thu 'n sin mar bha,
 A' mheud 's a ghabh mi shaothair rith',
 Gus an caoch'leadh i ni b' fheàrr ;
 Dh' fheuch bochdas agus beartas dhi,
 Is euslaint agus slàint',
 Is thàinig mi cho fagus dhi,
 'S a bagairt leis a' bhàs."

“’N uair a dh’ fheuch mi bochdas dhi,
 ’S ann ortsa chuir i ’m fàt;
 ’S cha mhò a rinn an t-socair i
 Ni b’ fhosgailtich’ ri càch;
 Le h-euslaint’, ’n uair a bhuin mi rith’,
 ’S ann frionasach a dh’ fhàs;
 An t-slàinte uam cha ’n aidich i,
 ’S cha chreid i uam am bàs.”

Cò sin a chithinn tighinn,
 Dol a bhruidhean ris gu teann,
 Ach duine bha cruaidh chasaid
 Air a’ mhnaoi bu ghasd’ a bh’ ann,
 ’S e ’g ràdh, “’N uair théid mi ’n taice rith’,
 ’S ann bhios oirr’ gart is greann,
 ’S ’n uair their mi chainnt a ’s deala rith’,
 Gu ’n cuir i car ’n a ceann.”

“Gur h-e trian mo dhìtidh oirr’,
 Nach bi i faoilidh rium;
 Ni i sgeig is fanaid orm,
 Gun ghàir’ a’ tigh’nn á cuim.
 ’N uair bhitheas sinn ’n ar n-aonar,
 Bidh ’cainnt ’s a h-aogas trom,
 Ach ’n uair thig na fir—gu fuirmeil,
 Gheibh sinn òi, is cuim, is fonn.”

“A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,
 ’S ann orm a chuir thu chuing,
 ’S gu ’m b’ eòl duit gu ’n robh m’ aimsir,
 Is mo mheannmadh air an claidh;

B' fhurasd' duit 's na bliadhnaibh ud,
 Mo riarachadh le mnaoi
 Bhiodh ùmhail, càirdeil, rianail dhomh,
 'S nach iarradh fear a chaoidh."

Cha do ghabh am Freasdal
 Ris a chasaid ud ach màll,
 Air fios dha gur e lapachas
 Na dhleasdanas a bhann.
 Ars eise "Cha mho an t-alghios
 Do na mhnai tharlas air fear fann,
 Ged Gheibh i cead bhi garachdaich
 Ri cach gach dara h-àm." ¹

"Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phòsadh
 Ris an t-seòrsa tha thu 'g ràdh,
 Ach 's aona as a' cheud dhiubh.
 Bheireadh riarachadh dhuit ràidh ;
 An tè de 'n nàdur neònach ud,
 'S nach toireadh pòg gu bràth,
 Am biadh no 'n deoch cha 'n òlar leath',
 'S cha dheònaich i do chàch."

An Dara Rhoinn.

Air an dara dùsal dhomh,
 'N déigh dùsgadh as mo shuain,
 Chunnaic mi na daoine sin,
 Ag sgaoileadh mach mu 'n cuairt,

¹ This stanza is here printed for the first time.

'S na h-uile bean bha posda sin,
 A' dol 'n an dùnaibh suas,
 Ach 's aonan as an fhichead dhiubh,
 Bha buidheach leis na fhuair.

Labhair aon bhean ionnsuicht' dhiubh,
 Bu mhodha rùm na càch,
 "Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaicheadh,
 Cha 'n fhaodainn bhi ni 's sàthaicht':
 Ach gu m' fhàgail trom, neo-shunndach,
 Cha 'n eòl domh punc a 's dàch',
 Na gealltanas mo thoileachadh,
 Gun choimhlionadh gu bràth."

"An duine sin tha mar rium,
 Tha sìor ghearan air mo shunnd,
 Dhearbhainn féin air 'fhiacaill,
 Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhiùlt.
 Bitheadh mòran diubh mi-reusonta,
 'N uair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunnd,
 Tha dùil ac' gu 'n ghluais mireag riuth',
 An spiorad nach 'eil annt'."

'S neònach leam an dràsda 'n so,
 Sìor àbhaist nam fear pòsd',
 Their gu ladarn' dàna,
 Nach do thoirmisg àithne pòg.
 Cia mòr an diùbhras beusan
 'Th' eadar eucoir agus còir,
 Cha 'n eòl domh àite-seasaimh,
 Air an aon chois no dhò.

Chunnaic mi 's an àite sin,
 Nì àbhachdach gu leòir,
 Is shaoil mi gu 'm bu reuson e,
 O 'n tigeadh eudach mòr.
 Ciod bh' ann ach fear gun chomas,
 'G iarraidh comunn tè gun chòir,
 'S bha fìor dhroch bheachd aig cuid dheth,
 'S a bhean féin 'g a chur an spòrs.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am eanchainn-s',
 A bhi 'g ainmeachadh le cainnt,
 A' mheud 's a bh' ann do dh' argumaid,
 'S do chomunn gearrta greann'.
 Bha na milltean pears' an sud,
 'N an seasamh ann an *ranc*,
 'S bha casaidean aig ceudan diubh,
 Ma 'n aon bha tabhairt taing.

TO THE PRESBYTERY.

FHUAIR sinn fir mar luchd *preisgidh*,
 Tha oil-bheumach 'n an cleachdadh,
 'S nach 'eil crìoch ac' ni 's àirde,
 Na uiread chràbhaidh 's a *phasas* ;
 O 'n tha 'n teagasg neo-spéiseil,
 D'fhas luchd-éisdeachd mi-fheartal,
 'S e meas Ministeir sgireachd,
 A bhi 'n a Chrìosdaidh mar fhasan

Ach ma ghabhas sinn beachd orr'
 Do réir an cleachdaidhean sanntach,
 'S ann tha tomult luchd-teagaisg,
 A thachair againn 's an àm so,
 Mur tha sligean na caislinn,
 Bhith'r a' cosnadh 's an t-samhradh,
 Gheibh thu fichead dhiu falamh,
 Mu 'n aon anns am bi neamhnuid.

Falbh 'n an cuideachd 's 'n an còmhraidh,
 Is gheibh thu mòran do 'n *phac* ud,
 Dheanadh ceannaich no seòl'dair,
 Dheanadh dròbhair no *factoir*,

Dheanadh tuathanach crionnda,
 Dheanadh stiùbhard neo-chaithteach,
 'S mach o 'n cheàrd air 'n do mhionnaich iad,
 Tha na h-uile ni gasd' ac'.

Cha 'n ann leamsa is ioghnadh,
 Ged robh lìonmhoireachd neonach,
 Gu'm bheil an cuideachd na bhacadh,
 Gu bhi 'g aidmheil na còrach.
 Ged nach 'eil e mar leithsgeul
 Droch eisimpleir nan òlaich,
 Co a dh' itheadh gu sunndach
 Am biadh a dhiùltadh an còcair?

Ach mar 'eil eisimpleir agaibh,
 Cha 'n 'eil bhur teagasg r' a chunntadh,
 Ach mar neach a' toirt comhairl',
 Is coma gabhail na diùltadh.
 'N uair a theagasg ar Slànuighear,
 Gaol bràthaireil bhi aon-fhillt',
 Gu 'dhilseachd féin dhuinn a dhearbhadh,
 Rinn e 'shearbhantan ionnlad.

Tha fear teagaisg a' sineadh
 Air son *gliob* agus *stipein*,
 Mar leisg leanabh gu cràbhadh
 A bhios a phàrant a' grìosadh;
 Ach mu 'n cailleadh e '*bhraiceas*,
 Gu cur casg air a chiocras,
 Their e 'n t-altachadh aithghearr¹
 An lag fhocalaibh ìosal.

¹ Grace before meat was called the 'short grace.'

Gheibhear fear dhiu, là sàbaid,
 Their gur Slànuighear Criosd dhuinn,
 'S their e seachduin o 'n là sin,
 Nach 'eil stà ach an gnìomhraibh.
 Bheir e iteagan àrda,
 'S ni e màgaran ìosal :
 'S o nach eun e 's nach luchag,
 Ni e trusdair do dh' ialtag.

'S ann tha 'n tomult nan còmhradh
 A' cur an clòdh do na daoineibh,
 Gur fear-millidh tha fialaidh,
 Is gur diadhair a chaomhnas.
 Tha iad uile ro dheònach
 Maighstir Sèdras ¹ a dhìteadh ;
 Tha e ciontach an sgapadh,
 Sin am peacadh nach caomh leo.

Ma bheir thu aire do 'n eunlaith
 Dol 'n am paidhricibh cuideachd,
 Ni iad nid anns an fhàsach,
 'S leughar gràdh ann an oibribh.
 'N uair tha duine gun reuson,
 A' cur a chéile gu h-udal,
 Nach labhrach eunlaith an adhair,
 A' cur na h-aithis air Fudaidh.

Ach c' uime 'm bithinnse dh'easbhuidh
 Aon ni 'm feasd a bhiodh dh'fheum orm ;

¹ The Rev. George Munro, Farr, 1754-1779. His tombstone bears that he was distinguished for benevolence and hospitality.

Gheibh mi 'n *Ruibigill* smearalachd
Is gheibh 'm *Meilinnis* reuson ;
Air son sùgraidh is cobhair,
Gheibh mi 'n *Sgobhairidh* féin iad,
'S mur 'eil uam ach an gionach,
Gheibh mi 'm mionach na Cléir' e.

TO PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

This poem is remarkable coming from the bard of the Reay Country, as it is well known that both the Earl of Sutherland and Lord Reay were Hanoverians. The Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, the minister of the parish, denounced the Prince in no measured terms. The poem shows that a deep under-current of feeling in favour of the Stuarts pervaded the people generally.

AN diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach
 Dhuinn éirigh ann an sanntachas,
 An tritheamh lath' air crìochnachadh,
 Do dhara mios a' gheamhraidh dhuinn;¹
 Dean'maid comunn fàilteach riut,
 Gu bruidhneach, gàireach, òranach,
 Gu botalach, copach, stòpanach,
 Le cruit, le ceòl, 's le dannsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn fàilteach
 Ris an là thug d'n t-saoghail thu;
 Olamaid deoch-slàinte nis
 An t-Seumais òig o 'n d' inntrig thu;
 Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rìgh,
 Gu 'n d' fhuair do mhàthair liobhraigeadh,
 Dheth h-aon bha do na Gàidheil,
 Mar bha Dàibhidh do chloinn Israeil.

¹ 3rd Dec. 1745.

Tha cupall mhios ¹ ā's ràidhe,
 O 'n là thàinig thu do dh' Alba so,
 'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n tràth sin,
 An fhàilte chuir an aimsir oirnn.
 Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirnn,
 'S bha àrach nì a' sealbhach' oirnn,
 Bha barran troma tìr' againn,
 Bha toradh frìdh' is fairg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leam,
 Air pung nach còir a dhearmadadh,
 Mu bhreith a' Phrionnsa riòghail so,
 Dhe 'n teagblaich dhirich Albannaich ;
 Togamaid suas ar sùilean ris,
 Le ùrnuigh dhlùth gun chealgaireachd,
 Ar làmhnan na 'm biodh feum orra,
 Le toil 's le eud 's le earbsalachd.

Togamaid fuirm is meanmnadh,
 Is aithnichear air ar dùrachd sinn,
 Le latha chumail sunndachal,
 As leth a' Phrionnsa Stiùbhartaich.
 Gur cal' an àm na h-éigin e,
 Ar carraig threun gu stiùradh air ;
 Thug bàrr air cheud am buadhannaibh,
 'S tha cridhe 'n t-sluaigh air dlúthadh ris.

Cha 'n ioghnadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear
 An dualachas o 'n d' thàinig e ;

In former editions this was "bhliadhn," which of course was incorrect.

'N doimhne bh' ann air foghlum,
 Gun bhonn do dh' éis 'n a nàdur dheth,
 Mur Sholamh, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,
 Mur Shamson, treun an làmhan e,
 Mur Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
 Gur sgiath 's gur dìon do chàirdean e.

Nach fhaic sibh féin an spéis
 A ghabh na speuran gu bhi 'g ùmhladh dha ;
 'N uair sheas an reannag shoillseach,
 Anns an *line* an robhtadh stiùradh leis.
 An comhar' bh' aig ar Slànuighear,—
 Roimh' Theàrlach thigh'nn do 'n dùthaich—
 'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
 G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Theàrlaich Stiùbhairt,
 Na 'm biodh 'n crùn a th' air Rìgh Seòras ort,
 Bu lionmhor againn cùirtearan,
 Bhiodh tionndadh ghùn is chleòcaichean.
 Tha m' athchuing ris an Tì sin,
 Aig a' bheil gach nì ri òrduchadh,
 Gu 'n tearn' e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
 'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do chòrach thu.

THE BLACK CASSOCKS.

The Reay Country in common with the rest of the Highlands was much moved when the Act of 1747 proscribing the Highland dress was passed, and this poem well reflects the common feeling of the time on the matter. This poem consisted originally of fourteen stanzas, and for composing them Rob Donn had to appear before the authorities charged with disseminating seditious opinions. He added the two concluding verses under circumstances referred to in the memoir prefixed to this volume.

LAMH' Dhé leinne, dhaoine,
 C' uime chaochail sibh fasan,
 'S nach 'eil agaibh do shaorsa,
 Fiùgh an aodaich a chleachd sibh;
 'S i mo bharail mu 'n deigh,
 Tha 'n aghaidh fhéileadh is osan,
 Gu 'm bheil caraid aig Teàrlach,
 Ann am *Parlamaind* Shasuinn.

Faire, faire ! Rìgh Deòrsa,
 'N ann spòrs' air do dhilsean,
 Deanamh achdaichean ùra,
 Gu bhi dùblachadh 'n daorsa,
 Ach oir 's balaich gun uails' iad,
 'S feàrr am bualadh no 'n caomhnadh,
 'S bidh ni 's lugha 'g ad fheitheamh,
 'N uair thig a leithid a rìs òirt.

Ma gheibh do nàmhaid 's do charaid
 An aon pheanas an Albainn,
 'S iad a dh' éirich 'n ad aghaidh,
 Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhiubh.

Oir tha caraid maith cùil ac',
 A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,
 'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhrainc leis,
 Fhuair iad *pension* 'n uair dh' fhalbh e.

Cha robh oifigeach Gàidhealach
 Eader *Sergean* is *Còirneil*,
 Nach do chaill a *chomision*,
 'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le fòirneart.
 A' mheud 's a fhuair sibh an uraidh,
 Ged bu diombuan r' a òl e,
 Bheir sibh 'm bliadhn' air ath-philleadh,
 Air son uinneagan *leòsain*.¹

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so,
 Neach a sheàsadh mar sgoileir,
 Gun *chomision* Rìgh Bhreatainn,
 Gu bhi 'n a Chaiptein air onoir.
 Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
 Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,
 Ach an sgiùrsaigeadh dhachaidh,
 Mar chù a dh' easbhuidh a *choilear*.

Ach ma dh' aontaich sibh rìreadh,
 Rì bhur sìor dhol am mugha,
 Ged a bha sibh cho rìoghail,
 Chaidh bhur cìsean am modhad.
 'S maith an airidh gu 'm faicteadh
 Dream cho tais ribh a' cumhadh,
 Bhi tilgeadh dhibh bhur cuid bhreacan,
 'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

¹ Referring to the tax on glazed windows.

Och, mo thruaighe sin Albainn !
 'S tur a dhearbh sibh bhur reuson,
 Gur i 'n roinn bh' ann ur n-inntinn,
 'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh.
 Leugh an *Gòbharma*d sannt
 Anns gach neach a thionndaidh riuth féin
 dhibh,
 'S thug iad baoide ¹ do bhur gionaich,
 Gu 'r cur ann an mionach a chéile.

Ghlac na Sasunnaich fàth oirbh,
 Gus bhur fàgail ni 's laige,
 Chum 's nach bitheadh 'g ur cunntadh,
 'N ur luchd-comh-strì ni b' fhaide.
 Ach 'n uair a bhios sibh a dh' easbhuidh
 Bhur lainn, 's bhur n-acfhuinn sraide,
 Gheibh sibh *sèarsaigeadh* mionaich,
 Is bidh bhur peanas ni 's graide.

Tha mi faicinn bhur truaighe,
 Mar ni nach cualas a shamhuil,
 A' chuid a 's feàrr de bhur seabh'gan,
 Bhì air slabhruidh aig clamhan,
 Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leòmhann,
 Pillibh 'n dòghruinn s' 'n a teamhair,
 'S deanaibh ur deudach a thrusadh,
 Mu 'n téid bhur busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an nàmhaid,
 Gus an àit anns do phill e,

¹ Bait.

'S ann bu mhaith leam, a chàirdean,
 Sibh bhi 'n àireamh na buidhne,
 D' am biodh spiorad cho Gàidhealach,
 'S gu 'm biodh an sàr ud 'n an cuimhne,
 Gus bhur pilleadh 's an amhainn,
 Oir tha i roimhibh ni 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thèarlaich òig Stiubhaird,
 Riut tha dùil aig gach fine,
 Chaidh a chothachadh crùin dhuit,
 'S a leig an dùthaich 'n a teine,
 Tha iad mar naithrichean folaicht',
 A chaill an earradh an uraidh,
 Ach tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan,
 Gu éiridh latha do thighinn.

'S iomadh neach a tha guidheadh
 Ri do thighinn, a Thèarlaich,
 Gus an éireadh na cuingean,
 Dhe na bhuidheann tha 'n éigin;
 A tha cantuinn 'n an cridhe,
 Ged robh an teanga 'g a bhreugadh,
 "Làn do bheatha gu t' fhaicinn,
 A dh' ionnsuidh Bhreatainn is Eirinn."

'S iomadh òganach aimsichte,
 Tha 's an àm so 'n a chadal,
 Eadar bràighe Srath-Chluanaidh,
 Agus bruachan Loch-abair,
 Rachadh 'n cùisibh mhic t' athar,
 'S a chrùn, 's a chaithir r' an tagradh,

'S a dh' ath-philleadh na Ceathairn,
A dhioladh latha Chulodair.

Ach a chàirdean na cùirte,
Nach 'eil a' chùis a' cur feirg oirbh,
Na 'n do dh' fhosgail bhur sùilean,
Gus a' chùis a bhi searbh dhuibh.
Bitheadh bhur duais mar a' ghobhair
A théid a bhleodhain gu tarbhach,
'S a bhith'r a' fuadach 's an fhoghair,
Is ruaig nan gaothar r' a h-earball.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a 's modha
'S còir a chumhachd a chlaoidheadh,
Nach e Seumas an Seachdamh,
Dhearbhadh bhi seasmhach 'n a inntinn?
C' uim' an dìteadh sibh 'n onoir,
Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheachd?
'S gur h-e dhlùitheachd d' a chreidimh
A thug do choigrich an rìoghachd.

Fhuair sinn Rìgh á *Hanobhar*,
Sparradh oirnne le h-Achd e,
Tha againn Prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,
Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh.
O Bhith tha h-urad 'n ad bhreitheamh,
Gun chron 's an dithis nach fac thu,—
Mur h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghairt
An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacadh.

BIGHOUSE'S FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

The laird of Bighouse referred to here was the Honourable Hugh, second son to George, Lord Reay. He succeeded to the Bighouse estates on his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of George Mackay of Bighouse. Elizabeth died in March 1769, and on April 14th, 1770, Bighouse married Bell, daughter of Mackenzie of Leutran. He died at Bath the following October.

BEIR mo shoraidh le dùrachd
 Gu ceann eile na dùthcha,
 Far an robh mi gu sunndach,
 Eadar *Tunga* 's am *Parbh*;
 'N àm dlreadh na h-uchdaich,
 Ged a chanadh fear, "Ochain!"
 'S ann leam-sa bu shocrach
 Bhi an soc nam meall garbh;
 Far am faicteadh 'm fear buidhe,
 'S e 'n a chaol ruith le bruthaich,
 Agus miol-choin 'n an siubhal,
 'S iad a' cluiche r' a chalg,
 Air faobhar a' chadha,
 'N déigh clàistinn an spreadhaidh,
 'S gu 'm bu phàirt sud dheth m' aighear,
 Mac na h-aighe bhi marbh.

Ach a Mhaighstir *Mhioghraidh*,
 Gum bheil aighear aig t' inntinn,
 Aig feabhas do mhuinntir,
 Is a' bheinn ann ad chòir,

O dhorus do rùma
 Fa chomhair do shùla,
 Na tha eadar an Dùnan
 Agus cnùicean *Meall-Horn*
 'S e mo smuaintean gach maduinn,
 An uair sin a bh' againn—
 Dhol uaibhse cho fada,
 A chuir fadalachd orm,
 B'e mo dhùrachd bhi faicinn
 An ùdlaich a' feachdadh,
 Agus fùdar a' lasadh
 Eadar clach agus òrd.

Beir mo shoraidh gu càirdeach
 A dh'ionnsuidh mo bhràthar,
 'S gun luaidh air do chàirdeas
 Gu 'm bu nàbuidh dhuit mi ;
 Ged a thearbadh air fuinn sinn,
 Bu tric anns a' bheinn sinn,
 'S gur h-ainmic le m' inntinn
 A bhi cùit' agus i.
 Tha t' àit-sa mar thachair,
 'N a bhràighe 's 'n a mhachair,
 'N a àite cho tlachdmhor
 'S a chuir tlachd air do thìr.
 'S na tha dh' anabarr air t' aitreabh,
 'S mòr m' fharmaid ri t' fhasan,
 Gur soirbh dhuit gach seachduin,
 'S tu bhi faicinn na frìdh'.

Beir mo shoraidh a rithis
 Gu paidhear na dibhe,

'S làmh dheanamh na sithinn,
 'S gu cridhe gun fhiamh ;
 Far am bheil Ian mac Eachuinn,¹
 'S mi tamull gun 'fhaicinn,
 Mo dheadh chòmhlan deas, duineil.
 Bu tu eas-caraid fhiadh.
 'N àm nan cuilean a' chasgadh,
 Ga 'n cumail 's ga 'n glacadh,
 Ni b' fheàrr a thoirt focail
 Cha 'n fhaca mi riamh.
 Bu shealbhach ar taoghal,
 Air sealgach nan aighean,
 Bu tu a sgaoileadh an fhaoghaid,²
 'S a chuireadh gaothair an gnìomh.

Beir mo shoraidh-sa còmhluath
 Gu Dòmhnall Mac Dhòmhnuaill,
 Sàr chompanach còmhnhard
 O 'm faighteadh còmhraidh gun sgìos.
 'S gus na h-uaislean do 'm b' àbhaist
 Bhì aig Fuaran a' Bhàird leinn,
 Chumadh coinneamh ri 'n càirdean
 Aig do thàbhairn gach mìos.
 Bhiodh geanachas grathuinn
 Aig na fir fa do chomhair,
 'S 'n uair a b' àill leo, bu domhain
 Air thomhas nam pìos.
 'S tric m' inntinn fuidh luasgan,
 Mu gach pung bha 's an uair sin,

¹ Tacksman of Musal, Strathmore.

² The hunting party.

'S cha bu mhi-rùn do 'n t-shluagh sin,
A chuir air luathair mi sìos.

Beir an t-soraidh so suas uam,
Far bheil càch de na h-uaislean,
Agus h-aon diu gu luath,
Gu Naoghas ruagh mac Mhic Aoidh;
Bha e 'n uraidh chaidh seachad,
'S e mar-rium am *Fais-bheinn*,
'S ged thréig mis' am fasan,
Tha 'n cleachdadh air m' ùigh.
Gu 'm bu chasg sud air m' airtneal,
Bhi 'm measg nam fear tapaidh,
Agus uisge mu m' chasan
Tighinn dachaidh á beinn.
Bu lughad mo mhulad,
Bhi treis am *Beinn-Spionnaidh*,
Agus tamull a' fuireach
Ann am bùn *Càrn-na-Fridhe*.

Gu 'm bu dòrn sud air mholadh
Do 'n òganach ealamh,
A dhednaicheadh fanadh
Ri talamh 's ri gaoith.
'S ged bu chinnteach á 'chuid e,
'N uair thigeadh e thugainn,
'S e nach milleadh an obair
Air cuideachd a chaoidh.
Bha a làmh is a fhradharc
Air an deanamh 'n aon adhairt,

'N uair a shiùbhladh na h-aighean
 A stigh air a' bheinn.
 Le cuilbhear na sraide,
 'S làmh chuimseach na graide,
 Nach iomrallaicheadh eadar
 An claigionn 's an cuing.

B'e ar fasan car grathuinn,
 Gu 'm bu phrosbaig¹ dhuinn t' amharc,
 Mu 'n cuairt duinn is romhainn,
 'S tu coimhead 's a' falbh.
 'S ged bhiodh iad 'n an seasamh
 Air luimead na creachainn,
 'S nach b'urrainn duinn fhaicinn
 Ach aiteal de 'n calg ;
 Sann an sinn theireadh Aonghais,
 "Ge deacair an ruigheachd,
 'S leòir fhad 's a tha sinne
 Gun sithionn, gun sealg ;
 Theid sinne gu socrach
 Air ionnsuidh nam Procach,²
 'S o neamhnuid ar 'n acfuinn,
 Bithidh 'n asnaichean dearg."

Beir m' iomcharadh chòmhnard,
 Gu Dòmhnuille mac Sheðrais,
 'S ged thréig mise an t-eòlas,
 'S ann leis bu deòin leam a bhi ;
 Rì aithris, mar 's còir dhuinn,
 'S duine tairis gu leòir e,

Telescope. ² Stags, commonly those one year old.

S 'n uair a thogas a shròn air,
 Ris nach còir a bhi strìth.
 'Nuair bhiodh a' ghaoth oirnn a' tionndadh,
 'S a' mhaoiseach 'n a teann-ruith
 'N àm sgaoileidh nan con-taod,¹
 Bu chall bhi ga d' dhìth.
 Gu dlreadh nam fuar bheann,
 Leis na sàr cheumaibh buadhach,
 Chuireadh 'n céill gu neò-uaibhreach,
 Nach bu shuarach do chll.

'N t-soraidh chliùiteach s' air falbh uam,
 Gu mac Hùistein do 'n *Bhoralaidh*,
 Tha do chùisean duit sealbhach,
 Is gu dearbh cha 'n 'eil càs ;
 'S e mo bharail air t-uaisle,
 Nach fear masguill no fuaim thu,
 Gheibhear cunbhalach, buan, thu,
 Gus an uair 'n tig do bhàs ;
 Pòitear inntinneach, measail,
 Os ceann fheara do stuic thu.
 'S a riamh cha b' àirde bhiodh misg ort,
 Na bhiodh do ghliocas a' fàs.
 Bheireadh t' inntinn ort eirmseachd
 Air an fhìrinn d' a seirbhead,
 'S cha bhiodh strìth ri do thoirmeasg,
 Gus an teirgeadh do bhlàths.

'S ann an rudhachaibh *Sheannabhaid*,
 Tha 'n Sutharlach ainmeil,

¹ Leashes.

Gus an luighigean m' iomcharadh
 Iomachar a suas ;
 'S ri innseadh mar 's cubhaidh,
 'S fìor iosail 'n a shuidhe,
 'M fear tighearnail, cridheil,
 'S ceann uighe dhaoìn' uails';
 Sàr ghiomanach gunna,
 Làmh bhiadhadh nan cuilean,
 Agus iarrraiche tunna,
 Ann an cumadh gun chruas ;
 Dhuinn a b' àbhaist bhi tathaich,
 Air na h-àbhaich 'n àm luidhe,
 'S ged dh' fhàg mise a' chaithir,
 Is leam deacair a luaths'.

AGAINST SYCOPHANTIC PRAISE.

Tha cuid do na bàrdaibh
 Aig a measa tha chèaird na an sealbh;
 Cuid nach amais air firinn,
 Agus cuid dhiubh a dh' innseas i searbh
 Moladh bheartaich tha làthair,
 Is a' cuimhneachadh chàirdean tha marbh;
 'S luaith' an teanga na maistreadh,
 A' cur faobhair a' mhasguill air falbh.

Mac co-alta a' Chòirneil,
 Thubhairt Alastair ¹ sòdh-ghradhach riut,
 Thug e 'n tiotal ² mar b' eòl da,
 O nach b' aithne dha 'n còrr a thoirt duit.
 Ach 'n uair rinn e do shéideadh,
 Bha do sheubh r' a dheudaich-s' 'n a phùt;
 Ciod 's am bith rud is fiach thu,
 Gheibh thu mach gur e 's crìoch dha an glùt.

Tha mise féin dol air m' uilinn,
 Ged 'eil na ceudan a' cumail rium taic;
 Ged a shéidinn fear t' onoir-s',
 Tha mi geur ann am barail nach peac';

¹ Alexander Cormack.² Title.

Bidh mo chèaird dhuit ni 's daoire,
 Na bha 'm bàrd ud, ged 's caomh leis tombac;
 Ach dheanainn moladh nach b' fhiach thu,
 Chionn 's gu maitheadh tu 'm bliadhna dhomh 'm
 Prac.¹

Bharabra nighean Iain, cia àrd thu,
 Cha do shaoil leam gu 'n d' fhàs thu cho baoth,
 'S gu 'm biodh bleidireachd mholaiddh,
 Togail t' aigheadh o 'n talamh le gaoth,
 Cha deach' maitheas ort àireamh,
 Mach o t' fheabhas gu baraigeadh bidh;—
 Feudaiddh buadhan cho moltach
 Bhi 's an aon nach 'eil beartach, 's nach bi.

Cia maith biadhtaidheachd teallaich,
 'S iomadh gnìomh th' ann ar comas a 's mò;
 Is buaidh a 's minic a dh' aimis,
 Air bhi 'n cuideachdas farmaid is tnuith':
 Iads' bhios beartach de steòrnaibh,
 Ni iad fialuidheachd àrdanach, ùr;
 Gheibh iad cus a bheir rùm dhoibh,
 'S bidh gach glutair 'n a thrompaid d' an cliù.

'N uair a mhol e do bhràthair,
 Cha robh diog mu na dh' fhàg e do chlann;
 Ach oir 's tus' a bha lathraich,
 Is do bhuthailtean làn 's a' cheart àm,

¹ Tithes.

'G ràdh gu 'n-d' ràinig e 'n t-Ard-Rìgh,
 Dearbh cha chreidinn an sgeàl ud á' cheann,—
 Fear nach robh anns an àite,
 'S nach 'eil cinnteach gu bràth a dhol ann.

'S beag orm féin am fear-dàna,
 Bhiodh 'g am shéideadh 'n uair dh' fhàsadh mo staid,
 No sior-mholadh mo shinnsear,
 Ged bhiodh pàirt diubh r' an linn cur ri goid.
 Ach far 'm bi eutroman eanchainn,
 Ged robh 'aodan cho seanchair ri creig,—
 As an stoc cha tig unnsa,
 Nach bi leantuinn ris punnd do na bhleid.

'S iomadh glaoichd-chlaguinn falamh,
 Th' air a chuibhrigeadh geal anns gach pac;
 Agus treun pearsa fiùghail,
 Tha air éideadh le lùireach nan rac.
 Iads' tha reusanach, ciallach,
 Ge do thàir iad na ceudan 'n an glaic,
 Leis gach breitheamh tha ionnsuicht',
 'S mò am meas air na th' annt' na th' ac'.

'S i mo bharail-s' ort, Àrdain,
 Gu 'm bheil cuid ann an gràdh air do bheus;
 'S lionmhor cruth anns an tàir thu,
 A chionn uabhar a chàradh 'n an cré;
 'N uair bhios pearsachan fiùghail,
 'G ad a chartadh o 'm bùthanaibh féin,—
 Bidh tu cinnteach á comhnuidh
 Anns na h-inntinibh gòrach gun chéill.

THE YOUNG LOVERS.

Air fonn.—"Lochaber no more."

FHEARA òg' leis am miannach pòsadh,
 Nach 'eil na sgeòil so 'g ur fàgail trom?
 Tha chuid a 's dìomhair' tha cur an lìn diubh,
 Cha 'n 'eil aon trian diubh a' ruigheachd fuinn.
 Tha chuid a 's faighreachail' air an oighreachd s',
 O 'm bheil am *prise* a' dol air chall,
 Mar choirean làidir, cur maill' air pàirtidh,
 Tha barail chàirdean, is gràdh gun bhonn.

Tha fear a' suiridh an diugh air inighean,
 Gun bharail iomraill nach dean e tùrn;
 Bha i uair, 's bu chumba buairidh
 A ghuth d' a cluais, is a dhreach d' a shùil.
 An sean ghaol cinnteach bha aig ar sinnsir',
 Nach d' fhuair cead imeachd air feadh na dùthch',
 Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu'n deach' a mharbhadh
 Do ni si bargan an uair thig fear ùr.

'S iomadh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,
 'S cha chan an fhìrinn gu 'm bheil e ceart
 Na h-uile maighdean a ni mar rinn i,
 Tha fois a h-inntinn an cunnart feasd.
 An duine treubhach, mur 'eil e spréidheach,
 A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e féin 'g a chasg,
 'S le comhairl' ghòraich a h-athair dhòlum,
 'G a deanamh deònach le toic, 's le trosg.

O 'n tha 'n gaol ac' air fàs mar Fhaoilleach,
 Na bitheadh strì agaibh ri bhì pòsd',
 'A seasmhachd inntinn cha 'n 'eil sibh cinnteach,
 Rè fad h-aoin oidhch' gu teachd an lò.
 An tè a phairticheas riut a càirdeas,
 Ged 'eil i 'g ràdh sud le cainnt a beòil,
 Fuidh cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fleasgaich,
 'S cha 'n fhaigh thu focal dhith rè do bheò.

Ach 's mòr an gabhadh bhì 'g an sàruchadh,
 Oir tha pàirt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stòlt',
 Mach o phàrantan agus o chàirdean,
 Bhì milleadh ghràidh sin tha fàs gu h-òg.
 Mur toir i àicheadh do 'n fhear a 's feàrr leth',
 Ged robh sud cràiteach dhi fad a beò,
 Nì h-athair feargach, a beatha searbh dhi,
 'S gur feàrr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn pòsd'.

Faodaidh reuson a bhì gu tréigeadh
 An fhir a 's beusaich a théid 'n a triall;
 Ged tha e càirdeach, mur 'eil e pàgach,
 Ud ! millidh pràcais na th' air a mhiann.
 Tha 'n duine suairce, le barrachd stuamachd,
 A' call a bhuannachd ri tè gun chiall;
 'S fear eile 'g éiridh, gun stic ach léine,
 'S e cosnadh géill dhith mu 'n stad e srian.

Mur 'eil stuamachd a' cosnadh gruagaich,
 Och ! ciod a' bhuaidh air am bheil a geall?
 Nach mor an neònachas fear an dòchais so,
 Gun bhì cnòdach nì 's modha bonn.

Fear eile sìneadh le mire 's taosnadh,
 Le comunn faoilteach, no aigheadh trom,
 'S cia maith na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,
 Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diubh nach 'eil na chall.

Ma tha e pàgach, ma tha e sgàthach,
 Ma tha e nàireach, ma tha e mear;
 Ma tha e sanntach, ma tha e greannair,
 Ma tha e cainnteach, is e gun chron;
 Ma tha e bòidheach, ma tha e seolta,
 Ma tha e còmhnard, ma tha e glan;
 Ma tha e dìomhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
 Ud, ud ! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diubh sin !

Ma tha e pàgach, tha e gun nàire,
 'S ma tha e sgàthach, cha bheag a' chrois;
 Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaore,
 'S ma tha e faoilteach, tha e 'n a throsg;
 Ma tha e gnìomhach, their cuid, "Cha 'n fhiach e,
 "Tha 'm fear ud mìodhair, 's e sud a chron;"
 'S ma tha e fàilligeach ann an àiteachadh,
 Cha bhi bàrr aig', is bitheadh e bochd.

Cò an t-aon fhear air feadh an t-saoghail,
 A tha nis cinnteach gu 'n dean e tùrn;
 'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh,
 Nach 'eil 'n a dhìteadh dha air a chùl.
 An duine meanmach, 's e toimhseil, ainmeil,
 Cha chluinn thu 'ainm ach mar fhear gun diù;
 'S nach fhaic thu féin, air son iomadh reusoin,
 Gu 'n deach' an spréidh os ceann céille 's cliù.

Tha fear fòs ann, a dh' aindeoin dòchais,
 A dh' fhaodas pòsadh gun mhòran char ;
 Na biodh do chiall aig' na dh' aithnich riamh,
 Gu 'n d' éirich grian anns an àirde 'n ear ;
 Dean 'n a dhuaire e, a rugadh 'n cuaran,
 Thoir baile 's buar dha, is treabhair gheal ;
 Leig labhairt uair da, ri athair gruagaich,
 'S bheir mi mo chluas dhuit gu 'm faigh e bean.

TO JOHN MACKAY (MAC EACHANN).

John Mackay, tacksman of Musal in Strathmore, was the patron of the bard and the first to recognise his genius. The occasion of this song was, when Mr Mackay, feeling that old age prevented his following the calling of drover, allowed that work to devolve upon Hugh Mackay of Bighouse. The poet makes him lament his absence from the scenes in which he delighted in his younger days.

'S aonarach a tha mi 'm bliadhna,
 'S tha mi cianail air a shon-a,
 Tional achaidhnean air bhràigheach',
 'S féidh air fàsach bhàrr na bh' orra ;
 'S gàbhaidh 'n roinn-s', tha 'm buill an anama,
 Pàirt diubh leanmhuinn air gach cor-a,
 Lean mo thuigse 'n sin ri m' fheum,
 Is thàir an fhéill dhi féin a toil-a.

'S luaineach, mion-chorrach, mo dhùsgadh,
 'G iarruidh naidheachd ùr gach fir,
 Suain cha 'n fhaigh mi air an rian so,
 Deoch no biadh, cha 'n iarr, 's cha sir ;
 'S gann gu 'n cluinn mi phàirt tha làmh rium,
 'N uair is àirde 'n gàir 's an gean-a,
 Cuimhneachadh bhi òg air féiltibh,
 Sealltuinn as mo dhéigh, 's mi sean-a.

Ach, Hùistein, cluich a réir do chéille,
 Dean-sa t' fheur ri gréin 'n a teas-a,
 'S cuimhnich nach 'eil neart an daoinibh,
 Nach toir beagan tiom air ais uath'.

Cuimhnich orm-sa là Féill-Micheil,
 'M bothan dithreibh fo bhun phreas-a,
 'S m' aigheadh féin cho trom ri luaidhe,
 Air son bhi tuath, 'n uair tha thu deas-a.

Ach tha thu 'n cùirtibh mar bu chòir dhuit,
 Ged tha mis' fo cheò, 's fo smal ;
 'S tha thu deanamh 'n àirde t' èdlais,
 Ris gach duine mòr is mion.
 Tha thu nochd a' triall a shealltuinn
 Air *Barr-callduin*, 's air a bhean-a,
 'S ged a dh' fhàs mo chasan mall,
 Cha tric' mo smuaintean 'so na sin-a.

Ach saoilidh mi gu 'm bheil mi ann,
 Is glacadh mi gu teann mo chuilce ;
 Is saoilidh mi anns a' cheart àm,
 Nach 'eil 'n am cheann ach samhlahd uilce ;
 Saoilidh mi gu faic mi t' eudan,
 Do làmh threun, 's an t-sréin, 's a' chuipe ;
 'S tha do dhealbh aig sùilibh m' inntinn,
 Mar tha bheinn-s' aig sùil mo chuirpe.

Deanamh aithne ris gach dròbhair,
 Chaith mi iomadh bòta, 's spuir-a,
 Rinn mi 'n àirde cliù do nì,
 Greis do thiom mu 'n d' rinn mi sgar-a ;
 'S caraid thu—cha chall ni fhuair thu,
 'S tu tha buain na bha mi cur-a,
 'S ait leam thu bhi 'n tùs na pris,
 Ged tha mi 'm bliadhn' 'n am aonar tur-a.

WELCOME TO COLIN OF BIGHOUSE.

Not a few of the would-be poets of that part of the country composed songs in honour of the child before he was born, and Rob Donn reproves them for their conduct.

George Mackay of Bighouse by his wife, Louisa Campbell, had nine sons and twelve daughters. The eldest son, according to this poem, died before Colin's birth; but the historian of the Clan Mackay states that he was married, and died in Antigua.

A' Chailein òig, deadh lathach' dhuit,
 A shealbhachadh còir t' athar dhuit;
 Ach aois dhà-s', mu 'n caithear e,
 Ma 's toil leis an Rìgh fhathail e;
 Gu 'm beir do chiall-sa fathast air,
 Iarramaid gun athadh,
 Thu bhi maith o 'n tha thu mòr.
 Iarramaid gun athadh, &c.

Rugadh mar do bhràthair thu,
 Is rinneadh do 'n aon nàdur sibh;
 Ni 's gealltuinneich' cha tàir thu bhi,
 'S oighr' thu air na dh' fhàg e dhuit;
 Mar sin na biodhmaid àrdanach,
 Oir buinidh cheart cho càra
 Dhuit dhol bàs, 's a tha thu beò.
 Oir buinidh cheart, &c.

Mu 'n d' rinn a' bhroinn do thearbadh uaip,
 'S mu 'n d' thàinig dùrd do sheanachas duit,
 Gu 'n d' chaisg thu iomadh argumaid,
 'S gu 'n d' thog thu sùil fir *Haladail*;

Tha mise 'n dùil, is earbaidh mi,
 'N uair thig dhùit lùths is calmadachd,
 Gu dearbh gu 'n dean thu 'n còrr.
 'N uair thig dhuit lùths, &c.

Buinidh dhuinn bhi balaisteach,
 Mu 'n gabh sinn greim gu h-amaideach ;
 'N ni ghearrar uainn ge h-ainid leinn,
 Sith bhi leis na ghearrar dhinn,
 'S a taingeachadh na dh' fhanas ruinn ;
 'S e ni ar n-aoibhneas maireannach,
 A choimeasgadh le bròn.
 'S e ni ar n-aoibhneas, &c.

Na dàinte cuagach eibeantach,
 A rinn an sluagh gu lag-bheartach,
 Tha leithsgeul uasal agam dhoibh,
 Bhrìgh 's gu 'm bu bhruadair cadail iad ;
 Oir saoilidh fear gur h-eaglais
 Tigh beag, 'n uair bhios e 'n ceò.
 Oir saoilidh fear, &c.

Tha mise cho maith dùrachd dhuit,
 Ri luchd nan ranntan dùsalach ;
 Ach 's ann tha mi 'g a dhùrachd dhuit,
 O nach faidhe ùrraic mi,
 Air dhomh bhi ann mo dhuig,
 'S an cuspair ùir-s' thighinn oirnn.
 Air dhomh bhi, &c.

Buinidh dhuinn bhi leasachadh
 Gach crìosdaidh còir gun bheartas aig,

Fear lomnochd, is fear acarach,
 Fear dall, is fear gun chasan aig ;
 Ciod fhios nach brìgh an athchuing'-san,
 A chuir am mac so oirnn.
 Ciod fhios nach, &c.

Chuirinn geall, 's cha 'n fhàilnichinn,
 Nach robh e Ghall no Ghàidheal ann,
 Chlann Mhic-Aoidh, no Bhàillidhich,
 No aon duin' eile dh' ainmeas mi,
 Nach h-òladh deoch, 's nach pàigheadh i,
 Air slàinte Chailein òig.
 Nach h-òladh deoch, &c.

TO LADY REAY.

Christian, daughter of Sutherland of Proncy. She was received by the Clan Mackay with marked disfavour as their Chief's second wife. When, however, Lord Reay's brother, the Hon. George Mackay of Skibo, stood as candidate for Parliament for the county, her ladyship's influence secured him the seat. This raised her in the estimation of the Mackays. Shortly after, a young man of the name of Kenneth Sutherland ran away from his regiment and sought refuge in Durness, where, however, he was arrested. Lady Reay entertained his captors to a dance with her servants, and the flowing quaich having its usual influence, the deserter disappeared and was not again heard of. The poet commends her ladyship for both of these actions.

Air fonn — "John of Badenoin."

FAILT ort féin a' Bhain-tighearn,
 Agus taing dhuit chionn do bheus ;
 'S e mis a bhi mi-nàdurrach,
 Mur cuirinn pàirt dheth 'n céill ;
 'S e b' fhasan do na phàirtidh sin,
 A thàrladh tu 'n an clé,
 An cliù 's an onoir àrdachadh,
 Air chost an càirdean féin.

Am bràthair leis am b' àill a bhi
 Am Pàrlamaid an rìgh,
 Chaidh dhearbhadh le do chàirdeas,
 Ni nach fàiling air a chaoidh ;
 Cia mar air bith a phàighear dhuit
 Am fàbhor s' le Mac-Aoidh,
 Bha gnìomh 's an uair sin dèanta leat,
 Nach b' àbhaist bhi le mnaoi.

Bu shubhach sinne shuas an so,
 'N uair chuala sinn an tùs,
 Gur h-ann a thaobh do chuartaichidh,
 A bhuannaich iad a' chùis ;
 Le cothachadh nam Baran ¹ sin,
 Chuir onoir air do chliù,
 Ni b' fhaide o na bhaile,
 Na chuid eile de na chùirt.

Cha 'n ainmich mi na puinncean so,
 'S nach cuimhnich mi an còrr,
 Oir rinn thu o cheann seachduin,
 Ni bha taitneach na bu leòir ;
 Am prìosanach a stopadh,
 Dh' easbhuidh leth-trom thoirt do 'n chòir ;
 'S a' phàirtidh bhi gun lethsgèul,
 Ach a' ghreis a rinn iad òl.

Thainig fleasgach tapaidh,
 Agus Cataich air a thòir ;
 'S mus cluinnteadh fuaim gu' n glactadh e,
 Mu gheat a' Mhorair òig,
 'S tearc a bha 's a' bhaile s',
 Dh' aithn'eadh 'bhoineid seach a bhròg,
 Chaidh phàirtidh chur á 'm faireachadh,
 'S chaidh Coinneach uath' do rhòig.

Bha mire 'n sin 's bha tàbhurn,
 Eadar fir, is mnàibh, is clann ;
 Bha daoine tapaidh, teann, an sin,
 A' danns' nach tuigeadh fonn.

¹ Freeholders.

Chluinnteadh fuaim nan rotaichean,
 Aig lotaichean fo 'm bonn ;
 Gach dara fear a' tuiteam dhiubh,
 'S e na chothrom aig Rob Donn.

Bha bean ri taobh na starsnaich ann,
 Rinn seasamh tapaidh, garbh,
 Cha b' aithne dhomhs' am *pass*,
 An deach' e as, ged bhi'dhn marbh ;
 Ach eadar chasan boirionaich,
 Gun bhoineid 's e gun arm ;—
 Glé fhaig do 'n alt an d' rugadh e,
 Sud thugadh e air falbh !

TO DR MORRISON.¹

Dr Donald Morrison was for some time in Lord Reay's family, and enjoyed their confidence and affection. A misunderstanding having arisen, he left the place suddenly. The poem here illustrates the proverb "Is sleamhan leac doruis an tighe mhor."

Luinneag.—Binn sin uair-eigin,
 Searbh sin òg,
 Binn sin uair-eigin,
 Searbh sin òg ;
 Binn sin uair-eigin,
 'N comunn so dh' fhuaraich
 Air an robh earball glé dhuaineil,
 Ged bu ghuanach a shròn.

A' bhliadhna na caluinn s',
 Bu gheur am faobhar a ghearradh an t-eud,
 Bh' eadar Dòmhnall 's am Morair,
 'S iad mar aon ann an comunn 's an gaol ;
 Ach cia b' e nì bha 's na cairtean,
 Chaidh e feargach oirnn seachad an dé ;
 'S cò a 's dàcha bhi coireach,
 Na 'm fear a dh' fhàgas am baile leis féin ?
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhòrd thu,
 Bhliadhna ghabh Sìne Ghòrdan an t-àt,
 'S cha chuireadh tu t' aodan
 Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat.

¹ In 1737 John Morison, surgeon, and his sub-tenants possessed the lands of Achowaraside, near Eribol.

Ach 'n uair shaoil leat do shorchan,
 Bhi cho làidir ri tulchainn a' gheat',
 Shlob na bonna-chasa reamhar
 Dhe na loma-leacaibh sleamhuinn gun taic !
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa ioghnadh
 As an leac so chuir mìltean a muigh,
 Dhe na corra-cheannaich, bhriosgach,
 Aig am faicteadh 'n dà iosgaid air chrith ;
 Ach an trostanach treubhach,
 Chuireadh neart a dhà shléisde 'n an sith,
 Ma thuit es' aig an dorus,
 Cia mar sheasas fear eile 's am bith ?
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

'S ann tha ceumanna Freasdail
 Toirt nan ceudan do *leasan* duinn,
 Deanamh ìobairt do bheagan,
 Chum càch bhith air an teagasg r' an linn.
 Ach ma thuiteas fear aithghearr,
 Le bhi sealltuinn ro bhras os a cheann,
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam idir,
 Co a 's ciontaich' an leac no na buinn
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Tha mise féin ann an eagal,
 'G iarruidh fàsaich no eag do mo shàil,
 Is mi falbh air na leacaibh,
 Air an d' fhuair daoine seasmhach an sàr ;
 Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart,

Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bhi slàn,—
Oir ged a thàrladh dhomh clibeadh,
Cha 'n 'eil àird 'aig mo smigead o 'n làr.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

An duin' òg s' tha 'n a léigh,
Tha mi clàistinn tha tighinn á 'dhéigh,¹
Fhuair e *leasan* o dhithis,
Chum gu 'n siùbhladh e suidhicht' 'n a cheum.
Ach mu 'n chùis tha e leantuinn,
Cuiream cùl ri bhi cantuinn ni 's léir;
Ach na 'm biodh brìgh ann mo chomhairl',
So an t-àm am bheil Somhairl' 'n a feum.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Iain Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-*Srathan*,²
Faodaidh deireadh do lathach'-s' bhi searbh,
Ged tha 'n aimsir-s' cho sìtheil,
'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phris air an tarbh.
Chaidh luchd-fàbhoir a bhriseadh,
Na bha 'n dreuchd eadar *Ruspunn* 's am *Parbh*
Am fear a thig le mòr urram,
Gheibh e ceud mìle mallachd 's an fhalbh.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

¹ Dr Robert Munro, who, in 1773, resided at Ruspin.

² On 23rd March 1725, John Mackay of Strathmelness, with consent of his spouse Margaret, renounced the wadset tack which his father and grandfather (both William by name) had of Strathmelness from Lord Reay.

TO JOHN SUTHERLAND,

Schoolmaster and precentor. On one occasion Rob Donn entered the Church while the congregation was singing. Between himself and Sutherland there was a good deal of feeling because of some attempts by the latter to reply in verse to his songs. The unexpected appearance of the poet so confused the precentor that he failed to proceed with the tune, much to the amusement of the congregation. Sutherland ceased to be precentor before 1764. The salary which was paid to John Gordon, precentor, from Whitsunday 1774 to Whitsunday 1775, was fifteen shillings and twopence.

CUIREAR fios gu Iain Thapaidh,
 Gur còir an teagasg so sgaoileadh,
 Ach an cluinn na tha cosd air,
 Nach robh a chleachdadh mar shaoil iad,
 Ged thug 'athair dha *porsan*,
 Cobhair eòlais gu aoireadh,
 Ciod an truaigh' chuir 'n a shuidh' e,
 Gu bhi 'n a bhreitheamh air daoinibh ?

 Ciod bhur beachd air a' choigreach,
 Rinn an leigeadh mi-shlobhalt,
 Is gu 'n robh e gu h-eibeant,
 A' cumail aideachaidh Criosdaidh,
 Chuir e sgled air a' bhleid ud,
 Le glòir gun chreidimh gun ghnìomh'raibh,
 Nach do sheall e ni b' fhaide
 Na 'm poll 'n do choidil a mhiannan.

 Shìn thu 'n toiseach le fàbhor,
 'S thug iad àireamh do chloinn dhuit ;

'S le do chleachdaidhnean àluinn,
 Leig do nàbaidhnean call leat.
 Chuir thu cumant *Cheann-taile*,
 Le do chràbhadh an geall ort,
 Gus am fac' iad gu 'n d' fhàs thu
 Mar na fàidheanaibh feallsa.

Le do Chrìosdalachd charach,
 Air ghaol arain is airgid,
 Dh' thàg do phost feadh na sgìr' thu,
 Gu bhi saor o gach cairbheist.¹
 'S e na dhà sin mhi-mhaiseach,
 Fhuair a mach ann do cheilg thu,
 Mar-ri t' aigheadh neo-thoirteil,
 Chuir a' chorc anns na Sailm dhuit.

Bu tu 'n dom a measg céire,
 Do 'n chléir uil' anns an d' fhàs thu ;
 Is a' chrìon fhiacaill ghaibhre,
 Anns na coilltibh a 's àirde.
 Bhì dol mearachd 's an t-seinn dhuinn,
 Air gach aon latha-sàbaid,
 Gu 'n d' thug sud air luchd t-éisdeachd,
 Gu 'n robh t' éigheachd 'n a gràin doibh.

Na 'm bu choimhearlach Cléir' mi,
 Cha bhiodh és' de na phàirtidh,
 Millidh striobhaid na cuinneag,
 'N uair is urramaich' làn i.

¹Services rendered in lieu of taxes and rent charges. These consisted in assisting in ploughing, cutting corn, &c., for the proprietor, or the wadsetter, or the minister.

Tha e dearbhta gur trosg e,
 Nach 'eil a' faicinn a bhàithe,
 Sgiùrsar mach air a *Chrasg* e,
 Air muin asail Bhalàaim.

Innis dhomhs' co bu bhàrd duit,
 Is do 'n phàirtidh bha 'm *Meircean*,
 No co a bha 'g a do chobhair,
 'N uair chaidh thu 'n ceann nan ceapag.
 Bha Iain Thapaidh mar *stìle* ort,
 Oir 's tu oighre 'n fhir-cheasnaich',
 Ach mur freagair thu 'n fhearachd-s',
 Bidh "Iain mi-Thapaidh" 'm feasd ort.

Cia b' e chobhair 's an dàn thu,
 Thug e stràchd dhuit gu d' mhasladh,
 Dhol a tharruing ri t' aodan,
 Fear a dh' fhaodadh do chasadh.
 'S e thug ort bhi 'n ad Chriosdaidh,
 Gaol do *stipein* a mhealtuinn,
 'S fad a ghabh thu o 'n àl sin,
 A fhuair am bàs 's iad na martair.

Ach na fuilingeadh tu spòrs' uainn,
 Cha rachadh 'n t-òran so shéideadh,
 Mur b' e na thug thu do thàmailt
 Do na thàmh 's do na dh' eug uainn.
 'S mò an dùsgadh do t' anntlachd,
 Anns an rann-s' gun ghuth bréige,
 Na ged thilgteadh do pheileir,
 Capull salach an *fheursaidh*.

Ciod a' bhuinte bh' aig a Sgriobtur,
Ri do chiotaireachd chealgach,
No bhi làimhseachadh firinn,
Gus an aoir a bhi cearbach ;
Ged nach d' ràinig do dhùbhlan,
Cho dàn 's do dhùrachd a dhearbhadh,
Rinn thu 'n dùnadh an amhrain,
Gnìomh an amhlair, mar dh' earbainn.

ANGUS BE BOLD.

Tha mo spiorad fo chuing,
 'S bidh mi fo mhulad a chaoidh,
 Air son nach 'eil mar rium do chothrom,
 Na cheannaicheadh Anna mar mhnaoi.
 Tha mo spiorad fo chuing, &c.

Tha mo nì cho tana,
 'S nach urrainn mi aran thoirt di ;
 Tha mo ghaol cho deala,
 'S nach tàir mi bhi sona 'd a dìth ;
 Tha mo dhaoine a' fantuinn
 Cho dreamach le corruich 's le strì,
 Cha 'n aithne dhomh duine nach canadh,
 Gu 'm b' ainid leis aona dhiubh trì.

'S neònach leam t' athair bhi gealltuinn,
 Gu 'n cumadh e 'chlann air aon spréidh,
 Oir is fear esan bha fulang
 Mu'n d' fhuair e na bhuinnig e féin,
 Shuidhich e 'anam an geall oirr'
 Ged chailleadh e 'theaghlach gu léir,
 'S cha chreid mi nach aidich an saoghal,
 Gur mise 's mo aòbhar na és'.

O ! cha toigh leam gu bràth.
 A' mhuinntir a 's subhaich' 's a 's sàthaich',
 Dh' aindeoin an cothrom 's am buinnig
 Mur dean iad comh-fhulang ri càch.

O ! cha toigh leam gu bràth, &c.

Bha mi an teaghlach ministear,
 A chronaich na h-uile ni bàth,
 Dh' iarradh droch smuaintean a bhacadh
 Gun pheacadh a chleachdadh no r'àdh.
 Ged b' e sud pàirt d' a ghnothuch,
 Bhi tabhairt na comhairle b' fheàrr,—
 Chaidh 'n stic so ni 's fhaide ann am aigheadh,
 Na 's urradh mi aideachadh dha.

'S iad do cheisteachan teann,
 Dh' fhàg mo lethsgheulan fann,
 Air son nach 'eil romham na bhacadh,
 A' chomhairl' a ghlacadh mo cheann.

'S iad do cheisteachan teann, &c.

Ged nach biodh bò r' a bleoghan,
 Caoire no gobhair ach gann,
 Ged nach biodh sguab 's an t-sabhull,
 Bidh dhùil ri cobhair nam beann.
 Cha 'n eòl domh seòl a 's taitneich'
 Air beartas 'n uair thachradh e gann,
 No daoine bhi innealt gu cleachdadh,
 Fasan na h-acfuinn a th' ann.

O ! nach téid sinn air ghleus,
 'S c' uime nach cuir sinn an céill,

Nach ann an socair no 'm beartas,
 Tha 'n earrann a 's treise d' ar spéis.
 O ! nach téid sinn air ghleus, &c.

Cuir-sa gu gnìomhach, duineil,
 Do lìon 's do ghunna air seòl,
 Marbh dhuinn fiadh gu sithionn,
 Iasg, is uibhean, is èdin.
 Falbhamaid dh' ionnsuidh a' Pharsoin,
 Is deanamaid seasamh 'n a chòir :
 Pilleam, is suidheam, is guidheam,
 Air uidheam gu faigheam an còrr.

Ho ro ! a Naoghais, bi treun !
 Is cum do ghealladh rium féin ;
 Cho liutha 's tha tabhairt ort comhairl,
 Bhi 'g amharc mu 'n tabhair thu leum.
 Ho ro ! a Naoghais, bi treun, &c.

Théid mi gu clìeach, carach,
 Mu 'n cuairt a mhealladh an fhéidh :
 Is théid mi air uairibh eile,
 Gu bruachan eil-thir an éisg ;
 'S ged robh mo dhilsean a' trod rium,
 An grabadh no 'm magadh cha 'n éisd,
 Ach cùmhnant, is eigheach na h-eaglais,
 Pòsadh gun eagal gun éis.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.

A dialogue in the name of Mary and Isabel, daughters of John Mackay (Maceachin). Mary had been to school at Thurso, and is represented as disparaging country life, and her sister as replying to her criticisms.

Mairi.—CIA b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',
 Bu mhisd se e gu bràth,
 Dhol do 'n bheinn, an aghaidh m' inntinn,
 Mhill e mi mo shlàint';
 Pàirt de m' acain, *Bà-theach Mheirceinn*,
 'S àit gun mharcaid e.
 Ach spàin is copraich, 's bà-theach fosgailt',
 'S gràine shop ri làr.

Iseabal.—Cha 'n 'eil seòmar aig Rìgh Bhreatainn,
 'S taitneich' leam na 'n Càrn,
 Oir tha e uaignidheach do ghruagaich,
 'S ni e fuaim 'n uair 's àill;
 Feur is coille, blàth is duille,
 'S iad fo iomadh neul,
 Is is' is *echo*, mar na teudan,
 Seirm gach téis a 's feàrr.

M.—Cha b' àite còmhnuidh leam air Dhòmhnaich,
 A bhi 'n ròig no 'n càrn,
 Oir, mur robh strianach ann air bhliadhna,
 Cha robh riamh ni b' fheàrr.

Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,
 'S fuathach leinn' a' ghàir ;
 O ! cràdh mo chridhe, reubadh lighe,
 An t-àit an tiughe 'm feur.

I.—Ciod am fàth mu 'n d' thug thu fuath,
 'S ann do na bruachaibh àrd' ?
 Nach fhaic thu féin, 'n uair thig an spréidh,
 Gur feumail iad le 'n àl ?
 Cha chràdh cridhe, air làrach shuidhe,
 Fuaim na lighe làin,
 Do 'n gnàth bhi cladhach roimh a h-aghaidh,
 Is feur a déigh a' fàs.

M.—Na tha firinneach de t' amhran
 'N fhad 's tha 'n samhradh blàth,
 Nì e tionndadh oidhche-Shamhna,
 'S bheir an geamhradh 'shàr ;
 Duille shuidhicht' bàrr an fhiodha,
 Dh' fhàs i buidhe-bhàn,
 'S tha sealladh 'n t-Srath' air call a dath,
 Le steall do chathadh-làir.

I.—Gleidhidh 'n talamh chum an t-samhraidh,
 Sin a chrann e 'n dràsd,
 Beath is calltuinn latha-Bealltuinn,
 Gealltanach air fàs.
 Bidh grùth is crathadh air na srathaibh,
 'S teirgidh 'n caitheadh-làir.
 'S nach binn an sealladh, glinn a stealladh,
 Laoigh, is bainne, 's bàrr !

M.—'S barail leamsa gu 'n do chaill sibh,
 Air na rinn sibh chàis ;
 Dhol do shliabh, gun chùr, gun chliathadh,
 'S nach robh biadh a' fàs.
 B' fheàrr bhi folluiseach an *Galladh*,
 Na bhi 'n comunn ghràisg,
 Le deatach connaidh air mo dhalladh
 Làimh ri balla fàil.

TO HUGH MAC DHO'LL MHIC IAIN,

On his being removed by Lord Reay to Maldie from where he lived near the Reay Forest, as he was reputed to be partial to deer-shooting.

CHUALAS naidheachd o na chlàr,
A chuireas cràdh air Hùistein ;
'S e bhi 'g a fhògradh as an àite,
Rinn a chàil a chiùrradh ;
'M frithearr làmh ris air gach làmh,
'S cha chothrom dha-s' a' chùis ud,
Fo pheanas bàis, le peann a mhàn,
Nach loisg e gràinne fùdair.

Am bidh sinn tlàth ri fear a ghnàths,
Nach caisg a làmh le bùiteach,
'S a liuthad cothrom thug sinn da,
Ged phàigh e 'màl ud dùbailt' ?
Cha chreidinn càil a chaoidh gu bràth,
Air fear a nàduir ùigeant',
Ged gheibhinn làir, cha teighinn ràthan
Cupall tràth air Hùistein.

The Hùistein feumail anns an fhrìdh,
Ged 's tric MacAoidh ga thionndadh ;
Gheibht' e treun, le òrdugh féin,
A' marbhadh fhéidh 's an t-samhradh.

Ged chuir sibh 'm bliadhn' e dheth na clochan,
 Ghabh sibh rian bha meallt' air,
 Le cluich nan cealg, 'chur as an t-sealg,
 Air fichead marg do *Mhalldaidh*.

Cha d' rinn sinn sud le cluich nan lùb,
 Ach beag ri taobh na thoill e ;
 'S b' fhasan da bhi anns gach àit',
 A' feitheal fàth le foill orra.
 Dh' innseadh *Sàbhail*, 's *Creag-na-Ruaige*,
 Liuthad sàr a rinn e ;
 Is tha gach càrn an sin ag t-sarth
 Gu 'n robh e tàmh air oidhch' ann.

Ged b' fhada bha e air an sgàth,
 Cha b' iad na càirn a réidhlean ;
 'S am fear a ruigeadh 'n ceann an t-srath,
 Gu 'm faight' aig àite féin e.
 Ma tha *Sàbhal*, 's *Creag-na-Ruaige*,
 Togail sgeula bréig' air.
 Cha 'n 'eil mi ràdh, mu 'm faigh e bàs,
 Nach bi iad pàight' le chéile.

Cha b' aobhar diombaidh bh' againn ris,
 Mur biodh e tric 'g ar sàradh,
 Agus spùilleadh dhinn nam fiadh
 Bha taoghal riamh 'n ar bràighibh ;
 Bha *Ghlais-fhèith* 'g éigheach riumsa 'n dé,
 Gu 'n d' fhag i h-éiric bhàis air,
 'S tha *Meall a' Chléirich* fad an éis,
 Nach ruig e féin *Ceanntàile*.

THE KILLING OF THE BULL.

THAINIG sgiùrs' air na h-àiteach s',
 'S ann a nuas á *Ceanntaile* MhicAoidh ;
 Tha iad 'g aithris an tràth-sa,
 Rud nach caomh leo a chlàistinn a chaoidh.
 'S an àm do 'n tarbh dhol 'g a chosgairt
 Aig an thear bha 'n *Ceann-loch*, 's aig a mhnaoi ;
 'S glan a thog iad an fhanoid
 Dheth muinntir *Port-sgeireidh* ri linn.

Thàinig Seòras MacLeoid ann,
 Leis a' ghunna bha 'n òrdugh gu treun,
 'N dùil gu 'n tugadh e 'm bàs da.
 O nach robh iad a tàirsinn deth géill.
 Thainig Iain mac Hùistein,
 'S ann a loisg e chuid fùdair gun theum ;
 Cha do chinnich an tarbh leis,
 Ged bu mhinic a mharbh e na féidh.

Thainig Murcha mac Hùistein,
 Leis an làmhaidh ¹ mhaith dhùbailt 'n a dhòrn,
 'N dùil gu 'm faigheadh e 'n tàr-leathar,
 Na 'n leagadh e 'n t-àgadh gu feòil ;

¹ Axe.

'S ann a thug e an t-suabag,—
 Mac an fhir d' am bu dual a bhi seòlt',—
 'N uair thug e ionnsuidh m' a aodann,
 'S ann a spàrr e am faobhar 'n a thònn.

Le làn reachd agus àrdan,
 'N uair chunnaic e 'n làmhaidh gun cheann,
 Thug e urchair á 'laimh dh' i,
 'S gur ann thuit i a mhàn anns an dàim ;
 Cuirear post do Dhunéidin,
 Dh' iarraidh litrichean céire nach gann,
 Dh' fhaotainn robhas an àghaidh,
 A lot Murchadh gu gràineil 's an dronn.

Thàinig Uilleam mac Sheòrais
 Do 'n bhaile, mur dh' òrduich an Sealbh,
 Gus a phàirtidh bha feumail,
 'S gu 'm faigheadh e sgeula mu 'n tarbh ;
 Thug e bòid agus briathar,
 Gu 'm biodh esan, gu biadh aige, marbh ;
 Ach a fhuair e cheud chlotheadh,
 Dol a mhàn gu *Port-odhar* 's a' *Pharbh*.

Chaidh e suas uaith' do dh' *Aisir*,
 'S cha do ghlac iad e, phàirtidh bha ann ;
 Thug e ruaig, 's ann do dh' *Asaint*,
 Gu 'm bu luaithe bha 'chasan na 'cheann ;
 Is ruaig eile do *Ghìsgil*,
 'S ghlac Uilleam a rìs e air cheann ;
 'S leig e falbh leis le sochair,
 'S ann chaidh a cheanna-bheart 's an droch uair a
 chall.

Thug e ionnsuidh do *Lunduinn*,
 'S ged a thug, cha do bhuinnig e 'n tarbh ;
 Chaidh e 'n sin do *Dhun-éidin*,
 'S ged a chaidh, cha robh esan aig' marbh :
 Gur e leas-mhac Iain Chlàrca,
 O 'n 's ann aige-san b' fheàrr a bha arm,
 Mheud 's a fhuair e do bhuillean,
 Gur h-i luaidh-san a chuir e air falbh.

CHRISTIAN MACLEOD.

A dialogue between Rob Donn and Alexander Cormack in Keoldale. Rob praises Christian, and Cormack replies to him. Cormack was from Caithness. He had children baptized as follows :—Donald, 8th Nov. 1765 ; John, 18th Dec. 1767, and George on 14th Sept. 1769, two days after Rob Donn's son was baptized by the same name.

Air fonn :—"A chinn donn aluinn."

Rob Donn—

'S ann 's an *Fharaid* tha mhaighdean,
Nach 'eil toillt'neach air fuath dh' i ;
Aghaidh mhaiseach gun ghnùig oirr',
Beul ciùin nach dean bruidhlean ;
Sud an teanga le breugan
Nach cuir càirdeas an t-sluaigh dh'
Uasal, iriosal, rianail,
Beannachd tighearn' is tuath aic'.

Alexander Cormack—

Rinn thu moladh gun choinnseas,
D' a h-aodann choinntinneach mhalluicht'
'S gu 'm b' e 'fasan bhi riastradh,
'S a spìonadh dhias anns an *Fharaid*.
Mallachd athar is màthar,
'S gach aon nàbaidh tha mar ri ;
'N teangaidh ascaoineach, rhiasgaidh,
'M beul mi-dhiadhaidh na caile

R. D.—Cha bu bhreugan a chanainn,
 'N uair bhithinn moladh na gruagaich,
 Oir 's e firinn is onoir
 O gach seanair bu dual d' i.
 'S ged bhiodh Gallach le prosbaig,
 Gus am preasadh e 'ghruaidhean,
 'S mis' nach creideadh air 'fhocal,
 Gu 'm fac' e rosadh nan sguab i.

A. C.—Tha mise labhairt na firinn,
 Is 'g a h-innseadh gu còmhnhard,
 'S ged cheil thusa le masgull,
 Their Mac-Casgail¹ ni 's leòir deth ;
 Gu 'n robh Curstaidh, 's sròn fhiat' oirr ,
 Lomadh dhias ann a pòcaid,
 Gu teumnach, beumnach lasgant',
 Is beag tlachd air a còmhradh.

R. D.—'S neònach thus' bhi cho daobhaidh,
 'S tu sior leughadh na còrach,
 Gun robh *Ruta* cho saothreach,
 Air an raon a bh' aig *Boaz* ;
 Thug e òrdugh do phàirt diu,
 Gu bhi fàgail nan dòrlach ;
 Sud am barant bh' aig Curstaidh,
 Gu bhi 'm measg ur cuid eòrna.

¹ Macaskill was grieve to Lord Reay at Balnacille.

- A. C.*—Cha 'n eil barant 's a' Bhfobull,
 Leis an soaradh tu Curstaidh ;
 Oir 's e 's fasan do 'n fhirinn,
 Bhith sior dìteadh gach trusdair ;
 Gum bheil gob oirr' mur reusair,
 Seirm na h-eucoir' mar rotair ;
 M' ulaidh, m' aighear, is m' eudail,
 Is mairg céile gheibh mosag !
- R. D.*—'S mòr m' fharmad ri céile
 Gheibh dha féin i mar chuspair ;
 Pearsa maiseach, 's i foghluint',
 An deadh éideadh 's an trusgan.
 Ged nach fulaing i luaidh rith',
 Tha gaol uaigneach aig cus d' i,
 Is na 'm bithinns' 'n am bhantraich,
 Bhithinn fann mu 'm faigheadh tus i.
- A. C.*—Ged a bhithinn-s' 'n am bhantraich,
 'S mi nach sanntaichheadh peanas,
 Is nach pòsadh gu m' aimhleas,
 Olc aingeant' gun onoir.
 Ma ni 'm bàs rud cho tainnt' ort,
 'S gu 'n téid thu na cleamhnas gun sonas,
 Ma gheibh i aobhar gu aimhreit,
 Gu 'n cum i cainnt ris an Donas.
- R. D.*—'S e mo chomhairl' do dhaoinibh,
 Gun bhi 'g inns' air a' mhaighdean,
 Ann an toiseach a pisich,
 Cliù a 's measa na thoill i.

Ged a thog iad droch sgeul oirr',
 Cha bu léir dhoibh 's an oidhch' i,
 Mach o rhop-shuil Mhic-Casguil,
 'Bha riamh faicinn nan taibhseach',

A. C.—Rinn Mac-Casguil an fhìrinn,
 Ann an dìteadh na maighdinn;
 'S cha 'n fhaigh thusa a rìs oirr',
 An cliù sgaoilt' sinn chaill i.
 Bu cho maith dhuit a daoradh,
 Ris an t-saothair a rinn thu,
 'S nach robh leisgeul g' a saoradh,
 Ach bhi 'g innseadh gur taibhs' i.

R. D.—Cha 'n 'eil Curstaidh 'n ur comain,
 Chionn bhi tolladh a cliù oirr',
 Leis na griobhachan Gallach,
 Cur a h-alladh feadh dhùthchan;
 Le sgedil bhreugach Mhic-Casguil,
 A' bhiasd chrasg-shùileach, ghlòn-dubh,
 Le bhi seinn a chuid tuaileis,
 A' deanamh suas ri daoine' ùra.

RUPERT MACKAY,

Fourth son of Robert Mackay, Tutor of Farr, and his wife Janet, daughter of John Mackay of Kirtomy. He married a Miss Gordon, whose mother was a granddaughter of Captain Hugh Mackay of Scourie and his wife Jane Dunbar of Cyderhall. Rupert emigrated to Jamaica.

Air fonn :—"Over the Water wi' Charlie."

SLAN is maireann do Rhùpard,
 Chaidh air 'aineol gun chùram,
 Air bhàrr mara fuidh shiùil air na clàraibh.
 Slàn is maireann do Rhùpard, &c.

'S mòr a' chrois air na dùthchaibh-s',
 Gum bheil tearc duine fiùghail,
 Thuiteas feasd annt' air cùis mach o 'n àireach.
 'S mòr a' chrois air na dùthchaibh-s', &c.

Cha bu triall duit mur b' fhìor sud ;
 Thaobh do chiall is do ghniomhra,
 Cha bu mhiann duit bhi diomhain 's na h-àitibh-s'.
 Cha bu triall duit mur b' fhìor sud, &c.

Soirbheas sona air a chuan duit,
 Taghadh cala gun fhuadach,
 O na maireannan gluasadach, gàireach.
 Soirbheas sona air a chuan duit, &c.

Na robh feartan aig fuachd ort,
 Na toir teas dhuit a chuartaich,¹
 Na bu treise luchd t' fhuath na luchd t' fhàbhoir
 Na robh feartan aig fuachd ort, &c.

Réir 's mar b'aithne dhomh féin thu,
 No mar b' urradh mi innseadh,
 Bha e ainneamh fear t' aois is do thàbhachd.
 Réir 's mar b'aithne dhomh féin thu, &c.

Cruaidh, duineil, gun dochair,
 Suaire, slothchail, gun sochair,
 Caitheadh cuimir gun bhochdas gun bhàithe,
 Cruaidh, duineil, gun dochair, &c.

Smachd is meas gun bhi feargach,
 Cuimse ghlic gun bhi cealgach ;
 Uailse phailt air a tearbadh o 'n àrdan.
 Smachd is meas gun bhi feargach, &c.

Na 'm b' e gibhtean mo chinn-sa,
 Chuireadh fonn dhomh air m' inntinn,
 'S iomadh iomradh a dh' innsin a dh' fhàg mi.
 Na 'm b' e gibhtean mo chinn-sa, &c.

An earbsadh naidheachd a chluinntinn,
 Thogas aighear do mhuinntir,
 Iomadh soraidh, le mìle ceud fàilt duit.
 An earbsadh naidheachd a' chluinntinn, &c.

¹ Fever.

Ann do dhùisg, no 'n do chadal,
H-uile cùis 'g ad dheadh fhreagairt
Dhuitse, Rhùpaird Mhic Reabaird 'Ic Theàrlaich.
Ann do dhùisg, no 'n do chadal, &c.

THE FOX HUNTER.

The fox hunter was a great fop, and imagined that all the girls of the country-side were in love with him. His father was the blacksmith of the place.

Tha mac a' ghobhainn cheann-dalaich,
 'S an àm-s' a triall do Dhiùirinnis,
 'S i cheist air cuid gu h-uaignidheach,
 An cualas cia meud cù tha aig?
 B' e 'bheath do dh' ionnsuidh ghruagaichean,
 Na 'm fuadaicheadh e 'n lùis iad uaith,
 Oir 's biastan dàna, fuaimneach iad,
 Do thabhairt suas nan rùintean ac'.

Tha dòchas air an oighreachd so,
 Aig maighdeanan nach ainmich mi;
 Thig naidheachd chun na h-inntinn
 Troimh na chuinnean 'n uair bhios meannmainn orr'.
 Ged cheil iad oirnn gu rùnach e,
 Bitheadh dùil am beul an anmoich ris,
 Mu 'm faic iad leus le 'n sùilibh dheth,
 Air a' chùigeadh cù gu 'n aithnichear e.

Bitheadh cona mòra blobhdail ann,
 'N uair cheanglar iad ri cailbheachan ;
 Bitheadh *Ubh ! Ubh !* fiadhaich ac',
 Nach ruig iad biadh nan searbhantan ;
 Bitheadh *Fitheamh, Fetheamh !* dranndanach,
 Aig abhgan beaga gearrtach ann ;—
 Their mnathan fuine, pronntanaich,
 "Ceud conntachd orr', nach calbhar iad !"

Ach 's mòr is misd an t-suiridh aig',
 An uirghill tha 'g a leanmhuinn dhiubh ;
 'N uair thig na gaothar luaineach ud,
 Ni 's luaithe na na sealgairean.
 Bitheadh caithris shìos is shuas aca,
 'S iad suaiteachan le 'n earballaibh ;
 Ma bheanar dhoibh, gur buarant' iad,
 'S ma bhuailear iad, bidh sgalgail ann.

Bitheadh 'n sealgair féin glé chùramach,
 Ma chiùrrar fear an iomrall dhiubh ;
 Bidh 'n liagh a' togail uachdair aig',
 'S e suathadh sud ri 'n lurgainnibh.
 Cha chum na naisg an spréidh againn,
 'N àm éisdeachd ris an uirghill ud,
 Bitheadh sgiotadh luath' is éibhlean ann,
 'S na biasdan féin 'g a imlich dhiubh.

Bitheadh bheanag shubhach, shùgach ann,
 'S bidh bheanag dhiùltach, fheargach ann,
 Cha toir i cisd no cùlaisd oirr',
 Gun chupull chù 'g a leannhuinn ann :

Gur tric i cur an céill doibh 'n sin,
 Na dh' ith iad féin 's na seirbhisich ;—
 Ach foighnichidh na gruagaichean,
 “Cia meud cu ruadh a mharbh thu leo?”

Thig maighdean chun an fhleasgaich ud,
 'N déigh deasachadh 'cuid chearban oirr',
 'S e dh' fhoighnich 's iad gu canach ris,
 “An d' fhuair na coin sin marbhan uait?”
 Nach fhaic sibh bian an t-sionaich,
 Is nach fhoghain sin d' a dhearbhadh dhuibh?
 Mu 's deach' a' bhiasd a chothachadh,
 Bha “*Fitheamh, Fetheamh!*” searbh an sud.

B' fhearra dhuit a bhi goibhneachd,
 Na bhi gaoithreanachd 's a' sealgaireachd,
 Ged mholadh mnathan faoine sud,
 Is maighdeanan le 'n cealgaireachd.
 Le d' abhgan dona glàmhach,
 'S gach dàrna h-oidhch' gun deargadh leo,
 'S e their gach tè fo 's ìosal diubh,
 “Droch dhìol air do chuid bhalgairean!”

Cha 'n fhàir mi chur an céill duibh,
 Mar dh' éigh 's e orr' 'n uair dh' fhalbhas e;
 Mur lean iad sin gu léir e,
 Bidh 'fhead cho geur 's gur searbh leibh i;
 Bidh 'dheamhas féin 's a chonn-taod¹ aig,
 'S e tionndadh riubh 's gan ainmeachadh;
 Bidh *Oscair! Bus-dubh! Gairmidh!* ann,
 Bidh *Gairgein!* ann, 's bidh *Feargaidh!* ann.

¹ Leash.

Tha suiridhich air fàs bòsdail,
 'S tha 'n còrr 's a' mhuinntir ruagha dhiubh ;
 'S e m' bharail air an t-seòrsa sin,
 Gur bòsdail á 'n cuid ghruagan iad ;
 Tha sean-focal 's an fhòds' againn,
 Gur neònach leam mur cual sibh e,
 "Cha 'n 'eil gach buidhe 'n a òr,"
 'S na 'm bitheadh, 's mòr bu shuaraich e.

DONALD OF THE 'LUGS'

(Domhnall nan Cluas)

Son-in-law to John Mackay of Musal, being married to his daughter Mary. He lived in Musal in 1765, but by 1769 he had moved to Badnahachlash, which Rob Donn had left. Donald sold one of his father-in-law's cattle, and when the matter came to be inquired into, he suggested that Rob might have sold the beast. Shortly after this, the animal turned up, but with both its ears cropped to put it beyond identification. Although his friend Mr Mackay exhorted the bard not to mention the matter, the song was composed, and Donald henceforth went by the name of "Donal nan Cluas." On 18th January, 1765, he had a son baptized Hugh. His brother Robert was tenant in Allt coire Fhreasgal.

Air fonn :—" 'S lionmhor guilleann boidheach."

BHA mi greis de m' lathaichean,

Air feadh an t-Srath¹ ad shuas;

'S ann a bha mò thàimhteachd,

Ann am fardoch nan doain' uails'.

B' fhada leibhse bha mi,

Is le càch a thàmh mi uath',

'S cha 'n fhac mi leus do Mhàiri,

Le mo ghràin do Dho'll nan cluas.

'S bochd dhomh fhéin mo nabuidh,

Nach biodh nàdur ann a b' uails',

Shaoil leam, le mo thosdachd ris,

Gu robh mi cosnadh duais.

Ged bha mis' cho fàbhorach,

'S nach d' thug mi iads' a suas,

B' fheàrr eam a dhà adharc

A bhi goirid, na 'dhà chluas.

¹ Strathmore, where he was born.

O nach fhaod mi dhearbhadh nis
 A' cheilg sin bha air d' uidh,
 Nì mi do chuid adharcan
 Cho goirid ris na laoigh.
 Is 'n uair a nì mi cnùcach thu,
 Bidh dùil agam a chaoidh,
 Ged robh e féin am fuairead rium,
 Gu 'm faigh mi duais o 'mhnaoi.

'S ann a phòs an t-amadan,
 'N a cheannaich' 's e'n a chaoir,
 Cha tuit d' a bheartas unnsa uaith,
 Nach caill e punnd d' a ghaol.
 Dh' fhàg sud na cluasan leogach aig'
 'S an adharc sgrogach, caol ;
 Ghlac Màiri strì na ciotaireachd,
 G' a fhàgail smiotach, maol.

'S maith an tarbh cha phronnadh oirnn,¹
 'S a chomas thoirt a mhàn ;
 Leig fear na *Crannaich* fada,
 An tagradh ud mu làr.
 'N uair shiùbhlas lagh is reuson air,
 Mu 'n éirich lagh o 'n chlàr,
 Cha dligheich' roinn do 'n fhearann dhoibh,
 Na tòrradh N' Uilleim Bhàin.

¹ Robert Macpherson, the husband of Janet, daughter of William Calder (Bain), who received severe injuries in a fight with Donald.

An t-ainmhidh coimheach, ceannairceach,
 'N a dhonas measg na tuath',
 Faodaidh es' a dhìoblachadh,
 Nì 's modha prìs na luach ;
 Ach glacaidh duine reusont' e,
 A bhàrr na spréidh' 's an uair ;
 Is thugar cìs d' a adharc,
 Air cosd ailean a dhà chluas.

'N duine tha 'n a bhreitheamh,
 Gus gach *difir* thoirt a nuas,
 B' eòlach e mu 'n adharcan,
 Mu 'n d' fhairich e 'n cuid bhruan ;
 Ged tha es' 'g a cheiltinn,
 'S 'g a gheiltrigeadh ¹ le stuaim,
 Gur ganna sgeul bu duilich leis,
 A dh'fhuiling a dhà chluas.

'N uair théid an t-òran cluasach so
 A suas air feadh na tìr,
 Bitheadh e aig na buachaillean,
 A' cuairteachadh 'n cuid nì ;
 Bitheadh e 'm beul nam buanaichean,
 A' gearradh sìos gach raoin ;
 'S cha 'n 'eil guth nach bi fuaimneach dha,
 'S cha chluinn e cluas nach claon.

¹ Concealing, literally gilding.

TO LORD REAY'S FACTOR

(Mackay of Bighouse).

On the occasion of Rob Donn being warned to leave Bad-na-h-achlais on account of his persisting in shooting deer. Some of the men of substance in the district did not use their influence in the poet's behalf as he expected, being divided in opinion as to his conduct in this respect.

Air fonn :—"Ealasaid N'ic Connuil."

Luinneag.—'S cian fada, 's cian fada,
 'S cian fada gu leòir,
 O'n a bha mi air acair,
 'S mi 'g iarraidh fasgaidh fo sgòid ;
 Nis ma 's éiginn dhomh teicheadh,
 'S nach 'eil leithsgeul a' m' chòir,
 C'uime 'n caomhnainn bhur sgobadh,
 'N diugh 's mi togail nan seòl.

IAIN 'Ic Naoghais 'Ic Uilleim¹
 A dhòirt iomadaidh fola,
 C' uime 'm biodh tu ga 'm aicheadh,
 An diugh aig beul-thaobh a' bharraidh ;
 'S e mo bharail gu 'm b' fheàrr dhuit,
 Sìneadh an argumaid eile,
 Oir a bha thu 'g am marbhadh,
 O 'n la dh' fhalbhadh tu 'm baile.
 'S cian fada, &c.

¹ Once a noted poacher, but at this time a bailiff.

Ach ma 's obair mi-dhiadhaidh
 Bhi marbhadh fhiadh anns na gleannaibh,
 'S iomadh laoch dhe do theaghlach
 A thuit gu trom anns a' mhealladh ;
 Bu daoine fuilteach o 'n d' fhàs thu,
 'S cha b' fhearr càirdean do leannain ;
 'S ma 's peacadh sud tha gun mhaitheanas,
 Bithidh tus gun mhaitheanas damainte.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Gum bheil tinneas na bliadhna,
 Dol ni 's piantaich 's ni 's cràiteich',
 Ach mu ni sinn foighidinn chiallach,
 Thig an riaghladh ni 's feàrr oirnn ;
 Thig an cumant gu socair,
 'N uair theid stopadh air Ahab,
 'S bidh sinn a' feuchainn ar lotan,
 Air beul-thaobh Dhochtair Bohàbhairn.¹
 'S cian fada, &c.

Ach a Dhochtair Bohàbhairn,
 Thug mi dàn duit nach tuig iad ;
 O 'n tha mis' air bheag airgid,
 Buinidh oircheas do t' obair ;
 Tha mo dhùil ri do phlàstair,
 'N uair tha càch 'g a mo bhioradh,

¹ Dr Boerhaave, who flourished 1668-1738. A monument to his memory in St Peter's, Leyden, has the inscription, "Salutifero Boerhaavii genio sacrum." Mackay of Bighouse was nicknamed 'Bohabharn' after the doctor.

'S mur a 's fhaid' thu 'g a chàradh,
 'S ann a 's feàrr e 'n uair thig e.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachainn 'Ic-Iain,¹
 'S tu thiorc mi m' meadhon mo dhragha,
 Bheireadh teist gu mo chliù orm,
 Air mo chùlaobh 's ri m' aghaidh;
 Le do chomhairlean rùnach,
 Bheireadh dùbhlán luchd-lagha,
 Bha do chuid 'g a mo chobhair,
 'S cha b' i do chomhairl' bu lugha.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Uilleam *Mheilinis*,² thair leam
 Nach seas càirdeas air aon-chois,
 'S maith a chumadh tu làmh rium,
 Gus 'n do thàir thu mi 'm plundar;
 'N uair a chunnaic thu 'n sàs mi,
 Fuidh àrd smachd an Tigh *Thunga*,
 Dh' fhàs thu tolla-chluasach bodhar,
 'S cha do chobhair thu 'n cunntair.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Ma chaidh mo chàirdeas am fuairead,
 Rì daoine' uaisle na dùthch-sa,
 'S éigin nis dol a dh' iarraidh,
 Rathad fiar nach robh dùil a'm;

¹ John Mackay of Musal.

² William Mackay of Melness, eldest son of John and Janet Mackay, had sasine of the lands of Melness in 1727.

Far 'm bheil seann Dòmhnall Thapaidh,¹
 Leughadh chàraids' ² an *Sgùdaig*,
 Dh' fheuch am préisg e 's na geataibh-s',
 A' chùigeamh athchuing' do 'n ùrnuigh³:—
 'S cian fada, &c.

¹ Donald Sutherland, catechist and teacher in Tongue.

² The catechism.

³ "Agus maith dhuinn ur ciont mur mhaitheas sinn dhoibhs' a chiontaicheas ar n' aghaidh."

A DROVER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Rob Donn was at this time in Crieff with cattle belonging to John Mackay of Musal.

Air fonn :—"Logie o' Buchan."

GED is socrach mo leabaidh,
 Cha 'n e 'n codal bh' air m' ùigh,
 'S tric mo smuaintean a' gluasad,
 Do 'n Taobh Tuath leis a' ghaoith;
 'S mòr a b' annsa bhi mar-riut,
 Ann an gleannan nan laogh,
 Na bhi cunntadh na *Saileach*,¹
 Ann am pàirceachan *Chraoibh*.²

'S mòr mo cheist air an nighean,
 A gheibhteadh cridheil 's a' spòrs,
 I gun fhiaras gun àrdan,
 'S i gun bhàith' no gun phròis.
 Ged a bhithinn air feallachd,
 Is leth-cheud fear air mo thòir,
 Gheibhinn dìon ann ad chùl-tigh,
 'N uair bu dlùith' iad teachd orm.

Bitheadh mi nis a' dol dachaidh,
 Dh' fheuch am faic mi bean t-àilt',
 Leamsa b' aoibhinn bhi 'm fagus
 Do 'n euchdaig leadanaich bhàin;

¹ Cattle reared in the *Sàl*, a part of Ben Hope.

² Crieff.

B' e mo roghann-s' gu fiadhach,
 A' *Chreag-riabhach* 's an t-Sàil,
 'S an àm an fheasgair 'g an slaodadh,
 Le *Càrn-a'-phiobair* a mhàn.

Bu toigh leam càradh na fridhe,
 Ged tha mi 'n *Craoibh* air bhòrd lom;
 Eadar *Badaidh-nan-caorach*,
 Agus aonach nan tom;
 Is na h-*Ursannan* riabhach,
 'N tùs na bliadhn' am bi chlann,
 'S a bhi fo spicean nan creagan,—
 Bu shaor mo leabaidh dhomh ann.

'S mòr mo cheist air a' ghruagach
 A tha 'n taobh shuas do na *Bhàrd*,
 Gheibht' gu h-anmoch 's a' bhuaile,
 'N uair thigeadh 'm buar as gach àird.
 'S mise féin nach tug fuath dhuit,
 Ge fada uait tha mi 'n trath-s',
 S tric a chaill mi mo shuain riut,
 'S bu mhòr mo bhuannachd do phàg.

Mhic-ic-Uilleim, o 'n uair sin,
 Fhuair thu uaigneas gu leòir,
 'S thu mu thimchioll na gruagaich,
 Is i 'n a buanaiche feòir;
 Ged a gheibht' thu 'n a caidreamh,
 Cha b' e t' eagal bhiodh orm,
 O na dh' fhàs thu cho suairce,
 'S nach cluinnteadh bruailean do bheòil.

Fhleasgaich òig tha dol dachaidh,
'S tu nach acain mo chall,
Ged a dh' fhanainn 's a' bhaile-s',
Gu àm tarruing nan crann ;
Naoghais òig Mhic 'Ic Alastair,
Dean-sa fanadh a nall,
'S na cuir éis air ar comunn,
An déigh gach gealladh bha ann.

ANN MORRISON.

Ann was the bard's first love. Though a young woman of most estimable character, she was not above flirting with others. In the end she married John Murray, a joiner, who did not, according to local report, turn out to be a model husband. So much may be inferred from the poet's verse to his grandson, who was also Murray's grandson by the marriage of his son Hugh to Christian, Rob Donn's daughter, in 1773.

'S TROM leam an àiridh, 's a' ghair so a h-innt',
 Gun a phàirtinn a b' abhaist, bhi 'n trath-sa air mo
 chinn,
 Annachich-chorrach, chaol-mhalach, shliob-cheannach,
 chruinn,
 Is Iseabail a' bheòil mhillis, mhànrnach, bhinn.
 Heich ! mar a bha, air mo chinn,
 A dh' fhàg mi cho cràiteach, 's nach stà dhomh bhi
 'g inns'.

Shiubhail mis' a' bhuaile, 's a suas measg nan craobh,
 'S gach àit anns an b' àbhaist bhi tathladh mo ghaoil ;
 'N uair chunnaic mi 'm fear bàn ud, 's e mànrnan r'
 a mhnaoi,
 B' fheàrr leam nach tiginn idir, làimh riu, no 'n
 gaoith.
 'S e mar a bha, air mo chinn,
 A dh' fàg air bheag tath mi, ge nair' e ri sheinn.

Anna bhuidhe 'n Dòmhnuille, na 'm b' eol duit mo nì,
'S e do ghaol gun bhi pàight' leag a mhàn uam mo
chli;

Tha e dhomh á t' fhianuis, cho gnìomhach 's 'n uair
chli,—

Diogalladh, 's a' smùsach, 's gur ciurrt tha mo chridh'.

Air gach trà, 's mi ann an strì,

A' feuchainn r' a àicheadh 's e fàs rium mar chraoibh.

Ach labhair i gu h-àilghiosach fàiteagach, rium,

“Cha 'n fhair thu bhi làimh rium do chàradh mo
chinn;

Tha siathnar 'g am iarruidh o bhliadhna do thìom,

'S cha b' àraidh le càch thu thoirt bàrr os an cinn.”

Ha, ha, ha ! an d' fhàs thu gu tinn,

Mas e 'n gaol a bheir bàs ort gu 'm pàigh thu
d' a chinn !

Ach cionnus bheir mi fuath dhuit, ged dh' fhuaireich
thu rium,

'N uair 's feargaich' mo sheanchas mu t' ainm air do
chùl,

Thig t' ìomhaigh le h-annsachd, mar shamhladh 'n
am ùigh,

'S saoilidh mi gur gaol sin, nach caochail a chaoidh.

'S théid air a ràth, gu'n dh-fhas e as ùr,

Is fàsaidh e 'n tràth sin cho àrda ri tùr.

O 'n chualas gu'n gluaiseadh tu uam leis an t-Saoir,

Tha mo shuain air a buaireadh le brudraichean
gaoil;

Do 'n chàirdeas a bha sud, cha 'n fhàir mi bhith saor,
 Gun bhàrnaigeadh làimh riut, tha 'n gràdh dhomh 'n
 a mhaor.

Ach, ma tha mi ga do dhìth,
 B' fheàirde mi pàg uait mus fàg thu an tìr.

MACRORY'S BREEKS

(Briogais Mhic Ruairidh).

This, one of the sprightliest songs in the language, was composed almost on the spur of the moment. The occasion was the wedding in Musal of "Isobal Nic Aoidh," daughter of John Mackay (MacEachann) and John, son of Kenneth Sutherland of Cnocbreac. The poet had not been invited to the wedding, as he was not on the best of terms with the family at the time. Being missed by the guests, he was sent for to Bad-na-h-Achlais, where he then resided. Conversing with the messenger by the way, he learned that Macrory had lost his "breeks." When, shortly after his arrival he was called upon for a song, he gave this as it now stands.

Donald MacRaonuill's "Brigis Mhic Ruairidh" is but a poor imitation of it.

Luinneag.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, no 'n cuala sibh,
Co idir thug briogais Mhic Ruairidh leis?
Bha bhriogais ud againn an àm dol a chadal,
'S 'n uair thainig a' mhaduinn cha d' fhuairadh i.

CHÀIDH bhriogais a stampadh,
Am meadhon na connlaich,
'S chaidh Hùistein a dhanns' leis
Na gruagaichibh;
'N uair dh' fhàg a chuid misg e,
Gu d' thug e 'n sin briosgadh,
A dh' iarruidh na briogais,
'S cha d' fhuair e i.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Na 'm bitheadh tu làimh ris,

Gu 'n deanadh tu gàire,

Ged a bhiodh siataig

Na d'chruachanan.

Na faiceadh tu 'dhronnaig,

'N uair dh' ionndrain e 'pheallaig,

'S e coimhead 's gach callaid,

'S a' suaiteachan.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Iain MhicEachuinn,

Ma 's tusa thug leat i,

Chur grabadh air peacadh

'S air buaireadh leath' ;

Ma 's tu a thug leat i,

Cha ruigeadh tu leas e,

Chaidh t' uair-sa seachad

Mu 'n d' fhuair thu i.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Chaitriona Ni'n Uilleim,¹

Dean briogais do 'n ghille,

'S na cumadh sud sgillin

A 'thuarasdal ;

Ciod fhios nach e t' athair,

Thug leis i g' a caitheamh,—

Bha feum air a leithid,

'S bha uair dhe sin.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

¹ Wife of John Mackay (MacEachan)

Briogais a' chonais,
 Chaidh chall air a' bhanais,
 Bu liutha fear fanoid
 Na tuathag oirr':
 Mur do ghléidh Iain MacDhò'll
 Gu pocan do 'n òr i,¹
 Cha robh an *Us-mhòine*
 Na luaidheadh i.
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Mur do ghléidh Iain MacDhòmhnuill,
 Gu pocan do 'n òr i,
 Cha robh an *Us-mhòine*
 Na ghluaisheadh i.
 Airson Uilleam MacPhàdruig,
 Cha deanadh i stà dha,
 Cha ruigeadh i 'n àird
 Air a' chruachan dha.
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Tha duine 'n *Us-mhòine*
 D' an ainm Iain MacSheòrais,
 'S gur iongantas dhomhsa
 Ma ghluais e i;

¹ John secured some of the gold which the crew of the Hazard had thrown away near Loch Hacon as they were pursued by the country people. When Lord Reay came to know of John's good fortune, he summoned him to Tongue House and made him give up the money. John had talked too freely of his acquired wealth, and proposed to buy from Lord Reay, Eribol, Arnabol, Hope, Ribigil, Kirkibol or Tongue, as his wife might wish.

Bha i cho cumhang
 Mur cuir e i 'm mugha,
 Nach dean i ni 's modha
 No buarach dha.
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Na leigibh ri bràigh' e,
 'M feadh bhios e mar tha e,
 Air eagal gu 'n sàraich
 An luachaire e.
 Na leigibh o bhail' e
 Do mhòinteach no coille,
 Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
 'S gum buail i e.
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Cha 'neil fitheach no fannaig,
 No iolar no clamhan,
 No nathair a ghlinne
 Na cuachanan ;
 No smagach an luisean
 Ged 's graineal an cùspar,
 Nach bh-fhearr leo no musaidh
 Do shuaitheadh riubh.
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Nà 'm faiceadh sibh 'leithid,
 Bha bann oir' do leathair ;
 Bha toll air a speathar,
 'S bha tuathag air ;

'S bha feum aic' air cobhair,
 Mu bhréidean a gobhail,
 Far am biodh am ball odhar
 A' suathadh rith.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Ach Iain Mhic-Choinnich,¹
 'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,
 Ged 's mòr a bha dhonadas
 Sluaigh an so;
 'N uair bha thu cho sgiobalt,
 'S nach do chaill thu dad idir,
 'S gur tapaidh a' bhriogais
 A bhuannaich thu !

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

¹ The bridegroom.

TRIP TO STORNOWAY.

The poet went this trip with George Mackay of Handa. A storm overtook them off Stoir Point, which necessitated their running across the Minch without the pilot which they expected to pick up at Lochinver.

Air fonn :—"John o' Badenoin."

SIUBHAL mar-ri Deorsa duinn,
Do *Stèòrnabha* air chuan,
Fad na h-oidhch' a' seòladh dhuinn,
Gu *Rugha-'n-Stoir* ud shuas ;
Bu bhiadhach, deochach, 'bhirlinn ud,
'S i luchdar, dìonach, luath,
Gu stiùrach, crannach, ròpanach,
Gu rathanach, seòlta, fuaight'.

Air maoladh gob an Rugha dhuinn,
An dubharachd na h-oidhch',
Suas gu *Loch-an-Ionmhair* sinn,
'G iomramh, gun leus soills',
Shìn gaoth an ear ri séideadh oirnn,
'N uair dh' éirich lath' o 'n oidhch',
'S air port 's am bith cha lùbtadh i,
Eadar *Pùitig* is *Loch-Aills*.

'S a' mhaduinn 's ann a b' éigin duinn,
'N uair dh' éirich gaoth gu searbh,
Ar cùlaobh thoirt do 'n tìr,
'S ar ceart aodann thoirt do 'n fhairg,

Fo steallaidhnean, 's fo thunnsgaidhnean,
 Na tonnan mòra, borb,
 Cnocach, copach, sideach, gleannach,
 Glupach, llobach, gorm.

'N uair chaidh i air a h-adhairt,
 'S a h-aghaidh air a h-iùl,
 Bu chuimseach gleusd' na Leòdaich,
 Mu na sgòidean aig na siùil.
 Bu toigheach, cuimhneach, làidir,
 Bha Pàdruig air an stiùir,
 'S bha Seòras ruadh na *Tairbird* ann,
 Le seirbhis uiread 's a bha 'n triùir.

Bha 'n sgiob ud air a coimeasgadh,
 Le fearalas is fiamh,
 Chìteadh fiamh a' ghàir' orr',
 Ged a dh'fhàg iad clach is sliabh,
 Le duinealas gun eibeantas,
 Gun saidealtas 'n an gnìomh ;
 'S gun fhear air bith do 'n chùigear ud,
 Bhì stigh an *Leodhas* riamh.

Ach sheall an t-Iùl-fhear tròcaireach,
 Air ur n'eigin-sa na thìom,
 'N uair nach feudtadh bòsd
 A chur á seòldair, no a saoir ;
 O dhruim na mara mòr-chlasaich,
 'S i seòladh stigh 'n a caoir,
 'S dhe bàrr nan tonnan sròthanach,
 Gu'n bhuail i sròn ri tìr.

'N uair ràinig sinn an t-àite sin,
 Bha chuideachd fàilteach ruinn ;
 Fhuair sinn taghadh fàrdoich,
 Nach robh àicheadh os a cinn,
 Gu ballach, aolach, sglèatach,
 Reidhleach, lotach, gléidhteach, grinn,
 Aig àrmunn fial do dh' *Iomhaireach*,
 Air nighean Triath *Chill-duinn*.

Bha Caiptein oirnn 's an àite sin,
 'S ann as a dheanainn bòsd,
 Cha tigeadh gloin' gu clàr ann,
 Nach b' i a shlàint-sa rachadh òl ;
 Seana mhnathan a' briathrachas,
 Nach fhac iad riamh ni 's bòidhch',
 Is cagar mhaighdean fiarachdail,
 "O chiall, am bheil e pòsd'?"

'N uair chuir e 'aodach aisig dheth,
 'S a dheasaich se e féin,
 Shaoil mi nach bu mhagaid domh
 A ràdh, gu 'm b' ghasd a cheum.
 B' e cainnt nan daoine bha eòlach air,
 'S e falbh 'n an còir air sreud,
 "Thath e gun mhnaoi a chobhras e,
 'S a rìgh bu mhòr am beud."

Se mo dhùrachd chinnteach dhuit,
 'S i 'n fhìrinn tha mi 'g ràdh,
 Bith cuimhneach air do *philos*,
 Is cha chaill thu air gu bràth ;

Saoghal sona 'n deagh bheath dhuit,
'S deadh oighreachan bhi t' àit,
Is uiread eile dh' ionndrain orr'
'S an àm am faigh iad bàs.

BONNIE JANET,

Who, while receiving the attentions of a large number of young men, would not engage to marry any of them.

Air fonn :—"Theid mi d' chogadh ris a Phrionnsa."

GUM bheil Seònaid bòidheach, greannair,
Co nach dùraigeadh bhi 'n gleann leath',
Faileas fithich air a ceann-dubh,
Bràghad fionn a 's gille na 'n gruth.
Dheanainn sùgradh, sùgradh, sùgradh,
Dheanainn sùgradh ri do cheann dubh ;
Dheanainn sùgradh, sùgradh, sùgradh,
Mire 's sùgradh ri do cheann dubh.

Faileas dubh am bàrr a gruaige,
Is dreach na h-ubhail air a gruaidhean,
Mala chaol is i gun ghruaimean,
Gu 'n tarruing suas, gun deòin leath' bhi riu.
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil suiridheach òg no càdaidh,¹
Eadar *Huillcum* is *Carn-àgadh*,
Nach bi ruith na h-ighne cheann-dubh,
Air feadh a' bhàird, 's cha 'n fhuirich i riu.
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

¹ Ghillie.

Cuiribh fichead mu na bràighibh,
 Cuiribh ceathrar air na h-àthaibh,
 Sgaoilbh faoghaid 's a *Choir-fheàrna*,
 Sparraibh sàs i anns a' *Bhlàr-dhubh*.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'N saoil sibh féin nach mòr an spòrs e,
 'S ann tha chò-stri aig na h-òig-fhir,
 An tarbh donn, 's an tarbh steòcach,
 'S tric iad a' cròic ris an tarbh dhubh.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Gum bheil Uilleam mòr cho sanntach,
 'S nach 'eil feum bhi deanamh rann da,
 'S o 'n a loisg iad oidhche Shamhn' e,
 'S obair theann a chumail an cruth.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'N saoil sibh féin nach mòr an sùsdal,
 Bhì cur phrìneach' anns na gùintibh ;
 A dà làimh bhi anns na sgiùrdaibh,
 'S a ceann rùisgte mhàn ris an t-sruth.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'S mairg a chreideadh briathran beòil uait,
 'N déigh mar bhailich thu mac Sheòrais ;
 'N uair a shaoil leis a bhi pòsd' riut,
 Thog thu do shròn an aghaidh an t-sruth.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Ged nach 'eil annadsa do dh' uislinn,
 Uiread 's tha 'n leannan Hùistein,
 O 'n a thair mi thu 's a' chùl-tigh,
 Ni mi sùgradh ri do cheann dubh.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Bha mi uair air bharail bargain,
 'S tha mi nis air call na dh' earb mi ;
 Tha mi féin a' gabhail farbhais,
 Gur e dath dearg a 's feàrr na dath dubh.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

THE POLLA FLITTING,

A dialogue between the man who was leaving the house and the man who was entering into possession, the latter hurrying the former's departure.

Air fonn :—" Mrs M'Leod of Raasay's Reel."

DHUINE, thoir domh cairtealan,
'S an tigh a thog mo làmhan,
Agus bi rium lachasach,
Gus an deasaich mise m' àirneis,
'S na bi rium cho tartarach,
Le t' fhocalan mar b' àbhaist,
No bheir mise 'n t' aiseag orm,
Gu d' chasaid, do *Cheann-tàile*.

Neart cha 'n 'eil 'n ad phearsa dhomh,
No d' chasaidean bu dàine,
Pronnaidh mi do chathraichean,
Do shrathraichean, 's do phlàtan;
Cuiridh mi do chisteachan,
A chlisgeadh ort 'n an clàraibh;
'S cleachdaidh mi mo chomas,
Gus am *Polla* a chur fàs ort.

A dhuine, na gabh eagal,
Mar nach biodh agam càirdean;
Ged a dheanainn fhathastaich,¹
Treis tamhachaidh 'n am làraich,

¹ Still, or yet.

'S gu 'n cuir mi mo chuid bheathaichean,
 Air astar thun a' bhràighe ;
 'S na h-uile dad a ghabhas i
 A *stobhaigeadh* 's a' bhàta.

Siubhail gu grinn tapaidh,
 Is cuir air t' eachaibh t' àirneis,
 Thabhair a' bheinn ghlas ud ort
 Is suidh air achadh àiridh ;
 Mu 'n tig an ruaig gu h-aithghearr ort,
 O 'n fhear a 's treise pàirtidh ;
 Is nach bi ball beairt agad,
 Nach cuir e mach gun dàil ort.

A dhuine, dean air t-adhais,
 Agus labhair rium gu fàilteach,
 'S cuir an aghaidh fhathail ort
 Rì m' leithid-sa, mar b' àbhaist ;
 Ged nach 'eil aois lathachan,
 Air caitheamh do dhroch nàduir,
 Coid fhios nach fhaicinn fathast thu,
 A' crathadh do chuid àirneis.

Dh' iarr mi féin gu taitneach ort,
 Dol a mach an ceud uair,
 'N uair a bha àm ceart agad,
 Gu farsuing is gu rianail ;
 Nach fhaic thu an laoch ladarn ud,
 'S e o cheann fad air liathadh,
 Leis an teann-chaoir bhagraidh air,
 Is e gun eagal Dia air.

Rianalas bu fhreagarraich',
 Na 'n tigeamaid gu ràiteach,
 Mur biodh duine cuide ruinn,
 Cha togamaid an t-sràbhard;
 Faodaidh tusa fanadh
 Anns a' bhaile so air shàbaid;
 Siùbhladh Rob mur thogras e,
 Le 'bhogais do *Cheann-tàile*.

Chruinnich agus chorruidh iad,
 'N uair chunnaic iad mar thàrladh,—
 Dagachan is gunnachan,
 Culaidhnean is càbuill;—
 'N duine sin a' mionnachadh,
 Mus buineadh e do 'n fhàrdoich,
 H-uile fear a dh' fhuiricheadh,
 Gu 'n lunnadh e gu bàs iad.

THE GRANGES

(Na Greisichean Beaga).

These were Campbells, and their descendants are in Durness still. George Campbell, alias Grange, was Church-officer. He was collector of the fines imposed upon delinquents by the Kirk-Session. On December 8th, 1766, the Session petitioned Mr Daniel Forbes, Sheriff-substitute, who was on a visit to Lord Reay, for authority to collect these fines. The prayer of the petition was granted, the collectors to be George Grange, Kirk-officer, and George Macleod, Sheriff-officer. The latter was piper to Lord Reay. The last mention of George Grange as Kirk-officer in the parish accounts is under date August 8th, 1773, when the fees due him were paid. His successor was William Munro, whose salary for the first six months of 1775 was nineteen shillings and twopence. The precentor at that time was Robert Mackay, Nuybeg.

Air fonn :—" Bonnie Prince Charlie."

CHUNNA' mi crannanach
 Cuimir ri ceannaireachd,
 'N *Acha-na-h-annaid*,
 Cur feannag á chéile ;
 Sheall mi le annas air,
 'S shìn mi ri teannadh ris,
 Thug mi mo bhoineid dhiom,
 'S bheannaich mi féin da.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach
 Air chomhairl' nan breitheamhnan,
 Dh' òrduich gach dithis dhiu
 Bhi le aon chéile ;

Faodaidh sliochd tighinn
 An deigh na buidhinn so,
 Fathast a bhitheas 'n an
 Iongantas féille.

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
 Is shàruich e m' fhoighidinn,
 Feuchainn le a lughad
 C' ait' am faighinn da céile ;
 Fhuair mi 'n tigh Choinnich i,
 C' uime gu 'n ceilinn i,
 'S a h-aparan deiridh
 Cho ghoirid r' a fhéileadh-s'.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tòmas¹ is Dòmhnall,²
 Seòras³ is Alastair,⁴
 'S coltach 'n an colluinn
 A' cheathrar r' a chéile :
 B' fheàrr leam tè thapaidh
 Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,
 Na a faicinn air leth-trath,
 Aig fear dhiubh mar chéile.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

¹ Thomas Campbell, alias Grange, in Crosple, had Elizabeth baptized 28th October 1768.

² Donald Campbell, alias Grange, in Cashneach, had Christian baptized 13th April 1770.

³ George Campbell, alias Grange, in Balamhulich, had Angus baptized 20th September 1772.

⁴ Alexander Grange, alias Campbell, in Acha-na-hanait, had Barbara baptized 3rd June 1768.—*Parish Register.*

Tha iomadh sgeul eile
 Tha againn gu barantach,
 Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris
 A baile Dhun-éidinn,
 Nach 'eil uile cho ait'
 Ann an oibrichibh Freasdail,
 Ri faicinn nam peasan
 A' *maitseadh* a chéile.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chachdan,
 Nach urradh mi leasachadh,
 Nach fhaigh mi aon fhear dhiu
 Ni *maitse* do Chéitidh.
 Tha truas aig mo chridhe
 Ri seasgaich' na h-ighinn,
 Nach faigh sinn aon leighich,
 Chuireas dithis ri chéil' diu.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Cuirear do 'n eilean¹ iad,
 'S thugar mir fearuinn dhoibh,
 'S bheir iad an air'
 Air na gearrain 's a' chéitein.
 Air eagal am pronnaidh
 Ri fiodh no ri balla,
 Ni 'n tub aig a Mhorair
 Dhoibh talla le chéile.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

¹ Hoan, at the mouth of Loch Eribol.

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
 Do leithid an fhirionnaich s' ;
 'S air chor as gu 'n cluinnear iad,
 Seinne am air téis iad,
 Dòmhnall beag biorach,
 Air pòsadh an uraidh,
 'S tha dithis de 'n fhine
 Aig a' mhinisteir féin diu.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Na grèisichean beaga,
 Oir 's iad is maoir eaglais,
 Tha dùil ac' mo thagradh,
 Air son magaidhnean beumnach.
 Bithidh mise fuidh eagal,
 'N uair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,
 O 'n thachair mi eadar
 Air sagart 's an cléireach.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha dùil a'm gur duilich leis
 Mis' chur an cunnart,
 'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean,
 'S gu 'm bu mhuileach leis féin e.
 'S ma chreideas mi 'm ministeir,
 An déigh 's na dh' innis e,
 'S e 'm *moncaidh* an uraidh,
 Mu mhìre na 'n Gréibhear.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
 Mu *Bhaile-na-Cille*,
 Gu 'n robh iad fo iomas
 An uraidh le chéile.
 Am bliadhna tha 'n dithis,
 E féin 's an cù buidhe,
 Gun triall ac' gu uidhe,
 Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-éibhlean.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

'S bòidheach am baganach
 Seòras na h-eaglais,
 Chualas na creagan
 Toirt freagairt d' a éigheachd.
 Shamhlaich mi 'm fleasgach ud
 Ris a' gharra-ghartan,
 Cho bìogach r' a fhaicinn,
 'S cho neartmhor r' a éisdeachd.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha Curstaidh fo chachdan,
 Mar bhailich mi 'macan,
 Gu 'n abrainn garra-gartan
 Ri fleasgach cho treun ris.
 Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,
 Is amharc a chrodhan,
 'S an tè thug an dreobhan air,
 Thombais i féin e.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

ISABEL AND ROB.

Isabel jilted a young man for Rob's sake, but a twelvemonth later she and her former lover agreed to get married. Just as the marriage ceremony was about to proceed Rob appeared again, and Isabel went off with him for the second time.

Air fonn :—" John Roy Stewart."

MA thréig thu mi gu follaiseach,
 'S nach dean tu tuilleadh comunn rium;
 'N saoil sibh nach robh dalladh oirr',
 'N uair thug i gealladh 'n dé dhomh.
 Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh,
 Char thu mi 's ghabh thu Rob tiugh;
 Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh,
 Rinn thu 'n diugh mo thréigeadh.

Is olc a shuair mi bhanaid ud,
 N' air chuir an sluagh a' choinneal as,
 Chaidh fear a sìos do 'n rainich leath',
 Is chuir sud maill' air m' éigheach-s'.
 Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

An faca sibhse a' Chatanach,¹
 A' dol sìos a' Chnaparnach;
 Thubhairt iad gu 'm fac iad i,
 'S ged fhac', nach beireadh éis oirr'.
 Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

¹ A mare that ran off with Rob some time previously, to which the bard refers elsewhere.

Cha bheag na t-aobhar fath-chainnt i,
 A' dol a sìos an *Clach-rathan*,
 Bha 'n diollaid air a leath-taobh,
 Is a cas an lùb na sréine.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

'S e rinn an saoidh a mhaslachadh,
 Am pònaidh donn le 'mhasanaich,
 Gliom a thoirt d' a marcaiche,
 'S a leigeil as an déigh sin.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

O 'n shìn an gille muilinn ri,
 Cha 'n fhàg mi muing no muineal oirr',
 Na do dh' earbal cuimir oirr',
 Na chumas maide séisd ri.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

Thugaibh dhomhs' mo bhreacanan,
 Mo ruibeanan, 's mo dheasachadh,
 Gus an cuir mi 'n fhasair
 Air an each nach togair leum uam.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

'S ann bha chùis ri choireachadh,
 'N uair a ghabh iad aithreachas,
 'M fear a bha 'n a bharant oirr',
 'S e dh' fholaich aige féin i.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

Cha 'n ioghnadh ged nach seasadh i,
 Bha puinnsean mòr do chasaig air,
 Bha bucaill is gramaisean ¹ air,
 Fuidh bhreacan glas an fhéilidh.

Iscabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

¹ Gaiters.

NEIL MACKAY AND JOHN M'LEOD.

Neil was the skipper of a trading vessel. He was from Argyllshire. John was nicknamed 'Ceann-Ordag' because of his insignificant appearance. Both, according to the song, were in much esteem in the district, as almost all the able-bodied men had joined the Fencibles at the time (1759).

Air fonn :—"Seann truibheas Illeachan."

Luinneag.—Chi mi thall ud aig na caoirich,
Nighean dubh ghaolach churaisdeach,
'N saoil sibh féin nach truagh a' chùis,
A dh' fhàg an triuir cho muladach.

CHA robh a h-aon diu so mu Bhealltuinn,
Gun bhi gealltuinn duine dh' i ;
'S e th' ac' uile m' oidhch Fhéill-màrtuinn,
Niall dubh, màsach, plumaideach.

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Thug iad thairis air na cuaintibh,
Aonghas ruagh, 's bu duilich leam :
Hùistein Mac Ruairidh¹ is an Géigean,
'S bu tapaidh treun na gillean iad.

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Cho liutha dhiubh 's a tha gun phòsadh,
Tha iad ro bhrònach, muladach ;
Faodaidh Niall Mac Aoidh bhi spéiseil,
Gheibh e féin na h-uile tè.

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

¹ The hero of Brigios Mhic-Rhuairidh (Macrory's Breeks).

Curstaidh Sutharlan, tha i gruamach,
 Leam is cruaidh an iorram th' aic';
 Curstaidh Friseil 's earbsa bhed aic,
 O 'n a phòs i 'n uraidh fear.

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

'N uair a thionalas iad comhla,
 Bithidh na deòir a' sileadh uath;
 'S ged tha 'n dithis ud ro bhrònach,
 'S i 's truaighe Fleòraidh Ghileabairt.¹

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

'N uair a thionalas na pàisdean
 Chum na tràigh', mu nollaig ac',
 Far am b' àbhaist na daoine' òga,
 Theachd a dh' òl nan tunnachan ;²

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

'S ann a dh' éireas gart is greann orr',
 Gun cheum damhs', ach turraban ;
 Mar ghràinnein do chearcán Frangach,
 'S Niall MacAoidh 'n a phulaidh orr'.

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Is iomadh gille tapaidh, còir,
 A chaidh chur fo na gunnaichean ;
 Chuid is foghainteich' 's a 's bòidhche,
 Théid an tùs ri cunnart diu.

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

¹ Daughter of Gilbert Donn or Calder.

² It was then and for long after, the custom, to meet on Balnacill sands on New Year's day to play Shinty. A cask of whisky was provided for refreshment.

Tha aithreachas air a' chloinn òga,
 Dh' fhàg ri 'm beò gu guileach iad,
 Nach do ghabh iad Iain MacLeòid,
 Mu 'n d' thug a' phròis a churrachd dheth.
 Chi mi thall ud, &c.

A uair théid Niall uainn thar a' *Pharbh*,
 A tharruing dhorbh le 'chulaidhean,
 'S iomadh athchuing' bhios air falbh,
 "Gu 'n cum an Sealbh á cunnart e."
 Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Tha leannan aige anns gach bàgh
 Tha eadar *Aisir* agus *Dunnait* ;
 'S 'n uair shaoil leo bhi 'n comuin gaol ris,
 'S ann thug e *Cill-ma-thunnag*,¹ air.
 Chi mi thallud, &c.

Cha tig aon duine dhiu air fòrlach,
 'S tha chlann òga muladach ;
 'S ged a theàrnadh còrr fhear beò dhiu,
 'S cruaidh air òighean fuireach riuth.
 Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Faodaidh Niall a' chuid a 's bòidhche,
 Thoirt an tùs na culaidh dhiu,
 'S a' chuid nach fhiach leis thoirt gu bòrd,
 Ni Ceann-òrdaig² gurraidh riu.
 Chi mi thall ud, &c.

¹ In the parish of North Knapdale, Argyllshire.

² John Macleod, mentioned above.

NEIL MACKAY AND HIS CREW.

Neil's boat was anchored one stormy night in Geoth-na-gaoithe, and he and his crew spent the night in Rob Donn's house. He mentioned several places where he would rather be, chiefly on account of his sweethearts in the ports mentioned.

Air fonn :—"Dance to your Daddie."

Luinneag.—Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba,
 Gabhail moran eagail,
 Giorag gu 'm bris rioban,
 Air a' chulaidh fhada;
 Ciod a chuir mi idir
 Dh' fhuireach fo na creagan,
 'S nach 'eil àit an tig mi,
 Nach bi leannan agam?

THUBHAIRT Niall MacAoidh,
 'S mis' th' air dol am mugha,
 Ann an *Geoth-na-gaoith'*,
 Fo na creagan dubha;
 'S a liuthad maighdean riomhach,
 A tha fo chumha,
 Air son nach 'eil mo bhirleinn
 An tigh'nn do *Smudha*.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

'S iomadh clòsaid àluinn
 'N robh mi tuiteam,
 'N uair bhithinn anns na *Far-leus*
 Cha 'n fhaiceadh cus mi;

'S a mhachair a stàn,
 Bheirinn *Poll-a-ghliup* orm,
 'S 'n uair bhithinn air an tràigh,
 Bheirinn *Poll-a-bhuic* orm.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

'N uair bhithinn an *Diuirinnis*,
 'N an teis meadhon,
 Bhiodh dithis no triùir agam,
 Gu mo roghainn ;
 'N uair thiginn do 'n *Ghairbh-thir*,
 Ged b' i bu leatha,
 Bhithinn toirt mo thairgse
 Do Nì'-Neill-'ic-Iain.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

An tè a gheibh mi deònach,
 Gur beag mo cheist oirr' ;
 'N tè mu 'm bi mi eòlach,
 Gu 'm foghainn greis d' i ;
 An tè sin tha chòmhnuidh
 Aig *Ruith-na-cailce*,¹
 'S fheudar dhomhs' a leanmhuinn,
 O 'n tha i teicheadh.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

Thuirt Barbara gu geur,
 Na bi cho muiteil,
 Ged bhithinn ann ad fheum,
 Cha 'n innsinn duit e ;

¹ Whiten Head or Putaig.

Tha beachd agad féin,
 Gur measail aig cus thu,
 'S gun fhios fo na ghréin,
 Ciod an t-àit an tuit thu.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

'N uair bha mi ann an *Saingeo*,
 O 'n 's e bu toigh leam,
 Dh' inntrig ann mo cheann,
 Dhol air mo sholar ;
 Dh' fhàg mi na bha chlann ann
 Fo mhòran dorrain,
 Air son mi dhol oidhche
 Do dh' *Ach-a-chorrain*.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

Tha bantrach anns an dithreabh,
 'S cha tàir mi aithn' oirr',
 'N uair bhios mis' a rìreadh,
 'S ann bhios ise fanoid ;
 'M fear a dheanadh cainnt rith',
 Ged tha i banail,
 Dh' fheumadh esan ceann
 Agus briathran gramail.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

Cha fhreagair mi féin srann
 Do d' shuiridh' chumant,
 Iadsan a tha 'n geall ort,
 Tha iad an cunnart ;

Ged a bhiodh tu gealltuinn
Pòsadh mu nollaig,
Dh' fhaodadh tu fo Bhealltuinn
Bhi 'n *Cill-ma-thunnaig*.
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

ISABEL MACKAY.

(Iseabail Nic-Aoidh.)

Air fonn:—"Failt' a' Phrionnsa'."

URLAR.

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh, aig a' chro dh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, 's i 'n a h-aonar,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, aig a' chro dh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, 's i 'n a h-aonar;
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, aig a' chro dh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, 's i 'n a h-aonar;
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh aig a' chro dh laoigh,
 Am bonnabh na frìdh' 's i 'n a h-aonar.

SIUBHAL.

Nach seall sibh bean-tigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chro dh,
 'S nach faic sibh an *oibseig*
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh
 Rì cro dh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar:
 Nach seall, &c.

Comharradh dubh
 Nach 'eil gu maith,
 Air fleasgaich amh
 Bhi feadh an so,
 'N uair tha bean-tigh
 Air *Riothan nan Damh*,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S i na h-aonar.
 Comharradh dubh, &c.

'S neònach am fasan,
 Do dhaoineibh tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nithean bu taitneich'
 Dhoibh féin a bhi aca,
 Bhi fulang a faicinn,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.
 'S neònach, &c.

Innsidh mis do dh' iomadh fear,
 'S an rannuidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
 Gum bheil i air a cumail
 As na h-uile àite follaiseach,
 Le ballanaibh is cuinneagaibh,
 An iomallaibh nam mullaichean,
 Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
 Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.
 Innsidh mis, &c.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh,
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
 'S i so do thìom;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrobh laoigh,
 Am bonnaibh na fridh',
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.
 Mhuire 's a Rìgh, &c.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
 An iomallaibh nam mullaichean,
 Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
 Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.
 Seall sibh, &c.

Duine sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich',
 Do chinneadh maith,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith
 Do *Riothan nan Damh*,
 Gheibh e bean-tigh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.
 Duine sam bith, &c.

TO JOHN SUTHERLAND

(otherwise "Iain Thapaidh.")

John had composed a song in reply to the Poet's elegy on Gray of Rogart at the instance of the tacksman of Creich, who had paid him for the service. In this poem Rob Donn replies to that song.

Air fonn :—"I Care for Nobody."

CHIAD fhear a shiùbhlas do Chata,
 Thoir fios gu Iain Thapaidh nan rann,
 Nach bòidheach 's nach dealbhach a choluinn,
 'S gur mi-thapaidh 'n t-anam a th' ann ;
 Mhol bladaidh nan glog-shùilean miodhoir,
 Bha tur air a' lìonadh le sannt,
 An sgròg-thoineach cab-phliadhach, griamach,
 'S bu dearbhta do cheud e bhi meallt'.

'S e chanas gach breitheamh a 's àirde,
 Gu 'n robh an fhìor bhreug ann do bhus ;
 'N uair a shaoil leat a thogail mar chraoibh,
 'S ann a rinn thu a chrìonadh mur lus ;
 Cluinnear 's gach àite m' ur timchioll,
 Ur n-alladh 's ur n-iomradh aig cus,
 Cha chreid duin' ac' thus' mach o esan,
 'S cha mhol duin' ac' esan ach thus'.

Bu bhaoth dhuit a bhi ga mo leantuinn,
 'S nach robh ann ad chantuinn ach craos ;

Bha thu 'n toiseach 'n ad spleadhadair caillte,
 'S a nis 'n ad sheann ghloichd leis an aois
 Am barail gach breitheimh tha fiùdhail,
 'S e chuireas mo chliù-s' ann am pris,
 Gu 'n robh 'm fear a bheum mi le spealadh,
 Cho bhreugach 's gun mhol e fear Chraoich.

Nis a Rob Ghré, ma phòs thu,
 'S e Iain t' aon òglach 's an àm ;
 'S e 's urrainn thoirt meas air do bheusan,
 Le 'mhiodal, le 'théis, is le 'rann ;
 Ni e Sagart do dhuine gun chràbhadh,
 'S ni e deadh chlàrc do fhear meallt',
 Ni e stiùbhard do theaghlach gun iochd,
 Is fear-foghlum do 'n t-sliochd nach bi ann.

Shaoil leam gun chrunaich mi tric dhuit,
 Bhi glacadh nan sgriobtuir ad dhòrn
 Ach 's ann a tha 'n t-amadan dàna,
 Sior bhriseadh 'n treas àithne d' a dheòin ;
 Mar sin 's ann is soilleire chithear,
 Gur sailche a chridhe na thòn,
 'S gur h-ann a tha 'fhoghlum 'n a theangaidh,
 'N dearbh alt am bheil bruidhean aig eòin.

Ged a leig sinn ar pearsanna taitneach,
 Ann an pòsadh gu liobasda leibh,
 Na saoilibh 'n uair thoilleas sibh masladh,
 Gu 'n coisinn sud maiteachas duibh ;
 Is ni e tha cinnt mu ar càirdean,
 Ged a rinn iad ar fàgail a thaoibh,

Nach tig iad a chaidh fo ar cliù-sa,
 'S nach mò ni iad sibhse ni 's naoimh'.

Rinn sinn do sgiùrsadh mur throsg,
 Mach thar a' *Chrasg* leis a' ghaoith;
 Ach stiùireadh le d' mhaighstir féin thu,
 Gu àit anns an séideadh tu 'n daoì;
 Cha 'n fhaighear fear fileanta focail
 An Cata, an Ros, no 'n dùthaich 'C-Aoidh;
 Ach Iain, gu moladh Rhob Grè,
 'S ann 's còir dha do ghleidheadh a chaidh.

Cha 'n fhaighear do leithid do shiomlaich,
 Ged a dh' amhaircteadh timchioll a' *ghlob*;
 Ma leanas tu 'n còmhnuidh ri t' eucoir,
 Masgul is breugan nach ob,—
 An uair a théid t' anam gun reuson,
 Mach a dh' aon leum air do ghob,
 Bidh tus anns a' chuideachd an còir dhuit,
 An Donas, is Ròghard, is Rob.

WILLIAM BAIN'S SON.

SINIDH mì gu faoilteach, ait,
 Ce saoithreach e, ri chur an dàn ;
 'S innsidh mì gach strì ri *maitse*,
 Thachair aig mac Uilleim Bhàin.
 Sud e 'n a ruith o thigh gu tigh,
 Sud e 'n a ruith, 's e a tha ;
 Sud e 'n a ruith o thigh gu tigh,
 Sud e 'n a ruith, 's e a tha.

Dh' innseadh gu 'n robh 'aodann duineil,
 Shìn e gu h-urramach, àrd,
 Tairgse thoirt do nighean a' Mhorair',
 Chuid, 's a chomunn, 's a ghràdh.
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Bhan-Mhorair a b' fheàrr do 'm b' aithne,
 A h-argumaid a chur an gnath,
 Dh' fheadraich co as a bha 'n ceigein,
 Nach robh ni b' fhaide o 'n làr.
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

" 'S suarach mì mu t' fhuaim 's an ridhil,
 'S ceàrr thu air fidhioll 's air dàn ;
 'S coltach am post ris an duine,
 Nach ruigeadh thurad no stàn."
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Chaidh e 'n sin a suas do Mhusal,
 A shealltuinn air cupull an àidh,
 A dh' iarraidh Màiri no Is'bail,¹
 No tè de 'n mhiotailt a b' fheàrr.
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Thuirt bean an tighe 's i fanoid,
 "Faighnich dheth am bheil e fuar;
 Faighnich dheth 'n do ghabh e 'n galar,
 Ris an can iad tinneas-fuail."
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Chaidh e sin do dh' *Acha-gharbhsaid*,
 Gu leannan a' fhaotainn dha
 'S feargach ghabh aig Barbra Abrach,
 Prabnach thighinn 'n a dàil,
 "Bheadagain duibh, prab-shùil air chrith,
 Mach as mo thigh, trà, trà!
 Bheadagain duibh, prab-shùil air chrith,
 Mach as mo thigh, trà, trà!"

"Mhaoiseanaich dhuibh, mhaoil na brathainn,
 'S dao-chail leam na tha thu 'g ràdh,
 'S ioghnadh leam do strì ri mnathan,
 'S fheabhas 's a bhleitheas tu bràth."
 Bheadagain duibh, &c.

"Fhir a dh' fhuineadh 'm bonnach leathan,
 'S fhir a bhleithheadh air a' bhràth;

¹ Daughters of John Mackay, tacksman of Mussal.

“ Fear a bhleoghnadh caoir’ is gobhar,
 Ciod am feum th’ air cobhair da.”
 Bheadagain duibh, &c.

“ ’S feargach leis a’ bhalgan phocach,
 Bargan socrach mar fhuair càch ;
 Bean a thoirt air làimh leis dachaidh,
 ’S bhi fàgail an tochraidh air dàil.”
 Sud e ’n a ruith, &c.

Thunga thug e ’n urchair sgiobalt,
 Shealltuinn air *Biogas* gun dàil,
 Leught’ ’n a aodann e bhi abuich,
 Leis an fhreagairt thug e dha.
 Sud e ’n a ruith, &c.

Dh’ fhaighnich e ’m faigheadh e caileag,
 ’M faigheadh e roghann á dhà ;
 “ ’S coma leam tana, no tiugh i,
 ’S coma leam dubh i, no bàn.”
 Sud e ’n a ruith, &c.

“ Feumaidh tu fearann gu aran,
 Feumaidh tu baile no dhà ;
 Airgiod bhi le toirm ’n ad sporan,
 Feitheamh ri ceannachd o chàch.
 Feumaidh tu tigh, feumaidh tu daimh,
 Feumaidh tu crodh théid a dhàir ;
 Feumaidh tu tigh, feumaidh tu daimh,
 Feumaidh tu crodh théid a dhàir.”

'N uair dh'ionnsuich e nach ceannsaicht' *Biogas*,¹

Leis na bh' aige-se air blàr ;

Chaidh e 'n sin a sìos gun athadh,

Shealltuinn air *Strathaidh* gun dàil.

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

'N uair chunnaic *Strathaidh* a dhronnag,

'S nach robh a thomult ni b' fheàrr,

'N aodann chuireadh faoilt 's na ballaibh,

B' éigin a cromadh gu làr.

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Ràinig e 'n sin Maighstir Rothach,²

Caraid is comh-dhalt is dàimh ;

Cha 'n fhaigheadh esan uaith a nighean,

Cùmhnanta, cridhe, no làimh.

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

" 'S duilich leam bhì cur ri fath-chainnt,

'S nach dean mi leasachadh 's feàrr ;

'N saoil thu 'n ann le nighean Parsoin,

'S docha peasan na le càch ? "

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Ràinig e 'n sin Seumus *Sgeireidh*,

Gu dearbh cha do cheil mar bha ;

Labhair e gu magail, sgeigeil,

Ged nach robh aige ni b' fheàrr.

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

¹ Mackay of Bighouse was then residing at Tongue. He was factor for Lord Reay.

² Rev. George Munro, Farr, 1754-1779.

“Tha mo nighean gu stumpach, leathan,
 'S cha 'n 'eil a h-athair ach geàrr;
 'S ma 's cliamhuinn domh an spiocair odhar,
 Cha 'n fhaicear m' ogha 's an fheur.”
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Thug e suas air thar a' bhealaich,
 Do nach d' fhuair e leannan 's an àit,
 Shaoil leis gur h-e Taoitear *Far*,
 Bu shaoire mu 'chaileig na càch.
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

TO ISABEL,

who, on two occasions, had been induced by Robert Buie, alias "Rob Tiugh," to forsake John Mackenzie, to whom she was engaged to be married. On the second occasion Isabel ran off unknown to her father. For a version of this song in the Reay Country dialect, see the Memoir prefixed to this edition.

'N UAIR chruinnich iad, gu 'n d' imich iad,
 Gu ministear na sgìreachd,
 Mhuinntir dhiubh bha 'm *Port-a-chamuill*,
 Bha iad tamul faoilteach,
 Gur h-iongantach an iomairt,
 Bha air gillean is air daoine ann.
 'S a' mhuinntir thàinig thar an loch,
 Le biadh, is deoch, is piobair.
 Fhuair sinn naidheachd mar bha roimhe,
 Gun robh Iain saor d' i,
 'S gun d' rinn i barrant do 'n fhear bharr-Thionn,
 Bh' air taobh eile a chaolais;
 Bhreab a h-athair aig an eathar,
 'S cha robh athadh sìneadh,
 Le gad no bat, do bhean no mhac,
 Do dh' each, no mhart, no chaora.

Nach fulangach an duine sin,
 'N uair mhionnaich e 'n an aodann
 Na h-uile fear bha toirt misneach,
 Gus a bhriseadh thiomail;

'S nach d' fhuair e ni cho taitneach,
 Ris an fhleasgach so chaidh dhìth air,
 Gu riarachadh thoirt d' a bhlas,
 O 'n chaidh e as an *Fhaoilinn*.
 Ge b' fheithealach air eathar e,
 'N uair chaidh an naidheachd sgaoilte,
 Chaochail dhreach mar gu 'n creacht' e,
 Is leag e as a' bhirlinn.
 Cha robh cragan mu na chladach,
 Nach robh freagairt glaoidh dha,
 'S e tàirsinn as, le spionnadh chas,
 A' pronnadh chlach is fhaochag.

Na 'n cluinneadh sibh mar theireadh
 Iain Mac-Coinnich, 'n uair a sgaoil iad,
 'N uair chunnaic e gu 'n chaill e 'phost,
 An deigh a chost 's a shaothar.¹
 Dh' aithris e na bhailich e,
 Do dh' anart, is do dh' aodach,
 'S a liuthad turus thug e mach,
 Air is, 's air ais, an caolas.
 Thubhairt Iseabail, 's i clisgeadh,
 "Ciod a' nis a ni mi,
 Gun toir e m' alladh sìos do Ghalladh,
 'N déigh mo gheallaidh fhaotainn."
 Thuirt Rob Buidhe 'n sin, 's e tighinn,
 "Ghaoil mo chridhe, caochail,
 Is greas do chas, gu tàirsinn as,
 Air t' ais o 'n fhear nach caomh leat."

¹ This line has been unaccountably omitted in former editions.

TO THE SAME.

THA agam sgeula r' a aithris,
 Mu leannan ùr Iain 'Ic Coinnich,
 Gun d' rinn i taobh ri fear eile,
 Eadar a cùmhnant 's a banais,
 Nach comharra cinnteach,
 An gaol a bhi gann,
 'N uair thogair i 'shaoradh,
 'S a shìod air a ceann.

Thuir am fleasgach gu feargach,
 Tha mi dh' easbhuidh na dh' earb mi,
 'N dèigh mo chosd is mo shaothrach,
 C' àit bheil ceartas an t-saoghail?
 Thoir dhomhsa do reuson,
 Gu tréigeadh do ghaoil,
 Pàigh dhomh na fèich sin,
 'S an sin bidh sinn saor.

Thuir an ceannaich gu nàimhdeil,
 Cha 'n fhaigh i ceannas, no càirdeas.
 'N uair rinn i 'n leannan ud àicheadh,
 'S an deise ceannaichte, is pàighte;
 Le 'chladheamh, 's le 'thargaid,
 'S le deagh eannchuinn 'n an cois,
 Cha tugadh te dàoch
 Air son gaoil da, ach dois.

Chaidh fios 's an uair sin gu tairis,
 Thun 'n fhir ruaidh bh' air a' bhanais,¹
 Rinn an gnìomh suarach ri aithris,
 Shuidh le gruagach 's an rainich.
 Cur maill' air a' cheud fhear,
 Bha 'n a déigh 's air a tì,
 'S gun fhios aig gur éis
 Bha gu feum dheanamh dh' i.

Ged bha cheud fhear 'n a shaighdeir,
 B' ait an sgeul mar a chaill e,
 Cha robh do dh' fhoghlum 's a' mhaighdean,
 Mur tugadh i féin o 'n bhroinn e,
 Carachadh 's a tionndadh le h-uinnleagan bras,
 'S e seachnadh an ruim
 Far an d' inntrig an cleas.

Bha sinn air banais bha dùmhail,
 'S bha sluagh gun ghainn' air gach taobh dhinn,
 Ged bha mi mar-riut an cùmhnant,
 Ghabh mi droch aithn' air do shùgradh,
 Ged fhaisgeadh mo chàirdean
 Mi, san àth am biodh bùrn ;²
 B' fheàrr tilleadh na bàthadh,
 Mus rigeadh e 'n glùn.

Rinn iad an uair sin a chumail.
 Cheud là b' uaisle do 'n nollaig,

¹ Rob Buie mentioned in the previous song.

² Water.

Shuas aig na torranaibh fionnach,
 Na bh' ann do dh' uaislean, 's do chumant,
 Bha airm agus faobhair,
 Air sìneadh gu trom ;
 'S a' cheud thear a bhuailleadh,
 'S e bhuannaicheadh 'n geall.

'N uair dh' imich sinn gu ràiteach,
 Chaidh fear no dithis diubh 'n ràthan,
 B' fheudar dh' i suidhe mar bha i,
 Ged bha a cridhe dheth cràiteach ;
 B' i mo bharail-s' 's an uair sin,
 Le a stuamachd 's a màim,
 'N uair chitheadh 'm fear ruadh i,
 Gu 'm fuasgladh e 'n t-snaidhm.

'N uair chaidh gach broman a chunntadh,
 Dh' fhàs Iain Mac Coinnich ro dhiombach,
 Thuirt an inighean neo-shunndach,
 "Siubhlaibh 'n ur dithis a chombait ;
 Cho maith 's a tha a làmhan,
 Ma dh' fhàiligeas mis',
 Cha 'n urradh mi ràdh,
 Gun ràitich mi ris."

THE MAID OF OLD SHORE.¹

THUGAIBH an t-soraidhs gu h-iomlan
 Gus an inghinn tha 'n Aisir,
 Agus cronachadh iomchuidh
 Thaobh an iomrall a d' fhas innt'.
 Suil ghabhair na h-aghaidh,
 Dhol a thaghadh na pairtibh
 Chuir n's mo do dhragh oirr,
 'S na 's lugha do chairdean.

Sann tha 'n t-suil tha 'na t-eudann
 Mar an creutoir is taire,
 'S tha n's mo do na ghobhair
 Ann do bhodhaig a 's staine.
 Rinn thu *turn* anns an am so
 Chuireas artlachd gu brath ort,
 Le do raisein a chocadh
 Ris a bhoc a bheir laraich.

'S e mo bharail nach b' fhiach thu
 Dhol gu t-iarruidh thar sgire,
 Oir tha t-aighe 's do mheanmna
 Mar tha aimsir na faoilleachd;
 Chuir thu craicionn do thiompain
 Mar mhaig diultaidh air t-aodain

¹ This song was not included in previous editions.

Rinn thu striopach do d' ghealladh
'S soillear t-alta no t-aogais.

'Nuair a chi thu do bhroman,
Cha neil thu 'n comain do chairdean
Thug a chomhairl ort iomlaid
Cleas na siomlaiche baoth,
Thig do 'n bhuailidh gu siobhailt,
'N deigh an laoigh a chuir bàs oirr,
Bheir am boinne gu sanntach
Gun chrann-laogh cuim fhearna.

Ma se comhairl do chairdean
Thug ort Seumas a threigeadh,
'S e do chluth-sa tha fulang,
'S e do bhuinig nach d' rinn iad.
Am mac a rugadh gu bochdais
Cha ghlac e stoc ach air eigin ;
'S air luthaid airgid na phocan
Buaileadh e an copair ri cheile.

Na bu mhise 'n duine òg
Bhiodh dol a phosadh na h-inghinn,
Agus fir a bhith lamh ri
Do 'm bu ghnath a bhi'g iorghaill,
Cha bhithinn mionad ro chinnteach,
G'an a h-intinn a dh-iomlaid,
Mar biodh glas agus iuchair
An crochadh fo h-iomlaig.

DAVIE'S TRIP TO ORKNEY.

Davie, who was in anything but good repute with his neighbours, was on his way to his master's with the butter and cheese, which as herd or bo-man he had made during the season. He joined a small vessel which was to call near his master's house. A sudden storm sprung up and drove the vessel to the Orkneys. It was reported that Davie was drowned, but to the disappointment of all he turned up again.

Air fonn :—" Ian Macailein."

NACH cruaidh, cràiteach, an t-aiseag,
A fhuair Daibhidh do dh' *Arcadh*,
Dh' fhalbh an càise, 's a' cheilp, is e féin.
Nach cruaidh, cràiteach, &c.

O 'n chaidh a bhàs dheanamh cinnteach,
Shuas mu bhràighe *Loch Uinnseard*,
Gu 'm bu ghàireach guth minn as a dhéigh.
O 'n chaidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'uill 'Ic Fhiunnlaidh,
Ris an t-Siorraimh neo-shunndach,
Dearbh cha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n éis.
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear impidh,
Chaill mise m' fhear aoin-tigh ;
Co nis is fear-punndaidh do 'n spréidh ?
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nàbaidhean toigheach,
 Anns gach bàgh 'g iarraidh naidheachd,
 'S leis a' chràdh bh' orr', cha 'n fhaigheadh
 iad deur.

Bha do nàbaidhean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu thilleadh,
 O na cuantaibh, gun mhilleadh,
 Shìn an sluagh ud air sìleadh gu léir.

Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acaraidh thràilleil,
 Bhios a' streup mu do cheàirde,
 Cha bhi creutair gun chràdh as do dhéigh.

Mach o acaraidh, &c.

Ach ma 's bàs duit an *Kirkwall*,
 'S ann bhios deuchainn a ghliocais,
 Aig a' *chlàrc* bhios cur leac ort le speis.

Ach ma 's bàs, &c.

Sgrìobhar sìos air a braighe,
 "So an ball am bheil Daibhidh,
 A luchd na h-eucoir, thig bàs oirbh gu léir."

Sgrìobhar sìos, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dhaibhidh,
 "Ceann gaibhre, is càbag,
 Rotach gleadhrach, is fàladair geur."

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

“ Ceann griomach a bhagair,
 Sùil mhìogach nam praban,
 Beul blogach nan cagar 's nam breug.”
 Ceann griomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdaireachd ghàbhuidh,
 Nis mu ais-eiridh Dhabhaidh,
 'S e tighinn dachaidh 'n a stàirneanach treun.
 'S ann tha 'n eachdaireachd, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,
 Is iomadh biadh nach do chleachd e,
 'S ann is fearr e 'n a phearsa mar cheud.
 Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh' fhàs e stailceineach, puinnseach,
 'S ann is treis' air gach puinc e,
 Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mhnaoi aige féin.
 Dh' fhàs e, &c.

Tha mnathan uaisl' 's a mhachair,
 O na chual iad mar thachair,
 Chuid bu stuama an cleachdaibh 's am beus,
 Tha mnathan uaisl', &c.

A bhiodh deònach gu 'n tachradh,
 Gnothuch còir anns na cairtean,
 Bheireadh oirnn' dol a dh' *Arcadh* gu léir.
 A bhiodh deònach, &c.

Gu bheil stròic air bean *Bhoralaidh*,
 'S air bean chòir Shanndai' Chormaig,
 'S cha 'n 'eil Seumas is Margaid cho réidh.
 Gu bheil stròic, &c.

Ged tha Màiri gle bhanail,
 Tha i 'g ràdh ris na fearaibh,
 Gu mòr a b' fheàird iad an anail gu léir.
 Ged tha Mairi, &c.

Tha bean òg aig a' mhinisteir,¹
 'S na 'm biodh *vote* aic' 's an t-*Sinoid*,
 'S ann an *Arcadh* a chruinnicheadh 'Chléir.
 Tha bean òg, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam idir,
 Ged nach cuala sinn diog dheth,
 Nach 'eil fearg air bean *Rhibigill* féin.
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios, &c.

¹ This was the Rev. John Thomson, who was ordained at Tongue, 31st October 1764.

THE LASS WITH THE YELLOW PETTICOAT.¹

Luinneag.—A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe,
 Chòta bhuidhe, chòta bhuidhe,
 A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe,
 Dean do shuidhe cuide rium.

CHI mi thall ud 'n a suidhe,
 A' chailin leis a' chòta bhuidhe;
 'S ged bhiodh an amhuinn fo lighe,
 'S ann mar rithe bhithinn thall.
 A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Ged a bhithinn 'n am sgiobair luinge,
 Cha 'n iarruinn gu àilghios mo chridhe,
 Ach cùl do chinn air bac mo ridhe,
 'S do chòta buidhe bhi fo m' cheann.
 A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Na 'm faighinn òrdugh na cléire,
 'N déigh cur dhiot do chòta féille,
 'S dileas luidhinn leat 'n ad léine,
 'S gu dearbh cha 'n éireamaid ach mall.
 A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

¹ A very inferior version of this song was published in Marion Cameron's Collection in 1805. Rob Donn was probably acquainted with that version, and improved it as we have it here.

Nam bithinnse dol, 's a' tighinn,
 'S a' faicinn seallaidh do 'n nighean,
 'S e bu shùgradh do m' chridhe,
 'N còta buidhe bhi dhomh teann,
 A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Trian do m' chodal, 's da thrìan bidhe,
 'S e bhi mànnan riut, 's a' bruidhean,
 'S ann ort féin 's do chòta buidhe,
 Tha cion mo chridhe air faighinn rum.
 A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Mur b' e dhomhsa eagal t' athar,
 Is do mhàthair bhi 'g ad ghleidheadh,
 'N déigh cuir dhiot do chòta daithte,
 'S ann leam a b' ait thu luidhe leam.
 A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Ged bu leam Leòghais agus Uithist,
 Bheirinn fein iad seachad rithist,
 Do chionn tè a' chòta bhuidhe,
 Bhi 'n a suidhe an taice rium.
 A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Nighean donn a' chòta bhuidhe,
 Da 'n tug mi trom ghràdh mo chridhe,
 B' e mo thaitneas an nighean
 A bhi tric a' bruidhean rium.
 A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Ged bhithinn air bòrd 'n am shuidhe,
Far am biodh ceòl 's bruidhean,
B' annsa no clàrsach agus fiodhull,
'N còta buidhe maille rium.

A nigh'neig a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

TO WINTER.

Air fonn :—"Through the Wood, Laddie."

MOCH 's mi 'g éiridh 's a' mhaduinn,
 'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,
 Ann an lagan beag monaidh,
 Ri maduinn ro dhoinid,
 'S ann a chuala mi 'n lonan,
 Chuir an loinid o sheinn,
 Is am pigidh ag éigheach
 Ris na speuraibh, 's cha bhinn.

Bidh gach doire dubh uaigneach,
 'N dùil fuasgladh o bhlàth;
 Bithidh an snodhachd a' traoghadh,
 Gus an fhreumh as na shìl e,
 Crupaidh chairt ris gu dlónach,
 Gus an crìon i gu làr;
 'N lon-dubh anns a' mhaduinn,
 Sìor sgreadail chion blàiths.

Bithidh am beithe crìon, crotach,
 Sìor stopadh o 'fhàs;
 Mar-ri gaoth gharbh shéididh,
 Agus ioma-chathadh 'g éiridh,
 Cròchdan barruich ag géilleadh,
 Mìos éigheach an àil:
 A' mhìos chneatanach, fhuachdaidh,
 Choimheach, ghruamach, gun tlàths'.

Mhlos chaiseaneach, ghreannach,
 Chianail, chainneanach, gheàrrt',
 'S i gu clachanach, ciurrach,
 Cruaidhteach, sgealpanach, puinneach,
 Sneachdach, caochlaideach, frasach,
 Reòtach, reasgach, gu sàr ;
 'S i na caoirneinean craidhneach,
 Fad na h-oidhche air làr.

Mhlos dheitheasach, chaoile,
 Choimheach, ghaothach, gun bhlàths',
 Chuireadh feadail na fuarachd,
 Anns gach badan bu dualaich',
 Dhòirteadh sneachda 'n a ruathar,
 Air gach bruach nam beann àrd',
 'S an àm teichidh na gréine,
 Caillidh *Phæbus* a bhlàths'.

'S ann bhios *Phæbus* 'n a reòtachd,
 An ceap nam mòr chnoc 's nan gleann ;
 Bitheadh 's an uair sin mar 's neònach,
 Gach eun gearra-ghobach gòineach,
 Spioladh iomall an otaich,
 Cur a shròn anns an dàim ;—
 Còmhraidh ciùrrta gun bheadradh,—
 Le bròn is sgreadal 'n an ceann.

'S an àm tighinn an fheasgair,
 Cha bhi an acaras gann ;
 Nì iad còmhnuidh 's gach callaid,
 Buileach anmhunn is callaidh

Sgrìobadh ùir as na ballaibh ;
 Mios chur doinionn nan gleann,
 'S iad a' beucail gu toirmneach,
 'S cha bhi 'n eirbheirt ach mall.

Am bradan caol bharr an fhlor uisg',
 Fliuch, slaod earballach, fuar,
 'S e gu tàrr-ghlogach, ronnach,
 Clamhach, ghearr-bhallach, lannach,
 Soills na meirg' air 'n a earradh,
 Fiamh na gainn' air 's gach tuar,
 'S e gu crom-cheannach, burrach,
 Dol le puinne 'n a chuaich.

Ach nach daoachail 's a' gheamhradh,
 Fann ghéim gamhna chion fèidh,
 Gnùgach, caol-dhromach, feursnach,
 Tioram, tarra-ghreannach, àsruidh,
 Biorach, sgreamhanach, fuachdaidh,
 Siltean fuaraidh r' a sròn,
 'S i gu sgrog-laghrach gàgach,
 Fulang sàrach' an rèòt.

An t-samhuin bhagarach, fhiadhaich,
 Dhubharach, chiar-dhubh, gun bhlàths,
 Ghuineach, ana-bhliochdach, fhuachdaidh,
 Shruthach, steallanach, fhuaimneach,
 Thuilteach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,
 Gun dad measaich ach càl,
 Bithidh gach deat, is gach miseach,
 Glacadh aogais a' bhàis.

Bitheadh gach creutair d' a threisead,
 'G iarraidh fasgaidh 's a' choill,
 Bitheadh na h-ùrlaichean cabrach,
 Gnùsdach, airtnealach, laga,
 Gabhail geilt do na mhaduinn,
 Le guth a' chneatain 'n an ceann,
 Is na h-aighean fo euslaimh,
 Air son gun thréig iad a' bheinn.

Sud na puirt bu ghoirt gearradh,
 Is bu shalaiche seinn ;
 Ghabhadh m' inntinn riamh eagal,
 Roimh bhur sgreadail 's a' mhaduinn,
 'N àm a' chruidh bhi air ghadaibh,
 'S an cuid fodar 'g a roinn,
 'S iad 'n am baideinibh binniceach,
 Gu h-àsruidh, tioma-chasach, tinn.

THE OLD MAID TO HER LOVERS.

Air fonn :—" Oh, as I was Kist Vestreen."

BHA mi uair 's cha chuirinn spéis,
 Ann am fear gun leabhar 'n a dhòrn ;
 B' fhearr an diugh na 'm fear a 's foghlumt',
 Fear idir céillidh thigh'nn 'n am chòir
 So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi faoilt
 is aighear,
 'N uair gheibheadh, cha ghabhadh, tha
 mi fo bhròn,
 So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi faoilt
 is aighear,
 'N uair gheibheadh, cha ghabhadh, tha
 mi fo bhròn.

Cha bu luach leam e mar chéile,
 Fear gun leughadh thoirt domh pòig ;
 Ach a nis 's ann orm a thàinig
 Claoidheadh nàduir ann am fheòil.
 So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.

Am fear bu tàire bha do naoinear,
 Bha 'g an liobhan fa mo chòir,
 Chionn gu 'n tigeadh e 'n diugh am thairgse,
 Bheirinn tùs mo mhairbheist da.
 So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.

Chaill mi trian nan uile bhuadhan,
 Leis am buannaichinn duin' òg;
 Trian do m' aimsir, 's trian do m' àillteachd,
 Dà thrian m' àrdain agus còrr.
 So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.

Chaill mi tùs de 'n h-uile mairbheist,
 Dhiùlt mi tairgsean nu bu leòir;
 Chaill mi chuid a b' fheàrr do m' airgiod;
 A' cumhadh mar rinn, chaill mi deòir,
 So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.

Mo cho-mhaighdeanean air crìonadh,
 Chaill iad trian do bhlàth na h-òig:
 Tha iad nis air dol ni 's saoire,
 'S geàrr an tiom nach fhiach iad gròt.
 So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.

TO A COUPLE ABOUT TO MARRY.

Luinneag.—Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan,
 Bidh sud aic' a dheòin, no dh' aindeoin,
 Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan,
 Bidh sud aic a dheòin, no dh' aindeoin.

'N CUPALL ud tha dol a shìneadh,
 Ma bhios mac an ceann na tiom' ac',
 Bheir e o 'athair a bhi liobach,
 'S bheir e mhaoile mach o 'sheanair.
 Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan, &c.

Againn bhios a' chuideachd fhaoilteach,
 Tighinn a nuas air *Fèithe-chaorainn*,
 Stiùbhard, is còcair, is piobair,
 Nighean Mhaoilein' is Beul-canain.¹
 Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan, &c.

Cuiridh Biogas thun na bainnse,
 Air eagal 's gu 'n tig iomadh strainnseir,
 Mustard, is peabar, is deinnseir.
 Ceathramh minn, is cupall choinein,
 Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan, &c.

¹ The bridegroom who was so nicknamed because of his wide mouth and thick lips.

Cuiridh bhana-Mhorair thugad iomchar'g,
 D' eagal 's gun tigeadh orts' iomrall ;
 Cuiridh si Coinneach d' a iomchuinn,
 Ribe 's iolaman aig' air galan.

Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan, &c.

Theid am Morair 's-an t-each blàr ann,
 Timchioll *Fara-mheall* do dh' *Aisir*,
 Thig *Sinéibhir* á *Ceann-tàile*,
 'S òlar càrt air slàinte Chailein.¹

Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan, &c.

Eadar a h-athair 's an suiridheach,
 Dhiùlt iad a' bhanaid bhi fuirmeil ;
 Cha b' ioghnadh leamsa iad a dhol iomrall,
 Cùl ri cuirm, is gad air sporan.

Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan, &c.

Iain Mac Dhòmhull, oir 's e 's àirde,
 Feumaidh es' a dhol do dh' *Aisir*,
 Dh' iomchuinn srathair agus plàtan,
 'S a thoirt Bàbaidh leis air gearran.

Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan, &c.

'N uair chunna' mi daoine *Os-mhòine*,
 Dh' fhaoiltich mi ri Iain Mac Dhòmhull,
 Bha e cheart cho maith an còmhdach,
 'S 'n uair bha 'n t-òr aig anns a' cheannan.²

Hugo 's i nighean Rob do leannan, &c.

¹ Colin, son of Mackay of Bighouse, who was a few weeks old at this time.

² The gold here referred to was that thrown away at Loch Hacon, near Kirkiboll, by the Frenchmen who landed from the sloop *Hazard* in 1745 on their way to join Prince Charlie.

JAMES MACULLOCH.

James was a weaver, and resided at Ceannabin. He had a son Donald, baptized 30th January 1766, and a daughter Christian, 16th November 1768.

Lady Reay was extremely anxious that James should marry one of her maids, in order to save the character of one or other of her friends, but the minister, the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, declined to perform the marriage ceremony until the woman satisfied the session as to her condition at the time. Lady Reay sent for Mr Forbes, then Sheriff-substitute, but his threats had no weight with Mr Murdoch, who compelled the woman to appear in church, where he solemnly rebuked her, as well as those who had endeavoured to shield her misdeeds. On the occasion of the wedding of John Oag's son, she made a disturbance, of which the bard sings in another song. The song following this deals freely and sharply with the leaders of society in the country at the time.

Air fonn :—"Mrs Macleod of Raasay."

FAILTE dhuit a Sheumais,

'N déigh cur nan snaidhmean trom',

O 'n 's leat do bhean, 's do mhàthair,

Cum an raidheal air a bonn.

'N déigh gach comhairl' stopaidh,

Bha t' aghaidh bhos is thall,

Gur a tapaidh fhuaradh tu,

'N uair bhuannaich thu do chall.

Tha mis a nis 'g ad mholadh,

Le dànaibh milis, ciùin,

'S thusa 'g a mo dhi-moladh-s',

Do dh' iomadh, air mo chùl.

'S e their gach breithe' 's àirde ruinn,
 Da 'm b' eòl ar ceàird 's a' chùis,
 Gum bheil sinn anns an àite so,
 Cho breugach air gach thaobh.

Thàinig mise mar aon ghnothuch,
 Thabhairt comhairl' ort o 'n t-Srath;¹
 Tha cuid, o 'n rinn thu 'n ceangal-s',
 Cur an amharus do rath;
 Cuir do stoc fo thaoitearachd,
 'S tu 'g inntreachduinn 's a' chath,
 'S leat gach ni a dh' fhàsas ort,
 Ma tharlas duit gu maith.

Bheir mi fathast seòladh dhuit,
 A 's neònaich' leat gu léir,
 'S a 's durra dhuit a mhothachadh,
 'S a 's modha tha thu 'm feum.
 Feuch an toir thu chreidsinn
 Air do nàdur laigseach féin,
 Nach 'eil t' aobhar eudaich-s',
 Ri créutair tha fo 'n ghréin.

'N uair a shìneas mulad ort,
 'S nach urrainn thu do dhìon,
 'S ged robh thu sìleadh tuirseach,
 Gus am fàs do shùilean blon,
 Thoir t' aghaidh 'n àird ri flaitheanas,
 Iarr maitheanas gu dian,

¹Strathmore, where Rob Donn was born, and where he resided at this time.

Do gach neach riamh bu choireach
Ri do tharruing anns an llon.

Ged nach urrainn t' innleachd
A toirt a dh' aon leum gus a' chòir,
Faiceam-sa gu 'n glac thu i,
'N a tarsantas cho mòr;
Ged dhean i a ceann a chrathadh riut
Le spreaghadh, mar ni bò,
Na fuiling breug no eitheich dhi,
'S an latha, mach o chùig.

Nach fhaic thu fear *Port-chamuill*,
'G a do chronachadh o leisg,
Uaislean a' toirt misnich duit,
Ged nach téid mise ni 's faisg.
Ged robh na ceudan turraban,
Ad chulaidh 's i air faist,
'S ann ortsa thig na pàisteachain,
Gu pàigheadh 'n airgid-bhaist.

'S ann diubhsan tha am Foirbeiseach,¹
Thug tairgse gu do leòn,
'N uair fhuair thu rian air cìoslachadh,
Gach miann a bh' ann gun chòir,
'N uair dheanadh e *protestigeadh*,
Gu t' fhaicinn-sa bhi pòsd',
Air chor 's gu 'm biodh tu t' aparán
Aig peacaich an Tigh-mhòir.

¹ Mr Forbes, Sheriff-substitute.

'S h-aon eile dhiubh a' bhana-Mhorair,
 'S e dearbhta gur h-i rinn,
 'S a' chuideachd gu do ghlacadh,
 Ann ad lapachas le foill ;
 Bean thoimhseil, thapaidh, thàbhachdail,
 Rug, 's a dh' àraich clann,
 Gu 'm b' fheumail dha do chéile-s' i,
 Gu bréid chur air a ceann.

Nach fhaic thu 'm baiteal Tòmasach,
 Air fòghnadh thoirt do chus,
 Cha 'n fheàrr am baiteal Tormaideach,¹
 Gu bristeadh arm' is lus ;
 Feuch gu 'n cleachd thu argumaid,
 A dhearbhas air a bus,
 Nach robh i riamh an comunn,
 Ris ni 's comasaich' na thus.

Chaile chrosta, ghròcach, chraosach,
 Ann an trod 's an gaortachd beoil,
 Breugach, briste, gearrasanta,
 Do gach neach a dh' fhalbhas fòd.
 'S tu 'n urra choimheach, mhi-rùnach,
 Thug dùlan grid gach seòrs,
 'N uair mhùch thu 'n t-at le glùineagan.
 Air aisinn brù Nic-Leoid.

¹ Thomas and Norman were young men who were at one time admirers of the woman whom James married.

JAMES MACULLOCH'S WIFE.

Gu' m bheil mulad air m' inntinn,
 Ged nach urrainn mi 'innseadh,
 Mu an naidheachd so chluinntear di-dòmhnaich.
 Gu 'm bheil mulad, &c.

'S olc leam propachan dùthcha
 Bhi 'n am proctairean ùra,
 Cumail stoc tha do-lùbaidh o stòladh.
 'S olc leam propachan, &c.

Feumaidh 'm *Parson* bhi dlùthadh,
 Ris gach freasdal a 's ùire,
 Ni 's lugh na stopas an fhiùchd-s'¹ air an t-eòlas.
 Feumaidh 'm *Parson*, &c.

Ach ma stopas an fhiùchd sin,
 Air gach freasdal a 's ùire,
 Canaidh 'n reachd-fhear nach fiù e a chòta.
 Ach ma stopas, &c.

'N uair bhios focalan cùbaidh,
 Trom air lochdan na cùirte,
 'M fear nach rachadh g' a ùrnuigh, bhiodh
 nòt aig'.

'N uair bhios focalan, &c.

¹ A conspiracy.

'N uair ni buachaillean sabaid,
 Bidh deadh uair aig a' mhadadh,
 Gus na h-uain a chur fada o 'n cròitibh.
 'N uair ni buachaillean, &c.

'N uair bhios an lagh is an riaghladh,
 Leum an aghaidh na cleura,
 'S e sin roghainn luchd-fiaraidh na còrach.
 'N uair bhios an lagh, &c.

'N uair bhios neart na lagh' shìobhailt,
 Cumail sheiseanan dlomhain,
 Bidh gach dara neach diolain 's bhios pòsd' ann.
 'N uair bhios neart, &c.

'N uair bhios goibhlean na teaghlaich,
 Gun an cinn bhi r' a chéile,
 Tuitidh mill orra féin a ni breòit iad.
 'N uair bhios goibhlean, &c.

'S e na rifidean fuasgailt',
 Is na dosachan buarant',
 Ni 'n guth critheanach, fuaimneach, neo-
 cheòlmhor.
 'S e na rifidean, &c.

Mar is faide 'g an sgaoil sibh,
 Le bhur n-aignidh neo-aontail,
 Ni sibh aideachadh dìleas de 'n neo-ghloin'.
 Mar is faide, &c.

Chuid a 's glaine do 'n fhaobhar,
 Gheur, chanalach, chaoineach,
 B' olc an airidh am maoladh 's an òtrach.
 Chuid a 's glaine, &c.

'N uair bhios an amhuinn a' fàs ruinn,
 An sruth ag àt anns na h-àthan,
 Théid an trostanach làidir i 'n ònar.
 'N uair bhios an amhuinn, &c.

A luchd ar teagaisg 's ar riaghlaidh,
 Fanaibh ceart ann bhur ciallaibh,
 'S nach 'eil neach ann fuidh Dhia gu bhur
 seòladh.
 A luchd ar teagaisg, &c.

THE WIDOWER AND THE OLD MAID.

Elspet, the maid referred to, was for many years dairymaid in the family of Lord Reay.

Air fonn :—"Faillirinn, illirinn, illirinn O."

'S ANN mu Eilispi dhealbhach,
 Fhuair mi seanachas an dé,
 Gu 'n robh mac Hùistein 'Ic Thoramaid,
 'N rùn falbh as a déigh.
 Bhean as gasda tha 'n Alba,
 Gu bhi 'n a banachaig aig spréidh,
 'S duine 's gleust' a ghlac armachd,
 Dhol a mharbhadh an fhéidh.

Tha e dearbht' anns gach talamh,
 Gun choisinn Eilispi 'n còrr
 Air gach banachaig a chunntar,
 Eadar *Tunga* 's an *Stoir*.
 Tha e dearbhta mu companach,
 O no dh' ionnsaich e òg,
 Gu 'm b' e taghadh gach duin' e,
 Ghlac gleus, no gunna 'n a dhòrn.

Gum bheil greim do dhà cheàird ac',
 Gur mòr is feàrr e na 'n t-òr,
 'S maith an toimhsean sin da-san,
 Nach do thagh e pàisteachan òg.

'S maith an geall do fhear teaghlaich,
 A fhuair a chloinn 'n uair bu chòir,
 Tè chumas ris, 'n uair bhios fonn air,
 'S nach tarruing tròm air r' a bheò.

'S e mo bheachd air bhur bargan,
 Gu 'm bi e sealbhach gu leòir,
 Cha tig gainne gu bràth oirbh,
 Do dh' im, do chàise, no do dh' fheòil.
 'S e sud turas is ciallaich',
 Rinn duine riamh a bha pòsd',
 'N ath bhean théid e a' dh' iarruidh,
 Gun bhi neo-chiallach, no òg.

Smuainich mise gu 'm b' fheàrr dha,
 Dol g' dearbhadh rè seal,
 Dh' fheuch nach deanadh i di-meas
 Air fear bha 'n saoghal cho fad.
 Cha d' fhuair i duine cho cuimseach,
 Thilgeadh urchair air geal,—
 Ach an t-urram do *Shannsaid*,
 Mu 'n do chaisg a' bhantrach a ghoil.

Fhuair thu taghadh do dh' armaibh,
 Dhol a' shealgach an fhéidh,
 Fhuair thu gunna bha bòidheach,
 Is 'bu sheòlt' air a gleus,
 Thug e teum chun a chruidhe,
 Do 'n chlaisich bhuidhe aige fhéin;
 Is thug e seana chlaiseach Bhiogais,
 ' Do 'n fhear bu sgiobailte leum.

Gu 'n d' fhuair Uilleam dha féin iad,
 Airm allail gu tilgeadh nam fras,
 Fùdar fìor làidir séidmheach,
 Sàr-bhuilleach, gràn-mheallach, glas ;
 Laoch apar, is lùth's acfuinneach,
 Gu triall airaghairt 's air ais ;
 'S glé mhaiseach an làmh gaisgich seasamh
 'N ceann fàs-ruith seana-chlaiseach bhras.

TO JOHN MACKAY MACDHOMHNUILL.

Air fonn :—"Faillirinn, illirinn, illirinn O."

GED fhuair thu a mhàileid,
 Leis an d' thàinig O'Brian,
 Cha bu mhiste do nàmhuid,
 Ach 's mòr a b' fheàirde do Thriath;
 'N uair a théid thu gu cràbhadh,
 'N déigh cur t' fhàrdoich air rian,
 Feuch an cuimhnich thu Teàrlach,¹
 Gus an tàinig an cliabh.

Thàinig ionmhas am fuadach,
 Thar a' chuan anns an luing,
 Ged tha pàirt do na fhuair e,
 Nach bi buaidh air a chaoidh,
 Cha 'n 'eil dha-s' ann ach bruadar,
 Dh' fhalbh am fuaim ud le gaoith,
 Mach o 'fhàgail am buaireadh,
 'S ann thuit a' bhuaidh le Mac-Aoidh.

¹ When Captain O'Brien chased the *Hasard* into the Kyle of Tongue, John got a goodly share of the French gold intended for Prince Charlie, which the officers threw away after landing. (See note, p. 153.)

'S i mo bharail ort Iain,
 Nach d' rinn thu eitheach ro mhòr,
 Ged a mhionnaich thu 'n *Tunga*,
 Nach do chunnt thu an t-òr.
 Seall air t-ais air na tloman,
 'N robh teachd-an-tìr anns na clòir,¹
 'S feuch 'n do ghleidh thu do 'n chrabhach,
 Na cheannuicheas Dabhach an *Stòir*.

B' fhurasd Iain a riarachadh,
 Ann an cliamhuin do 'n òigh,
 Gus 'n do sgiùrsaig O'Brian air,
 Làn cliabhain do dh' òr.
 'S dearbh nach tugadh e 'n trath-s i
 Do mhac tàileir tha beò;
 'S cha dùraichdeadh 'màthair i,
 Do mhac Nèill 'Ic Dho'uill òig.

Ged a bhiodh sibh 'g a riaghladh,
 Còrr is bliadhna do dh' aois,
 Ged théid a nighean ni 's ciallaich',
 Théid an cliabhan ni 's ils'.
 Ach na 'n deònaicheadh Iain
 Màin á meadhon a' mhaois,
 A toirt do dhuine, cia òg i,
 Cha chaill i ròinnean d' a prìs.

¹ John was a cooper.

PILGRIMAGE OF LOVE.

'S ANN an *Tunga* so fhuair mi uair eiginn cùirt,
 Nach cualadh luchd-bùird, is nach cluinn' ;
 Fear do luchd an sgrìobhaidh, 's e tighinn ann mo
 dhàil,
 Cha ghaol sud gun phàigheadh d' a chinn ;
 Bhiodh 'n àrd-leabaidh fàsachail, 's càrt os ar
 cinn,
 Bhiodh Hùistean 's an lùb, 's cha b' e chùlaobh
 bhiodh ruinn.

Fal dal dà, rì re rì rà.

'S ann an *Tunga* so dh' fhàg mi an stàirneineach
 caol,
 D' a 'm b' àbhaist bhi leam ann 's gach cùirt,
 Le Seumas cha dàn' thighinn do 'n àite bheil mi,
 No Sanndaidh dùr, n' an Granntalach ciùin,
 'S ged nach tàir mi bhi saor dhiubh nan triùir,
 'S tu m' eudail a chléireich 'n uair dh' éirich thu
 rium.

Fal dal dà, rì re rì rà.

'S suarach an duais domh na fhuair mi do
 d' ghràdh,
 Air son tuaileis bha càch a cur sgaoilt',
 Ged tha thu 'g a mo bhiadhadh le fìor-fhocal fuar,
 Cha d' iarr mi 's cha d' fhuair mi do ghaol,

Ged a ghluais mi gu saor leat a nuas as an tìr,
Gheibhinn suairceas nan daoine mu 'n cuairt

Lios-nan-craobh.

Fal dal dà, rì re rì rà.

Air ghaol beagan saors' thug e sgrìob leis na mairt,

Gus an d' ràinig e mach gu *Criobh*,¹

'N uair thàireas na saighdearan greim air 's a'
phreas,²

Cha tàir e thigh'nn as uath do sgrìob.

Bidh Mairiread a' rànail³ 'n déigh Mhurchaidh
àluinn,

Gun ghreim deth a thàrsuinn, 's cha 'n fharmaid
le càch i.

Fal dal dà, rì re rì rà.

'N uair chluinneas mi 'n tap-dubh a' sinntean,

Air commannadh shaighdeirean 's an fheachd,

'S e ni ceol do 'n druma ann mo chluas,

Bhi 'g earbs' ann am bruadar gu 'm faic ;

Air maduinn an ath-là, 'n uair chluinneas mi 'n
trabhàilli,

Dùisgidh mi do dh' aona-chuid le trom-chion mo
ghràidhse.

Fal dal dà, rì re rì rà.

¹ Crieff.

² The press, referring to the press-gang.

³ Caonadh, weeping.

BARBARA MILLER.

TAPADH leat a Bharb'ra,
 Gur h-ainmeil thu air a' cheàird,
 C' uim' an gabhainn fearg riut,
 'S nach earbainn asad ni b' fheàrr.
 Bha thu o do leanabas,
 A d' shearbhlachd am beul nam bàrd,
 Is b' annsa leat na searmon,
 Droch sheanchas mu dhéighinn chàich.

B' fhasan leat bhi màbadh,
 'S a' càineadh gach neach air bith,
 'S a' gabhail air do mhàthair,
 Gu h-àraidh air son a' chruibh,
 Ged nach d' fhuair i pòsd' thu,
 Bu chòir duit bhi gabhail rith,
 Toirt eisimpleir do 'n òige,
 Mus b' eòl doibh leith'd sin do chluich.

Bha do sheana-mha'ir sanntach,
 'S bha clann aic' ri dà-fhear-dheug,
 'S do mhàthair cha diùltadh i,
 Aon fhear mach o fear féin.
 Gur e tùs do bhargain,
 Chuir fearg air Seisein, 's air Cléir,
 Mach o *maitse* Màiri,
 Ciad gràin oirbh uile gu léir.

Bha do mhàthair diolain,
 'S na striopaich do chaile mhòir,
 'S fhuair i thusa riataich'.
 Ri siabair do bhalach còrr ;
 'S iomadh latha cianail,
 A phian iad i air an stòl ;
 'S fhuair thusa beathach biogach,
 Gu rianail mu 'n robh thu pòsd'.

Bharb'ra, gabh gu stòlda,
 'S gu 'n phòs thu do nighean féin,
 'S i uaite fo chleòca,
 Le òrdugh nach deach' a leum ;
 Do mhàthair, 's do sheana-mhàthair,
 Margaid, agus tu féin,
 Gur h-ioma' latha ainigidh,¹
 A ghairmeadh bhur n-ainm aig Cléir.²

'S e liuthad poca bunndaist,
 Is annlan a chaidh do 'n àit,
 Chuir a' chaile phlumbach,
 Gun bhunntamas mach o chàch ;
 'S e MacCullach sgrungach,
 Gheall cunntas thoirt as a h-àl ;
 Cha bhi neach ag ionndrain,
 Na trompaid 'n uair gheibh i bàs.

¹ Ainigidh.

² Marion Miller appeared before the Kirk-session on March 30th, 1769, and again for a similar offence on February 25th, 1770, and once again on December 12th, 1776.

Tha sibh 'n comain Hùistein,
 Gu cliù na fhuair sibh do dh' àl,
 Thug e bhur ceud inighin,
 'S a h-imrich, a null thar sàl;
 Bhiodh i mar bu dual d' i,
 Mur b' e luaithead chaidh e 'n a dàil;
 Thog sibh ann am pump i,
 Le iunstramaid dubh nan spàl.

'S tha mo thruas ri Seumas,¹
 O na chaidh thu eadar e 's fraigh,
 Le olcas do ghnìomh'ran,
 Le di-meas is deanamh spleagh;
 Choimeas mis a' bhaobh ud,
 Ri long is olc air a feadh,
 Ceann h-urad a' pumpadh,
 'S a rumpull 'g a leigeadh stigh.

¹ James Macculloch.

TO THE POET'S DAUGHTERS.

Reference is made in this piece to the poet's three daughters (not five), and the sons of the weaver, his near neighbour.

Luinneag.—Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o,
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-oirionn o,
 Hi ri choll a bhi h-iùraibh o,
 Thòmais, bi cuir t-iùlas oirnn.

GUR buidheach mi do Iseabail,
 Ged dh' fhalbh i 'n dé gun fhios domh,
 Thug Barb'ra Muilleir¹ misneach dhi,
 'S tha dùil 'am fhéin nach misd' i sud.
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Gu dearbh cha b' aobhar-caoinidh dhuit,
 Ged chaidh thu dheanamh còbhrach ri,
 Is ged chuir i anns na gabhraidh thu,
 Ciod fhios nach toir i Tòmas duit,
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Tha m' inighinean-sa gun ionmhas ac',
 Ri gnìomh na tuath 'g an ionnsachadh ;
 Ma tha do mhic-s' 'g an sanntachadh,
 Thoir leat iad fhad 's a chunntar iad.
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

¹ The subject of the previous song. She was married to James Maculloch, and her sons are mentioned in this song.

Gach cupull mar bhios dìongmhalt' diubh,
 Na caithear tìom an dìomhanas ;
 'S feàrr an cur do shìolachadh,
 Na olc sam bith a ghniomh'rachadh.

Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Tha mis' a' faicinn fìor-mholtach,
 Nam fleasgach ud a mhiannaich sibh ;
 Cha chuir luchd-ceàirde mi-thlachd oirbh,
 Oir fighidh iad na shnìomhas sibh.

Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Gur fortanach mo phàisteachain-s',
 Bitheadh Seòras leis na spàlan aic',
 Bitheadh crodh is eich air àiridh aic',
 Bitheadh biadh maith prais is làgan aic'.

Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Bitheadh 'n fhuin' aig Beataidh Sutharlan,
 'S bitheadh Barb'ra deanamh bruthais duinn ;
 'S bitheadh Seumas a' cur subhaich' oirnn',
 Ri feala-dhà, mar dubhairt iad.

Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Tha suiridheich cur ri briosgantaich,
 Na th' eadar so is *Ruspan* diubh ;
 S e 'm fear a thig gu piseach dhiubh,
 'M fear a 's breagha sìosta-còta.

Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Ge tapaidh 'n suiridheach eileineach,
 Le peitidh dubh na *Canainich*,

Gu 'm faigh i fear 's a' bhaile-sa,
 Air bheil fhad 's a leud do bhealabhaid.
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Cha 'n ioghnadh dhi bhi eagalach,
 'N uair thig na suiridheich fagus di,
 Seumas gliongach, cnag-shuileach,
 Is Uilleam puinnseach, rag-bheartach.
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Cha toir mi stocan fada dhuit,
 'S lughad an àireamh th' agam dhiubh,†
 Tha fortan gu bhi fagas duit,
 'N uair gheibh thu Seòras Breabadair.
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

Ged chaillinn féin an t-àl tha 'n sud,
 Dearbh cha bu mhòr an càs leam e ;
 Na 'm biodh rian do chàch agam,
 Gu 'n gabhuinn fear do Mhàiri dhiubh.
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c.

'S fleasgaich tapaidh, seanagar, iad,
 Is goididh iad am meanbh-chrodh dhi ;
 Na 'n tugainn òrd no teanachair di,
 Gu 'n spadadh Màiri 'n eanachainn asd'.
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o, &c

A LOVE SONG.

(Dialogue between Rob Donn and a young man.)

Air fonn :—"Throd mo bhean, 's gun throd i rium."

Luinneag.—Hillin ò ro, a Mhargaidh bhàn,
Hillin ò ro, gur tu mo ghràdh,
Hillin ò ro, ho roch ò ro,
'S hillin ò ro, a Mhargaidh bhàn.

Tha fleasgach òg ann so gu tinn,
'S a dh' iarruidh 'shlainte chaidh e do 'n
bheinn,
Cobhair àraidh a dheanadh stà dha,
'S cha 'n 'eil e 'm fàsaichean no 'n glinn.
Hillin ò ro, &c.

Chuir iad léigh 'n sin os a chinn,
Cha d' fhuair e sgeul ach gun robh e tinn,
Galar caithteach, gun chron ri fhaicinn,
A dh' fhàg mi-thaitneach dha muir is beinn.
Hillin ò ro, &c.

'S galar dùthchasach do dhuin' òg,
Saighead *Chupid* a bhi 'g a leòn,
Ma tha do shùil-sa ri maighdean chliùiteach,
Faigh ri taobh is bitheadh tu beò.
Hillin ò ro, &c.

“ Cha ’n ’eil àicheadh na tha thu ’g ràdh,
 Faodaidh m’ aodan sud inns’ do chàch ;
 Tha mi ’n gaol, is cha bhi mi saor ’s e,
 Ged a shaoileadh e dhomhsa am bàs.”

Hillin ò ro, &c.

Gabh-sa ’n riaghailt th’ aig ceud do chàch,
 Se’s ciallaich’ dhuit dhol ’n a dàil ;
 An t-sùil a ’s luainich’ mu thaobh na buaile,
 Is cead do ’n ghruagach bhi dubh no bàn.

Hillin ò ro, &c.

Ged ’eil an rian sin air tigh’nn fo ’s àird,
 Bheir mi mo bhriathar nach caomh leam e,
 ’N uair bhios mi suiridh, ’s mo chion do
 dh’ inighean,
 ’S e bhi ’g an iomlaid mo ghalar bàis.

Hillin ò ro, &c.

Cha ’n ’eil thu ’n àit sin, mur phàirt tha beò,
 Thug do ’n t-saoghal an gaol a ’s mò ;
 Pears’ is pàirtean, dreach is nàdur,
 Cha ’n ’eil e dhoibh ach mar bhàrr an fheòir.

Hillin ò ro, &c.

Cha ’n ’eil mo bhuaireadh-s’ am buaile chruidh,
 No ann am maise ’s mi sealltuinn rith’ ;
 Cha ’n ann an dileab a tha mo shith-s’,
 Ach an tè a ’s caomh leam gun ni ’s am bith.

Hillin ò ro, &c.

Air son nì cia b' e mhill a bhlas,
 Innsidh tìom dha nach 'eil e ceart ;
 'N uair dh' fhalbhas 'eudail, bidh 'ghaol a
 dh' éis air,
 Is c' àit' fuidh 'n ghréin bheil a réisd a thlachd.
 Hillin ò ro, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil do bhròn air an fhòd so tric,
 Suiridh air gruagach, gun bhuar, cha ghlic ;
 Tha bith air éigheachd le cuid, tha feumail,
 Nach toir fear eud ach do réir a stuic.
 Hillin ò ro, &c.

Cha 'n e mar tha thu a 's feàrr a bhì,
 Ged fhaigh thu pàirt ris am bi do shìth ;
 'S e 'n gaol a 's àirde sin o 'n tig an t-eudach,
 Is leis na dhà sin gu 'm fàg e 'chlìth.
 Hillin ò ro, &c.

Fheara ògà, tha 'n ear 's an iar,
 Bithibh bunntumach ann bhur ciall ;
 Seallaibh 'n àirde ri pears is pàirtean,
 Mus dean sibh làmh a chur anns a' chliabh.
 Hillin ò ro, &c.

THE HARD TASK-MISTRESS,

The widow of one of the bard's early masters. She had been somewhat exacting as to the amount of service performed by the poet while in her employment.

Air fonn :—"Gilleán an fheillidh."

GU 'M bheil mis air mo phianadh,
 Fad na bliadhn' anns an t-sabhull,
 Tha gach rud a' tigh'nn teann orm,
 'S tha 'n Teine-fionn fa mo chomhair.
 'N uair a shìneas mi crann dhi,
 Gun ghin ann gu mo chobhair,
 Cha dean Alastair puinc d'homh,
 Le sìor chomh-stri a' Ghobhainn.

'N uair thèid am fodar thoirt dachaidh,
 Is a steach chun na spréidhe,
 Gu 'm bi ise 'g a shireadh,
 Aig a' mhionad 's an léir dhi.
 Ma bhios bad ann gun bhualadh,
 Ann am buaireadh gu 'n leum i,
 'S gu 'm bi sud ann mo choinneamh-s',
 Mur dean na bollachan éirigh.

Ma thèid gràine dheth 'n diuchaidh,
 Na bheireadh luchag do 'n chailbhe,¹
 Canaidh ise le as-caoin,
 Gu 'm bheil rud as d' a cuid arbhair.

¹ A wattled partition or wall dividing the barn or byre from the rest of the house.

Bitheadh mi féin is mo Chaiptein,
 Ann an tarsunnachd shearbha,
 'S ged nach fhaighinn ach fòrlach,
 Bhithinn deònach air falbh uaith'.

'N uair a chunntas i suas dhomh,
 Na h-uile suanach is teadhair,
 'S mise dh' fheumas bhi cuimhneach
 Mu na buill sin a ghleidheil.
 'N uair a shìn i le ruathar,
 Is mi shuas ann an cathair,
 Ghabh mi aithreachas gàbhaidh,
 'S ann a dh' fhàg mi a gleadhar.

Ach na 'n tigeadh am foghair,
 Cha bhiodh draghais na sùist orm,
 Cha bhiodh cùram á ceannachd,
 Ged nach biodh bonnach 's an duthaich.
 Cha bhiodh eadar a *Ghlais-bheinn*,
 Agus *Eas-coire-Dhughail*,
 Ceum nach fhaodainn-s' a shireadh,
 Maille ri Uilleam Mac-Hùistein.

Guidheam soraidh dhuit, Uilleim,
 Gu siubhal beinne do dhùthcha,
 Bhithinn cinnteach á sealg,
 'N uair bhiodh tu falbh air do ghlùinean,—
 'N uair a chluinnteadh do theine,
 Dh' fhaodtadh sgionan a rùsgadh,—
 Chailleadh an cròcach a sheasamh,
 Ann an lasadh an fhùdair.

Agus Iain Mac Naoghais,
 Duine suidhichte, teann e,
 Cha bu bhreugach m' a thimchioll,
 Ged a thiomsaichinn rann da.
 Duine foghainteach, sliosmhor,
 'S deas thig crios agus lann da ;
 Shìl chinnteach ri gunna,
 Do luchd-tuinidh nam beanntan.

'N uair thig deireadh na bliadhna,
 B' e mo mhiann bhi 'n a chuideachd,
 'S a bhi mar-ris na h-òganaich,
 Ghabhadh spòrs dhe na h-iongaich,
 'S iomadh eilid luath, lomsgarr,
 A chuir do chuim-s'-sa o shiubhal,
 Agus damh le do luaithe,
 Chaidh 'n a chuachaibh le bruthach.

JOHN MACALLAN.

John, who was a merchant, lived at Keoldale. He was on the field of Culloden on the "fateful day," but pretended blindness in order to avoid going into action. He went among the soldiers in the guise of a wizard, and was reputed to have given information to both sides. In the song he is praised and disparaged in turn.

Air fonn:—"Barbara Allen."

'S ANN an *Cealldail* ud shuas,
Tha bodhaig na stuaim',
Cha 'n fhaicear gruaim 'n a mhalaich.
'S ann an *Cealldail* ud shuas, &c.

Tha e na òlach còir
Air iomadach doigh,
Nach eòl duit Iain Mac-Ailein?
Tha e na òlach còir, &c.

'S ann an *Cealldail* ud shuas,
Tha 'n triùcair gun uails',
'N sean dall ruadh gun onoir.
'S ann an *Cealldail* ud shuas, &c.

'S a rìgh, nach bu ghòrach,
Duit fhoighneachd am b' eòl domh,
Ròg-shùil Iain 'Ic-Ailein
'S a rìgh, nach bu ghòrach, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh e 'n *Dornach*,
 No ann an *Ionnhar-Horsa*,
 'S e sheasadh gu bòidheach, fearail.
 Na 'm faiceadh sibh e 'n *Dornach*, &c.

Na ceannaichean mu 'n bhòrd,
 'S na gloineachan 'n dòrn,
 'S iad ag òl le Iain Mac-Ailein.
 Na ceannaichean mu 'n bhòrd, &c.

Na 'm biodh sogan òil air,
 Cha chreidteadh nach biodh 'n tòc air,
 'S e sileadh dhòeir le aileig.
 Na 'm biodh sogan òil air, &c.

Gach ceannaich mu na bhòrd,
 Cur corrag ri a shròn,
 'S iad a' spòrs mu Iain Mac-Ailein.
 Gach ceannaich mu na bhòrd, &c.

Tha e ainmeil, cliùiteach,
 Anns gach 'cearn do'n dùthaich,
 'S mòr a mhuirns' anns gach talla.
 Tha e ainmeil, cliùiteach, &c.

Bithidh iomadh Baintigh'rn,
 Labhart anns gach cainnt,
 A' foighneachd Iain 'Ic-Ailein.
 Bithidh iomadh Baintigh'rn, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil Baintigh'rn an cùirt,
 Chi boillsgeadh d' a shùil,
 Leis nach b' fheàrr an cù d' a gearradh.
 Cha 'n 'eil Baintigh'rn an cùirt, &c.

'S olc buileachadh nan rann,
 'S an tàlann a tha annt',
 Ris a' cheap-shuileach cham 'g a mholadh.
 'S olc buileachadh nan rann, &c.

'S olc thoilleadh e do dhùrachd,
 'S gu dearbh cha ruig do chliù air,
 Oir choisinn e do dhùthaich onoir.
 'S olc thoilleadh e do dhùrachd, &c.

Rhibhiudhaig e na trùpachan,
 'S na reiseamaidean ùra,
 Eadar Teàrlach 's an Diùc, an *Cuileodair*.
 Rhibhiudhaig e na trùpachan, &c.

Bha 'n sluagh an sin gu léir,
 Gabhail truais ris mar fheumnach,
 'N dùil nach bu léir do 'dhà ghlog-shùil.
 Bha 'n sluagh an sin gu léir, &c.

Fiosaich' breugach nan lùb,
 Deanamh sgéil air gach taobh,
 Eadar Teàrlach 's an Diùc, an *Cuileodair*
 Fiosaich' breugach nan lùb, &c.

THE SKIPPER OF THE "DRAGON."

While secretly landing and storing a quantity of contraband gin and brandy, which Mr Donald Forbes purchased from Captain Hill, the skipper of the *Dragon* lost his "breeks," and the song cleverly sets forth the replies he would receive from the parties to whose help he looked in making up his loss.

Luinneag.—Hugo, 'm faic sibh 'n Dreugan falamh,
 Cuimrigidh e féin an talamh,
 Hugo, 'm faic sibh 'n Dreugan falamh,
 Cuimrigidh e féin an talamh.

CHaidh e null air druim na tràghaid,
 Dh' iarruidh air *Meilinnis* fàbhoir;
 Thubhairt es', "A dhiabhuil ghràinde,
 'N donas snàidhne théid mu t' fheaman."

Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

Labhair bean *Mheilinnis* rianail,
 "Folaichidh mis a chuid slias'dan,
 Ged nach còl domh an le Dia e,
 'S maith is fhiach e rud 's e falamh."

Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

Chaidh e do thigh Dhòmhnuaill Foirbeis,
 Oir bu chòir an coireach eirmseachd,
 Thilg e le mòr-chuis an deilbh air,
 'N uair chual e 'n toirm a bha mu 'earradh.

Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

Do *Chirceabol* thug e ionnsuidh,
 Shealltuinn air Margaid 's air Hùistean ;
 Thubhairt esan, 's e cur gnùig air,
 "Tilgear clùdag air, cia don' e."
 Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

'S ann do *Sgràbastall* a dh' fhalbh e,
 Shealltuinn air Dòmhnall 's air Barb'ra ;
 Thubhairt es', "Is mòr gur fearra dhuit,
 A chosnadh mar sheirbhiseach eile."
 Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

Chaidh e do thigh Maighstir Bhàtair,¹
 Buinidh oircheas do fhear-cràbhaidh ;
 'N uair a sheas e 's an rùm làir aig',
 'S mòr an sgàth a ghabh a' bhean aig'.
 Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

Thubhairt es', an cainnt glé chòmhnard,
 "Ciod a ni sinn ris an òlach ?"
 Thubhairt is', 's a' chainnt a b' eòl di,
 "*Weel-a-wat, I canna tell ye !*"
 Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

Chaidh e sìos air slìos a' chaolais,
 Shealltuinn air *Sgeireadh* mu 'n aodach ;
 Thubhairt es', a' gabhail daoich dheth,
 "Ciod an caoth'ch a th' air an fhear ud ?"
 Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

¹ The Rev. Walter Ross, minister of Tongue.

Thubhairt Mairiread gu 'n robh flo air,
 Thubhairt Seumas gu 'm b' fheàrr clò air;
 'S fhreagair is' le glochd mòr spòrsa,
 "Tilgear còt' air b— an donais?"

Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

Chaidh e nis air ais 'n a theann ruith,
 Dh' ionnsuidh 'n Sgiobair bh' air an long ud,
 Dh' fheuchainn an deanadh e sealltuinn
 Ris a chall a bha 'n a earradh.

Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

"Fhir a dh' òrduich thigh'nn do 'n tìr,
 'S an droch-uair, nach fhaodar inns';"
 Ars' Caiptein *Hill*, 's e tionndadh 'aodain,
 "*What the d— means the fellow?*"

Hugo, 'm faic sibh, &c.

WHERE LEFT YOU JOHN?

A maiden's solicitous enquiry for her sweetheart of one of his companions, who, in 1745, returned home after having served a short time in Lord Loudon's Regiment. Several of the men went over to the side of the rebels.

C' àit an d' fhàg thu Iain, ars i,
 C' àit an d' fhàg thu Iain ?
 C' àit an d' fhàg thu Iain, ars i,
 C' àit an d' fhàg thu Iain ?

Ged a gheibhinn-s' an dà Phrionns',
 Ann an leabaidh dhùinte, 's mi 'm meadhon,
 B' fheàrr leam leabaidh fhada, chaol,
 'S a dara taobh aig Iain.
 'S a dara taobh aig Iain, ars i,
 'S a dara taobh aig Iain ;
 'S a dara taobh aig Iain, ars i,
 'S a dara taobh aig Iain.

Chaidh e dh' Aird Mhic-Shimidh, ars e,
 Chaidh e dh' Aird Mhic-Shimidh ;
 Chaidh e dh' Aird Mhic-Shimidh, ars e,
 Chaidh e dh' Aird Mhic-Shimidh.
 Chuala mi gu 'n d' thug a' Phàirtidh
 An àird e Chille-Chuiminn ;
 Cha do dh' fhan e ann ach geàrr,
 Ciod so, ma ta, tha 'g a chumail ?

Ciod so tha 'g a chumail, ars i,
 Ciod so a tha 'g a chumail?
 Ciod so tha 'g a chumail, ars i,
 Ciod so a tha 'g a chumail?

Nighein, cum do mhisneach, ars e,
 Nighein, cum do mhisneach;
 Nighein, cum do mhisneach, ars e,
 Nighein, cum do mhisneach.
 Ged nach ann dachaidh tha 'mhiann,
 Tha cliù, is miadh, is meas air;
 Ged a bhiodh e greis 's an arm,
 Gu dearbh cha 'n ann is meas' e.

An d' fhàg thu 'n *Inbhirnis* e, ars i,
 An d' fhàg thu 'n *Inbhirnis* e?
 An d' fhàg thu 'n *Inbhirnis* e, ars i,
 An d' fhàg thu 'n *Inbhirnis* e?

Fuasgladh m' athair-s' air m' fheum,
 Oir fhuair e féin *commission*;
 Gheibh e 'chead, 's cha dean e tàmh—
 A mhàthair, nach gabh mis e?
 A mhàthair, nach gabh mis e, ars i,
 A mhàthair, nach gabh mis e?
 A mhàthair, nach gabh mis e, ars i,
 A mhàthair, nach gabh mis e?

Foighidinn, a nighein, ars e,
 Foighidinn, a nighein;
 Foighidinn, a nighein, ars e,
 Foighidinn, a nighein.

Ciod ma gheibh e anns a' bhlàir,
 A lot, mu 's fàir e tighinn,
 'S mòr an nàir dhuit bhi 'n a fhoill,
 An déigh na rinn thu bhruidhean.
 An déigh na rinn thu bhruidhean, ars i,
 An déigh na rinn thu bhruidhean ;
 An déigh na rinn thu bhruidhean, ars i,
 An déigh na rinn thu bhruidhean.

Tha mo ghaol cho daingean, ars i,
 Cha mo ghaol cho daingean ;
 Tha mo ghaol cho daingean, ars i,
 Tha mo ghaol cho daingean ;
 Cha 'n 'eil àit an lotar e,
 O mheadhon a shléisd g' a throidhean,
 No eadar a chrìos is a cheann,
 Nach biodh mo gheall air Iain.
 Nach biodh mo gheall air Iain, ars i,
 Nach biodh mo gheall air Iain,
 Nach biodh mo gheall air Iain, ars i,
 Nach biodh mo gheall air Iain.

Ged a bhrìst e cas no làmh,
 Ma bhios e slàn mu'mheadhon ;
 Cha 'n 'eil ach urchair an ceud,
 Nì mise fiat' air Iain.
 Nì mise fiat' air Iain, ars i,
 Nì mise fiat' air Iain,
 Nì mise fiat' air Iain, ars i,
 Nì mise fiat' air Iain.

THE THREE JANETS.

After the death of Donald, Lord Reay, Colonel Hugh Mackay of Jamaica, son of "Ian Maceachin," occupied Balnacille House. The poet was not at all satisfied with the conduct of the Colonel and his housekeeper, Janet Sutherland. The two had to appear before the Kirk-session on more than one occasion. Their first appearance was in 1773.

Air fonn :—"Hielan' Donnul kissed his Katie."

Luinneag.—Seonaid agad, Seonaid agam,
 Seonaid againn uile gu leir ;
 Seonaid agad, Seonaid agam,
 Seonaid againn uile gu léir.

THUG Seumas mac Iain 'Ic-Dhòmhnuill,
 Tè do 'n fhòd-s' nach robh 'n a fheum,
 Cha robh duine 'n so 'n a chòmhnuidh,
 Gun droch Sheònaid aige féin.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

Cho fad 's a ghleidheas sinn triùir dhiubh,
 Cha bhi rùn gun chur an céill ;
 An sgeula bheir Seònaid do Sheònaid,
 Innsidh Seònaid d' a fear féin.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

Ach 's i chrois mu 'm bi duin' eòlach,
 Nith is sòlasaich' fuidh 'n ghréin ;
 'S am fear a dheanadh iomlaid Seònaid,
 Na mheall es' a Sheònaid féin.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

Mach o 'n ghreubhair air bheil Dòmhnall,¹
 Tha againn Seònaidean gu léir;
 'S ged nach 'eil a bhean-s' 'n a Seònaid,
 Tha i 'n a h-òineid gun chéill.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

Tha Seònaid Ni 'C Iain òig, ann,
 Air a' bhòrd le 'cuideachd féin;
 'S ged nach 'eil a fear a làthair,
 Tha mic àluinn aic' 'n a dhéigh.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

Seònaid Ni' 'C Sheumais 'C Thòmais,²
 Tè aig am bheil mòran spréidh',
 Cha bhac ise Rob o 'mhiannaibh,
 'S cha bhac es' a crìondachd féin.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

Fhuair Seònaid Ni' 'C Iain 'Ic Dhomhnuill,
 Maithas mòr r' a chur an céill;
 Duine gnìomhach, dìonach, toigheach,
 'S e 'n a shoitheach lan do chéill.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

Thionndaidh breitheanas gu tràcair,
 Do mhac Ailein rògaich féin,³
 Oir tha 'Sheònaid-s' eòlach, starach,
 Ni si caraidheachd nach léir.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

¹ Donald Mackay, Chelsea pensioner, grieve to Lord Reay in Balnacille. He was married in 1774.—*Session Record*.

² The poet's wife.

³ Macallan was a merchant in Keoldale. (See p. 240.)

Tha Seònaid Nic-Aoidh, 's an *Durainn*,
 'S cha chuir sinn a cliù an céill ;
 Cha 'n fhaic sinn i chaoidh 's an tàbhuirn.
 'S cha ruig sinn a fàrdoch féin.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

Shaoil leam 'n uair thigeadh an Còirneal,
 Nach biodh an còrr r' a chur an céill ;
 'S e chuir a' chorc anns gach òrdugh,
 An droch Sheònaid bh' aige féin.
 Seonaid agad, &c.

THE "GREY HEIFER" TOCHER.

To a young man who was dissatisfied with the "tocher" which was to be given to his fiancée, and who declined to marry because two other heifers would not be added to the number already promised.

Air fonn :—"Flowers of Edinburgh."

'S ANN a bhuail an iorghuill,
 Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shìos,
 Chuir e 'ùigh' air céile,
 'S gu 'n do réitich iad 'n an dìos.
 Shaoil mi féin 'n uair thòisich iad,
 Gu 'n còrdadh iad gun sgìos ;
 Ach chum àsruidh beag do ghamhuinn iad,
 Gun cheangal còrr is mìos.

Sin, 'n uair thuirt a' mhaighdean,
 Nach foighnich sibh rium fìor,
 Is innsidh mi a rìreadh,
 Gu 'm bu chaochlaideach a rian.
 Gu 'n robh e cheart cho deònach,
 Rì duin' òg a chualas riamh ;
 'S a nis gu 'n ghabh e buair dhiom,
 O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn ciar.

Cha e sin air aghairt,
 'S ann do *Shaghair* chaidh e 'n tùs,
 Chuir iad fios 'n a dhèigh,
 Thigh'nn air aghaidh anns a chùis.

'S e roghnaich es' an tàillearachd—
 'S i b' fheàrr leis na bhi pòsd' ;
 O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn àsruidh,
 Ged theidheadh e 'm bàs de 'n spùt.

Dh' aithnich mi 's an amharc ort,
 Gu robh do thomhas gann,
 Chunnaic mi air t' iomchuinn,
 Gu robh 'n iom-chomhairl' 'n ad cheann.
 'S nach robh do spiòrad diomhair,
 'G a do ghriòsadh 's a' cheart àm ;
 'N uair b' fheàrr leat gamhuinn caoile,
 Na bean, na gaol, na clann.

H-uile fear a chi thu,
 'G a do dhiteadh air do chùl,
 Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgiod dhuit,
 Mu cheithir mharg 's ni 's mò,
 'S e their gach filidh focail riut,
 Gu *spot* chur air do chliù,
 Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuinn bacainn,
 Do *chon-tract* a chuir air cùl.

'S mis a fhuair mo charadh,
 Leis na fearaibh as gach taobh,
 A' mheud 's a bha 'g am iarruidh dhiubh,
 'S nach b' fhiach leam duin' ach thu.
 Shaoil mi féin 's an fhoghar,
 'N uair a thagh mi thu á triùir,
 Nach fanadh tu cho fada uam,
 Ged b' fhiach an gamhuinn crùn.

FAOLAN.

A poor, diminutive creature who assisted the poet at Balnacille. The poet chides his daughters and other young women for having a sneaking regard for Faolan. The young men of the parish were all away in the army.

Luinneag.

Gu neartaich an sealbh, 's gu leasaich an sealbh,
An t-abhagan marbh ud, Faolan ;
Gu neartaich an sealbh, 's gu leasaich an sealbh,
An t-abhagan marbh ud, Faolan.

THIG Ealasaid Mhoraidh, 'n uair chromas a'
ghrian,
Do 'n eilthir a nios o 'n dithreabh,
Oir chual' i a chagaraich' bheaga aig càch,
An t-urram bha ghnàth air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Thàinig oirnn Iain la naidheachd a nuas,
Cha chreid mi nach cual' an sgrìr' e,
Gu 'n deachaidh uainn Curstaidh le briosgadh do
Chlurraig,
Air eagal bhi trom aig Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh is Deònadh, is Céitidh nigh 'n
Deòrsa,
Is Màiri bhuidh' òg nan caorach,

'G an deasachadh mòr, gu leasachadh pròis,
 A fhreasdal 's gu 'm pòs iad Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh bheag Dhonn, 's a cridhe ro throm.
 Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan ;
 Tha Màiri ag ràdh nach buin i féin da,
 Nach 'eil e ni 's feàrr na caolain !
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Deònaidh mhòr Spàinneach 'n dùil ri ar fàgail,
 'S i dol air sàil do *Char'lina* ;
 'S ann ghabh i mòr ghràin ri cuid Iain Bhàin,
 O 'n chunnaic i phlaigh do ghaoisd' air.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Gu bheil a' bhean againn 'n a luidhe ri làr,
 'S i 'g acain gu bràth a caol-druim ;
 Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh a' mhin air a' bhùrn ;
 Ach dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha bean-an-tigh' againn leth-cheud do bhliadh-
 naibh,
 'S tha i cho liath ri caora,
 'S ged nach 'eil fiacaill idir 'n a ceann,
 Cha lughad a geall air Faolan.
 Gu neartaich na sealbh, &c.

An uair a fhuair Céitidh sealladh dheth ris,
 'S e thubhairt i féin is faoilt oirr'.

Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhaicinn cho sgiobalt ri pàirt,
 Tha e beagan ni 's feàrr na shaoil mi.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean, no bean air an fhòd,
 A bheireadh d' an deòin an gaol da,
 O 'n tha e gu siogaideach, rugaideach, marbh,
 Cha bhoc, is cha tarbh, is cha laos-boc,
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Céitidh is Curstaidh, gu briosgant' an cùil,
 O 'n tha iad an dùil ri daoineibh ;
 'N uair bhios mi beartach, gu 'n toir mi dhoibh
 gùn,
 Na 'n deanadh iad mùn air Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean, no bean, am bheil
 uails',
 A ghabhadh bonn truais ri Faolan ;
 Oir tha e 'n a ghàrlaoch ghrànda gun bhiadh,
 Gun fhàbhor o Dhia no dhaoineibh.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Comhairl' a bheirinn a nis ort a Phàdaidh,
 O 'n nach 'eil nàir 'n ad aodann,
 'N uair ni mi 'n ath chrathadh gun toir mi dhuit
 greim,
 Na 'n leigeadh tu breim air Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh tu mu 'n a' bhun-tàt',¹
 'S nach robh thu cho pàight' 's a shaoil leat,
 Na 'n tigeadh an donas do 'n bhail-s' 'n a dheann,
 Gu tugainn-s air cheann da Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Bheirinn mo mhionnan na 'm bithinn 'n am eilldeir,²
 Gu bitheadh am *fine* ³ air aotrom,
 Ged bhitheadh ceithreair dhiubh torrach is trom,
 A' sparradh an clann air Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

¹ See the other song to Faolan.

² Elder.

³ The Kirk-session fined delinquents more according to their ability to pay than to the nature of their transgression.

LADY REAY AND HER MAID.

Lady Reay, who had induced a young man to forsake his betrothed and marry one of her servant-maids, requested the bard not to mention the matter in song. The poet did not share her ladyship's solicitude to avoid scandal by such a course of action.

GED a thuit mi 'n car iomraill,

'N uair a shaoil leat gu 'n iomrainn do ràmh ;

Na gabh barail no gioraig,

Gu 'n do lagaich mo sgil, no mo làmh.

'S mairg a thachair 's an t-saoghal-s',

Gus an d' fhuair e 'n droch mhir so r' a chnàmh,

Bhi toirt spéis do 'n fhear mhearachd,

'S bhi cur beul an fhir-chronaich' 'n a thàmh.

Le geur àithn' agus comhairl'

'S ann 'm cheann-s' chaidh an glomhar mar dhealg ;

Thaobh na crois' tha r' a h-innseadh,

Nach bu choltach ri gaol, ach ri sealg.

Ma ta, 's truagh leam an dithis,

Nach faod uair a bhi cridheil gun chealg,

Ach mu thimchioll bhur sonais,

Rìgh, gu 'n cluinn mi mo thoil, cha 'n e m' earbs'.

'N t-ainm uasal thug iomadh,

Do na buannachdan gionach a' sealbh,

Thug air gruagaichean cionalt'

Dhol le duairceachan firionn air falbh,

Ach gun luaidh air am pilleadh,
 H-uile buaidh a tha sinne an earbs'
 Tha e dualach gu 'n gin iad,
 Mar na buailtibh a mhilleas droch tharbh.

'N uair a bheirear an t-isean,
 Gum bheil dùil a 'm gu 'n clisg iad le greann—
 Do thaobh dualachas gnàthaicht',
 Ann am buadhaibh bidh nàdur ris gann.
 Leis gach breitheamh tha aithnicht',
 Tha e dearbht' nach ròbh 'seanair-s' ach fann,
 'S ma tha mac air bith fodha,
 Ciod an seòrsa do dh' ogha bhios ann ?

Cha b' e t' fhàbhor no t' eagal,
 Bheireadh orms' bhi cho fada gun triall,
 A' toirt umhailteis àraidh,
 Do 'n neach a 's modha 's a 's àirde 's an riaghl' ;
 Mur b' e sin dheanainn innseadh,
 Gur h-e choisinn duit nì, 's cha 'n e ciall,
 Gu bheil irios' 's an àrdan,
 'N uair a b' innis leis tàmh ann ad chliabh.

'S i mo bharail ort, àrdain,
 Gu bheil caraideachd ghàbhaidh 'n ad bheus,
 Liuthad caochladh ro choslach,
 Leis 'n do chrìoch thu ri t' olc chur an céill ;
 'N uair bhios pearsaichean fiùghail,
 'S iad 'g ad chartadh a' 'm buthailtean féin,
 Bidh tu cinnteach a' cosnadh,
 Anns na h-inntinnibh bochda gun chéill.

OH ! I SLEEP, AND WAKE ME NOT.

About the time this song was composed the Rev. Mr Macpherson of Sleat had sent the bard an invitation to visit him, but the poet had to attend to the duties of his household, as his wife was engaged as a nurse in the family of Colonel Mackay, who refused to allow her home, so that Rob might start for Skye. The bard, however, started on his journey, composing this song as he was leaving his house.

THA sinn fo mhulad 's a' coimhead a chéile,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, 's na dùisgear mi ;

Tha Niall¹ anns an tàbhurn, a' tàmh ris na féilltibh,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, 's na dùisgear mi.

Tha Niall air an fhéill, agus Céitidh fuidh an-shocair ;

'S mise fuidh euslaint, 's mo chéile 'n a banaltruim,

'S ged tha sinn sàmhach, tha 'n càs-sa ro ainid dhuinn,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, 's na dùisgear mi.

Tha mi 'n am chadal air leabaidh chaol chlàra,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Tha 'n làn s' air tigh'nn grad orm 's cha 'n fhada nach tràigh e,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Théid mise do *Thunga*, 's bidh 'n ionnsuidh ud eibeant' domh,

'S bheir mi garbh thunnsgradh do 'n rum anns an coidil i,

'S milis am bùrn² as a' chùp 'n uair a ghoidear e,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

¹ Neill Macleod in Saingo.

² Water. Stolen waters are sweet.—Proverb.

Thug mi 'n sin ionnsuidh do *Thunga* a dh' fhiarachd,
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

An cumadh e 'n stad s' orm cho fad ri bliadhna,
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Tha e 'g am sgiùrsadh do dhùthaich nan Sgiathanaich,
'S cuimhneachadh Dhaibhidh cur gràin orm mu 'n
uighe sin,

Is eagal mo bhàis orm gu 'n dean e Uriah dhiom,
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Sheumais 'Ic-Culaich,¹ nach duilich leat m' ìre,
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Gun bhiadh maith bhi làimh rium, 's mi luidhe 'n
am aonar,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

'N saoil thu nach làn mi do nàdur a' mhaiteachais,
Ma ni mi chaoidh sìth ris a' mhnaoi ud thug seachad mi,
'S gann domh, ged thill i, nach cuimhnich mi 'm balc
ud dhi,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

An sin 's e thuirt Seumas, mo nàire 'r 'd éudeachd,
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Cha d' rinn i ort briseadh cho tric ri mo chéile-s',
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Gur minic a thriall i, làn fiarais gun fhathamas,
'S a' dh' innseadh dhuit m' fhirinn, 's gur saor mi gu
maitheanas.

Dhùraichdeadh m' inntinn do 'n mhnaoi sin bhi 'm
flaitheanas.

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

¹ James Macculloch in Ceannabeinn.

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt do thigh Iain 'Ic-Dhòmhnuill,¹

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

'S dh' fhaighnich e bras rium, am faca mi Seònaid,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Ged fhan i uait bliadhna, cha 'n fhiach duit bhi
'g acain sud,

Ma thig i gu rianail, neo-fhiarasach, dhach-aidh,

'S gu cum i deadh shìth ris a' mhnaoi sin tha 'n
taice riut,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

An sin 's e thuirt mise ri Is'beil nigh'n Dàibhidh,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Cionnus tha 'm fleasgach-s' 'n a thlachd do mhnaoi
t' àbhaist,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Innis domh 'n fhirinn, 's bith saor ann ad fhocal,

'N e do nàdur a chrìon, no do chiall a chuir bacadh ort?

Na cionnus a tha thu, o dh' fhàg Iain Thapaidh² thu?

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

An sin 's e thuirt Is'beal, tha mise ro shithicht',

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Ghabhainn a lethsgèul aig Seisean na sgìre,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Ged bha iad ag ràdh ris, gur nàir da bhi fanadh uam,

Tha agam do dhà shiubhal, àl a tha ainid domh,

Seòsaidh is Bàbaidh, Bhàtair is Anabal,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

¹ John lived in Kirkibol.

² John Sutherland, schoolmaster, who had just left Tongue.
See several of the poet's songs in reply to John's effusions.

Bha bean Mhaighstir Murchadh ¹ gu falchaidh 'n a
teaghlaich,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

'S e 'thurus do *Mhoraidh* chuir deireadh is call oirr',

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Tha 'm Morair mar b' àbhaist, air 'fhàgail 'n a shuid-
heachan,

'S e rinn droch ainm dha, gu 'n d' earb iad an dithis
ris,

Tè dhiubh bhi diombach, 's gu 'n tè dhiubh bhi
buidheach dheth,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Thuirt Céitidh, 's i tilleadh, 's a' filleadh a h-aodaich,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Théid mi do *Mhusal* gu m' uile sgeul innseadh,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Oir tha bean chòir ann do 'n eòl m' aobhar chasai-
dean,

Innsidh mi dhìse 'n tul-fhìrinn mar thachair dhomh,

'S cruaidh leath' mo chàs, ged nach fair i mo leas-
achadh,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Chaidh i air aghairt gu bean Dhomhnuill Forbeis,²

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Fhreagair ise starach, oir b' fhearas di eirmseachd,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

¹ The Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, Durness. His journey to Morayshire was undertaken this same year.

² Daniel Forbes, notary public and Sheriff-substitute, resided in Ceannloch, Tongue, of which he had a wadset.

Tha iad falbh uainn gu ràitheach, ach tàmhaidh iad
 seachduineach,
 Cha 'n ioghnadh 's a' chùis sin, ged dhùraichd sinn
 dachaidh iad,
 'S an latha bhios cùirt ann, bidh sùil aig ri achm-
 hasan,
 Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Dh' fhalbh i le sracadh, 's i pasgadh a còitein,
 Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.
 Is rinn i a casaid ri bean Dhombh'll 'Ic-Sheòrais,
 Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.
 Chéitidh bi sàmhach, oir 's nàir duit bhi casaideach,
 Ged bhitheadh t' fhear féin air an fhéill uait ochd
 seachduinean,
 Na 'm biodh tu stuama, cha luaidheadh tu focal
 dheth,
 Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Thuir Anna nigh'n Uilleim, tha iomas 'n ad nàdur,
 Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.
 'S tha sin ann an iomadh nach innis do chàch e,
 Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.
 Tha mise cho deònach air Domhnull thigh'nn
 dachaidh,
 'S nach robh mi a' cunntadh air aon dad a thachair
 domh ;
 'S bu shubhach mi 'n oidhch' sin gu 'n d' fhoighnich
 e maitheanas.
 Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

An cuala sibh chomhairl' a labhair an Taoitear,¹

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Tha fuireach air deireadh, 's cur thairis cho millteach,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Innsidh mi dòigh dhuibh, nach còir dhuibh a sheach-
nadh,

Gun bhi fad as an dùthaich, no dùr aig bhur
dachaidh,

Cha 'n ainmeil sior chairbheist, 's cha seirbhis na
stracaidhnean.

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

¹ Robert Mackay of Island Handa, Tutor of Farr. His son, George of Bighouse, was served "heir speciall" to him, 27th December 1776.

TO LADY REAY.

Luinneag.—'S ait leam gu 'n thuit mi air téis,
 Aoibhinn le subhachas,
 Gur h-urrainn domh chur an céill,
 Beus Churstaidh Sutharlain.¹

BAINTIGHEARNA *Mhioghraidh*,
 'S cinnteach gur h-iughair i,
 Cha bhreug dhomh bhi 'g ràdh sud,
 'S mu Bhàbaidh a 's piuthair dhi.
 'S ait leam, &c.

Cha 'n urradh mi chantuinn nach fìor,
 Cheud uirid 's a thubhairt mi,
 'S a dh' aindeoin co mholas mo chiall,
 'S fiach i ni 's modha dheth.
 'S ait leam, &c.

Tha uails' agus àrdan,
 Air 'n àireach le subhachas ;
 Tha na dhà-s' air an càradh,
 Anns gach àit anns an cubhaidh dhoibh.
 'S ait leam, &c.

¹ On 28th October 1765, Christian Sutherland, Lady Dowager of Reay, had sasine of an annual rent effeiring to £1000 sterling, furth of the lands of Philinbeg, &c., and on the same date of an additional annuity of 400 merks Scots, furth of the lands of Letterlyal, &c.

Cumaidh si dleasdanas dian,
 Grian agus dubharachd,
 'S e a cleachdadh beath' anns gach tìr,
 Fìrinn is modhalachd.
 'S ait leam, &c.

Tha gaol aig an t-saoghal,
 Air aoidh Churstaidh Sutharlan ;
 Tha naoinear am faoilt rith',
 Mu 'n aon fhear tha dubhach rith'.
 'S ait leam, &c.

'S ann agad tha phiuthair gun ghruaim,
 'S uasal an nighean i ;
 'S cha 'n ioghnadh leam fleasgaich bhi 'n trom
 Gheall air bhi bruidhean rith'.
 'S ait leam, &c.

Tha Barb'ra 'n a leanaban
 Tha dearbht' ann an cridhealachd,
 'S cha sealgair neo-chearbach
 A shealgas bean t' uidheamachd.
 'S ait leam, &c.

A MAID TO HER LOVER,

Whose father was so opposed to their marrying, that the young man threatened to go to sea.

Air fonn:—"Dheirich am Muillear 's dh' fhag e sinn."

Luinneag.

Hé, hoirionnan o, 's ho, hoirionnan o,
'S e hoirionnan o, 's ho, hoirionnan o,

AN sgeul a thàinig o chladach,
Mheudaich fadalachd oirnn,
Ma tha 'n triall aig mo leannan,
Gu long chrannag nam bòrd.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Ma tha 'n triall aig mo leannan,
Gu long chrannag nam bòrd,
B' fhèarr gu 'n cluinnt' e mu bhealltuinn,
'N uair bha 'ghealltanas òg.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

B' fhèarr gu 'n cluinnt' e, &c.
Mu 'n do chùlaich mi 'n t-airgiod
'S nach do shealbhaich mi 'n t-òr.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Mu 'n do chùlaich mi, &c.
Dearbh cha ghabh mi féin buachaill',
No fear ruagaidh nam bò.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c

Dearbh cha ghabh mi féin, &c.
 C' uime 'n gabhainn do leithid
 Dh' aindeoin feabhais do sheòrs.
 Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

C' uime 'n gabhainn, &c.
 Is fear eile 'g am iarruidh,
 B' fhèarr na ceud do Mhac-Dheòrs'.
 Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Is fear eile 'g am iarruidh, &c.
 'S olc a fhuair mi an gearran,
 'S am ball geal air a shròn.
 Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

'S olc a fhuair mi, &c.
 Dh' iomchair breitheamh gun reuson,
 Do chur éis air a' chòir.
 Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Dh' iomchair breitheamh, &c.
 'S maith am bargan a mhill e,
 Luath's 's a phill e o 'n *drobh*'.
 Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

'S maith am bargan, &c.
 Ach ma tha do phost leathan,
 An trath-sa air eithear fuidh sheòl.
 Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Ach ma tha do phost, &c.
 Eadar *Dungasbaidh* 'n Gallaibh,
 Is tìr allail Mhic-Leoid.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Eadar *Dungasbaidh* 'n Gallaibh, &c.
 'S ma 's a maraiche dearbht' thu,
 Curn an fhairg' air a sròn.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

'S ma 's a maraiche, &c.
 Ionnsaich stiùradh na stuaidhe,
 'S tarruing suas air an sgòid ;

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Ionnsaich stiùradh, &c.
 Seachad ruinn *Rugha-bhuachail'*, &c.
 'S cum an cuan thun an *Stoir*.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Seachad ruinn *Rugha-bhuachail'*, &c.
 Mothaich *Parbh*, agus *Pùiteig*,
 'S biodh do shùil air a' *Chlo*.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Mothaich *Parbh*, &c.
 Seachad ruinn *Sgeir-an-Daoimein*,
 'S am muir a' straighlich r' a sròn.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Seachad ruinn, &c.

Is ma gheibh mi mo dhùrachd,
Chaidh cha chiùrrar i fuidhp'.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

Is ma gheibh mi, &c.

'S 'n uair gheibh thu foghlum is beartas,
Thig thu dachaidh le deòin.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

'S 'n uair gheibh thu foghlum, &c.

Ach na sparradh ghaoth tuath thu,
Gu taobh shuas *Tom-an-èin*.

Hé, hoirionnan o, &c.

THE YOUNG MAID'S DREAM.

She told her companions that she dreamt that her lover came with a key in his hand and opened her trunk, on which there was a new lock.

Luinneag.

Gur h-ann thall, thall, thall,
 Gur h-ann thall gheibh thu i ;
 Gur h-ann thall, thall, thall,
 Tha do ghnothuch troimh 'n fhrith.
 Is mur 'eil an iuchar agad,
 Fiucharann a cli,
 Siubhal rathad tigh a' Ghreumaich,
 'S gu 'n gleus e dhuit i.

'N UAIR théid thu do 'n tìr shuas,
 Bith gu suairce le faoilt ;
 Agus feuch gu 'n gleidh thu 'm brúadar
 A chualas anns an tìr.
 Is mur 'eil an iuchar agad,
 Fiucharann a cli,
 Siubhal rathad tigh a' Ghreumaich,
 'S gu 'n gleus e dhuit i.
 Gur h-ann thall, &c.

'S iomadh subseig uasal,
 Fhuair sinn anns an tìr ;
 'S e 'm fear a thàinig air chuairt,
 Bh' air a bhuaireadh le gaol,
 Gach car a thug a' ghruagach,
 Mu 'n d' fhuair i fear pìob ;—
 An iuchair is am bruadar,
 Agus gruag Iain Mhaoil.
 Gur h-ann thall, &c.

Tha iuchair ann am *Malldaidh*,
 'S gur mall a ruitheas i,
 Cha 'n 'eil fear a ni rann,
 Nach faigh crampadh maith dhi.
 Am fear a thachair làimh rith',
 Cha 'n fhàir e tigh'nn d' a dìth,
 'S còir da cur do 'n cheàrdaich,¹
 'S gu 'n càirear da i.
 Gur h-ann thall, &c.

'S ann a bhios a' mhùirn
 Air taobh thall a' chaoil,
 'N uair thig i mach gu sùrdail,
 Thoirt sùil air a gaol.
 A' dupadaich 's a' beiceadaich,
 'S ag eilteachadh le faoilt,
 'G a chlapaigeadh 's 'g a phàgadh,
 Le 'gàirdeanan sgaoilt'.
 Gur h-ann thall, &c.

¹ Smithy.

THE WIDOWER,

Who married shortly after the death of his wife.

Luinneag.

Tha stic anns a' ghaol nach tuig mi air chòir,
'S tha aignidhean faoin aig gillean tha òg,
Ri faicinn na caoir' aig fir a bha pòsd'.

THA na suiridhich ro ghann duinn,
'S am beagan tha ann diubh,
Cha 'n 'eil iad cho sanntach
Ris na bantraichean òg.

Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Tha buaidh orr' nach fhiach iad ;
Cha 'n eòl domh fear ciallach,
A fhuair iad, a dh' fheuch iad,
'S a dh' iarradh an còrr.

Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Tha fir ann do thalamh,
O dh' fhàg thu do bhaile,
Rinn cùmhnant is banais,
An déigh falair is bròin.

Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Ni mi tàmh anns a' bhaile s',
 Gus an dean iad dhomh banais,
 'S gu 'm bi mi cho sona,
 Ri bean Dho'uill òig.

Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Gum bu fada t' each leumnach,
 A' leagadh nan ceudan,
 Gach aon a dhol eug dhiubh,
 Ach thu féin a bhi beò.

Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

'S truagh nach mise bhiodh faicinn,
 Nam mnathan-s' tha seach-lamh,
 Bhi cur aon mu seach dhiubh
 Air an each aig mo *Lord*.

Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Tha mnathan an talmhainn-s'
 Cho falluin, 's cho calma,
 Cha 'n fhaod sinn am marbhadh,
 'S cha 'n fhalbh iad d' an deòin.

Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

ISABEL MACKENZIE.

Isabel was in high dudgeon with her neighbours, who one stormy day declined to take her across the ferry. She was obliged to walk round the head of the Kyle.

'N UAIR thàinig sluagh nam bràigheachan,
Bha eagal gu biodh bàthadh ann,
'S a' chulaidh¹ air dhroch càradh ac',
A dh' easbhuidh ràmh no seòl.
'S a chulaidh air dhroch, &c.

Bha Aonghas Mac Dho'll 'Ic Eachuinn ann,
Is eagal mòr mu 'n aiseag air,
'S am fear nach rachadh dhachaidh dhiubh,
Cha 'n fhaigheadh e cas air bòrd.
'S am fear nach rachadh, &c.

Bha Iain MacDhòmhnuill *Sgeireidh* ann,
'S cha d' rinn e gnìomh mar thoilleadh dha,
Ri Iseabail Nic-Coinnich 's i
'N a suidh' air sgeir f' a chòir.
Ri Iseabail Nic-Coinnich, &c.

'N uair dh' fhàg na daoine' air dheireadh i,
Gu 'n d' thug i sealltuinn goirid orr'—
Bu duine luath a bheireadh oirr',
'S i ruith mar fhear 's an tòir.
Bu duine luath, &c.

¹ Boat.

Am fear d' am b' eòl a riarachadh,
 'S nach cuireadh chaoidh am fiaras i,
 'S a dheanadh dhi na dh' iarradh i,
 'S ro mhaith a b' fhiach e 'n còrr.
 'S a dheanadh dhi, &c.

'N uair thàinig tiom an fheasgair sin,
 'S a thug i dùil de 'n aiseag uath',
 'S ann smuainich i dhol dachaidh,
 Gus am faic i *Bad-a-mhèidh*.

COLONEL MACKAY AND CHRISTIAN BRODIE.

Colonel Mackay was the son of John Mackay, "Ian Mac-eachain," and his wife Catherine, daughter of William Mackay of Strathmelness. When the Colonel left for Jamaica he was engaged to be married to Christian, daughter of the Rev. Mr Brodie, Eddrachilis. In Jamaica he married a daughter of Charles de Larue, who died there. On his return he leased the mansion-house of Balnacille. He was afterwards married to Janet Sutherland, by whom he had several of a family.

Air fonn :—"Suidhidh mi gu socrach, 's oll' mi."

THOIR an t-soraidh s' gu mo Churstaidh,
 Tha air slìos a' Bhadchaoill,
 D' an d' thug mi mo ghealladh,
 'S bha a chomain d' a chinn,
 Ach ma 's éigin dhomh innseadh,
 Nì dh' fhàg mi-thoilicht' sinn,
 'S e na dh' aontaich mi mar-riut,
 'S na ghabh barail gu 'n till.
 Tha mo thriall-s' do *Shamaica*,
 Moran mhuilein o thìr,
 Is tha m' inntinn a' tilleadh,
 Gu h-iomall a' chaoil.
 B' e mo dhùraichd bhi stiùradh,
 'N déigh mo chùrs thoirt gu crìch,
 Seachad ruinn Rugh' na *Faraid*,
 Troimh na h-eileanan fraoich.

Gabh mo lethsgèul, a Churstaidh,
 'S dean'maid misneach faraon,
 Tha onoir 'g am éigheachd,
 C' uim' nach éisdinn cia daor.

Gun a chosnadh tre chrùthaig,
 Dearbh cha b' fhiùgh mi do ghaol,
 Is ma chailleas mi t' fhàbhor,
 'S mios a tha mi na shaoil.
 Ach ma théid mis, a nighean,
 Air an t-slighe s' cho chinnt',
 'S e bhi 'n dàn domh bhi cho sealbhach,
 No cho tarbhach 's gu 'm pill,
 Seasaidh 'n càirdeas mar bha e,
 No ni 's àirde dà fhillt',
 'S a chaoidh tuilleadh cha 'n fhàg mi
 Thu air làr a *Bhadchaoill*.

'S mo an càchdan leam t' fhaicinn
 Làn reachd agus bròin,
 Na na gheibh mi do phuthair,
 Air an t-siubhal s', 's mi beò.
 Cha 'n 'eil aon dad air m' inntinn,
 Tha na chlaoidh do mo spòrs,
 Nach do leag sud air m' àillteachd,
 Bhi 'g ad fhàgail 's an t-*Sròn*.
 Ri fàgail mo nighinn,
 Tha mo chridhe gun sìth,
 'S gu ceangal ni 's cruaidh' rium,
 'S ann is truaighe leam i.
 Ach na 'n creideadh tu m' fhocal,
 Gu tìom t' fhaicinn a ris,
 An déigh a chosnadh tre chruadal,
 'S ro mhaith 'n duais leam do ghaol.

SALLY GRANT.

When the Earl of Sutherland's regiment was stationed in Inverness, the officers vied with each other to gain Sally's attention.

Air fonn :—"O'er the hills."

MU 'm faca mo shùil thu,
 'S e 'n cliù ort a fhuair mi,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg,
 Gun robh thu mar bhan-de,
 'S gu 'n géilleadh an sluagh dhuit,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.
 Shaoil leam nach bu bhòsd,
 Bu chòir a bhi luaidh sud.
 Ach a nuair shìn an ceòl,
 'S gu 'n d' thug iad a suas mi,
 Chreid mi h-uile drannd dheth,
 'S an danns' 'n uair a ghluais i,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

'S e 'n t-aobhar nach dùraichdinn,
 Sàlaidh do 'n Chòirneil,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg,
 Air eagal gu 'm bitheadh càch
 Ann an naimhdeas r' a bheò dha,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

Creutair cho grinn i,
 Is creutair cho bòidheach,
 Rìgh, bu mhòr am beud,
 Gu 'n cailleadh i d' a deòin,
 Suiridhich an t-saoghail,
 Le aon fhear a phòsadh,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

Tha Deòrs' air a' Mhàidsear
 Ro dhàn' ann an cainnt,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.
 Sìor chur an céill,
 Gu robh esan fuidh *stainnt*,¹
 An rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.
 Ach 'n uair théid an t-òsd
 Mu 'n bhòrd anns na rancaibh,
 Olaidh e gu càirdeach,
 Deoch slàinte na baintighearn,
 Bitheadh h-uile fear do chàch,
 Mach o Sàlaidh, toirt taing dha,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

Shuidh mi ann an dùsal,
 Mar gu 'n dùisgteadh á *tranns* mi,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.
 Is chunnaic mi 'n triùir ud,
 Le 'n sùilean, 's le 'n samhhlachd,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.
 Do réir mar a dh' fhaodainns'
 An aodain a rannsachadh,
 Gu 'n dùraichdeadh Sàlaidh,
 Am Màidsear 'n a bhantraich.

¹ Stent.

Tha aoibhneas air Deòrs',
 Mu 'n bhròn bh' air a' Ghranndach,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon,
 'S a' *Bhatàillean* d' an eòl thu,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.
 Nach 'eil 'n am bruadraichibh,
 Fuasgailt' is pòsda,
 Mu 'n rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.
 Ach gu ruigeas Teàrlach—
 Am Màidsear a b' òige,
 Ged bu chruaidh 'ainm
 Ann an armailt Rìgh Deòrsa,
 Chaoch'leadh e aogais,
 Le gaol fa do chòir-sa,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,
 Cha 'n fhaodar leis 'fhuadach,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg ;
 'S ann is cruaidhe 'chàs,
 Ach am pàidhear a dhuais dha,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.
 Bheir mi mo sùil,
 No fuilingidh mi cluas dhiom,
 Ma tha aon de 'n trìuir,
 Cia tric iad 'g a do luaidh'
 Cho tinn le do ghaol,
 Ris an aon fhear a 's fuath leat
 An rìbhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

IN PRAISE OF SALLY GRANT.

Air fonn :—"John Roy Stewart."

Luinneag.—Fear a dhannsas, fear a chluicheas,
 Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheas,
 Fear a dh' éisdeas, no ni bruidhean,
 Bi 'n creidheach' aig Sàlaidh.

SHIUBHAIL mi dùthchan fada, leathan,
 'G amharc inighean agus mhnathan ;
 Eadar *Tunga* 's *Abair-readhon*,
 Cha robh leithid Sàlaidh,
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

An *Dunéidin* 's an *Dun-didhe*,
 'S a h-uile ceum a rinn mi dh' uighe,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi neach coltach rithe,
 Bean mo chridhe Sàlaidh.
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

'S maith a clàistinn, 's maith a fradharc,
 Blasd' a càil agus na their i,
 'S maith do 'n fhear a thàireadh 'n gaire,
 Do dhoireachan Sàlaidh.
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

'S maith a muigh, 's is maith a stigh i,
 'S maith 'n a guth i, is maith 'n a dath i;
 'S maith 'n a suidhe 'n ceann na sreath' i,
 'S maith 'n a breith 's na h-àireach.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Fear a dh' iarras i 's nach fhaigh i,
 'S fear nach iarr i a chionn aghaidh,
 Cha robh fhios a'm co an roghainn
 Thaghainn as na dhà sin.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Caiptein treun nan *Grenadeer*,
 'S àirde leumas, 's feàrr a ruitheas,
 Cha n 'eil àit an dean i suidhe,
 Nach bi esan làimh rith'.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Na 'n d' rachadh 'dealbh a chur 's a' bhrataich,
 Ann an arm an Iarla Chataich,¹
 Bhiodhmaid marbh mu 'n leigteadh as i,
 Ged thigeadh neart a' Phàp oirnn.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

¹ The Earl of Sutherland's Regiment was raised in 1759. Rob Donn was one of the Durness Company.

THE "GEIGEAN."

The "Geigan" was the nickname of a would-be poet of the name of Sutherland.

Air fonn.—"There's nae luck about the house."

'S DUILICH leam creidsinn.
Mu thoimhsean a' Ghéigein,
No gin a bha mar-ris,
Bhi baileachadh 'n céille,
Air a leithid do bheum,
'S a chuala sin oth'.

Ma gheibh a leithid,
Do fhasan cead éirigh,
Faodaidh iad tuilleadh
A dheanamh do bhreugan,
Ma bhios sinn 'n ar tàmh,
'S gu 'n leig sinn sud leoth'.

A leithid do dhi-moladh,
Dheanamh do leanaban,
Bha gun chron cumaidh,
'S na h-urra bha dealbhach,
'S a thainig do fhine
Cho maith 's a bha 'n Alba,
Bheirinn mo mhionnan
'S gu 'm b' urradh mi 'dhearbhadh,
Chanainn gu 'm b' fhearra dhuinn,
'M balach a spoth.

Ged tha na Sutharlaich
 Ullamh gu beumadh,
 Na biodh iad tuilleadh,
 Ri urra cho beusach,
 'S a thàinig dhiubh féin,
 No neach thainig romp'.

An duanaidheachd sgaoilt' ud,
 Nach d' fhaod iad a dhlùthachadh,
 Ach iad bhi gu rèapach,
 Feuchainn an dùrachd,
 Bha aca le gamhlas,
 Agus le goimh.

Tè gun chron cumaidh,
 O 'm mullach g' a h-earball,
 Dh' éireadh le h-earradh,
 Cho grad ris an earba,
 'S ge tapaidh an Géigean.
 Bu chéile dha Barb'ra,
 Bhiodh e cho sona,
 'S ged theannadh Rob Dearg rith',
 'S bheirinn mo làmh
 Gu 'n cumadh i romp'.

Cha 'n 'eil agam umhaill,
 Mu 'n chumha ni Sine,
 'S cha mhò orm Mairi,
 Na sàthadh ni prìne,
 'S cha 'n 'eil an cleamhnan,
 'N an cùis-eagail domh.

'S cha 'n fhuiling mi màbadh,
 Do phàirtibh na Sgìre,
 Air son na gràisg
 Da 'm bu chàra bhi 'n dìthreabh,
 Eadar sgìr' *Chlin*,
 Agus bràighe sgìr' *Loth*.

Ged tha na breitheamhnan
 Maith air ar fàgail,
 'S comas aig trusdairean
 Cus do na breugan ;
 Ach an téid mise
 Ni 's miosa, na tha mi,
 Bheir mi mo mhionnan
 Nach fuiling mi tàmailt,
 Do 'n aon neach a 's tàire,
 Rugadh an so.

CATHERINE MACKAY TO GEORGE MACLEOD.

Luinneag.—'S toigh le Seòras Leòdach mise,
 'S tha e 'n dùil gu 'm pòsainn esan,
 Sgaoil iad anns an fhòd so nis,
 Gur toigh le Seòras Leòdach mi.
 Ged tha e air dòigh
 Na sheòrsa cachdain domh.

'S mòr an éis rinn breugan fhleasgach dhomh,
 Chuir iad le sreup o fheum an *Catadh* mi,
 Cha 'n fhaigh mi reum gu léine dheasachadh,
 An déigh a thigh'nn dhachaidh gu gheata MhicAoidh.
 'S toigh le Seòras, &c.

Mu 's d' thàinig fuirm no cuirm na caluinne,
 Thigeadh e 'm fhailms' gun ghairm le ealaidh,
 Dh' aithnichinn air 'iomchair timchioll a' bhaile,
 Nach tè 's am bith eile bh' air 'aire ach mi.
 'S toigh le Seòras, &c.

'N uair dh' éireas air Seòras Leodach leasanach
 Thig e gu gruamach, sluaisteach, slaiceanach,
 'S thèid e mu 'n cuairt gu luath gu m' leth-taobh,
 'S cha téid e dhachaidh a dh' easbhuidh na h-aont.
 'S toigh le Seòras, &c.

'N uair a shuidheadh e sìos mu m' chomhair,
 'S e a chuireadh air théis gach gleus is gothair,
 Sheinneadh e 'n deuchainn ghleusd le rothair',
 Is chanadh e " Hithinnin, hoithinnin, hì."
 'S toigh le Seòras, &c.

Nach fhaic sibh mar thréig an Géigean¹ tapaidh mi,
 Le shiosta-cot' béin, 's le 'fhéileadh breacain,
 B' fheàrr leam e féin 'n a éideadh, deasaicht'
 Na do chuid beartais, do phearsa 's do phìob.
 'S toigh le Seòras, &c.

¹ Sutherland, the poet, whom Catherine held in more esteem than she did George, the piper.

TO CATHERINE MACKAY,

Who married George Macleod, forsaking the "Geigean." See the previous song.

Luinneag.—Tha mac a' chiobair 'n a chlà,
Fear iomain laogh agus bho,
'N uair leig e 'm Pìobair 'n a coir,
'S gur esa b' aosaire coir.

'S e mo bheachd nach dean thu saighdear,
'N uair ghlac thu i 's i 'n a maighdean;
Fhuair thu cothrom latha 's oidhche,
'S chaill thu 'm pears' ged 's leat an t-oighre.
Tha mac a' chlobair, &c.

Tha Seòras cho glic ri balgair,
Air fhios dha féin nach robh falbh aig',
Air an eilid ghabh e marbhan,
An déigh a lot le mac an t-sealgair.
Tha mac a' chiobair, &c.

Nach maith a' chiall do chù òg,
Nach fhaca riamh leigeadh còir;
'N uair ghlac e 'm fiadh a bha leònt',
Agus na ceudan fa 'chòir.
Tha mac a' chlobair, &c.

Nach 'eil am pìobair air chòir,
 'S nach 'eil e rìreadh air chòir;
 Ged tha 'n "Geigean" fa 'chòir,
 Cha ghabh e mìo-thlachd d' a dhèidin.
 Tha mac a' chlàobair, &c.

Ged tha nì aig MacLeòid,
 'S ged tha 'dhaoine ro chòir;
 'S e sud bu dìlse d' a seòrs,
 Na giollan pìobair 's e leònt'.¹
 Tha mac a' chlàobair, &c.

'S nednach leam Ban-triath na sgìre,
 Nach d' aithnich mi riamh mi-dhìreach,
 'N uair thug i air ceud ogha chiobair,
 Dhol tur dhe an t-sloinneadh dhìreach.
 Tha mac a' chlàobair, &c.

'S cosnach air muir is air tìr e,
 Gu briosganta, balganta, pìobant',
 Bheir do Chéitidh ceart mar chi e,
 'S ceart ri altrum dalt a' pìobair.
 Tha mac a' chlàobair, &c.

Cha b' aobhar ghàire do 'n inighin,
 Esan bhi stabhach m' a timchioll;
 Bhreugnaich e 'n gnath-fhocal iomchuidh,
 "Cha seas an càirdeas air aona-chois."
 Tha mac a' chlàobair, &c.

¹ Macleod was lame.

Cha 'n 'eil mi gabhail fa chòir,
 Gu 'n dean e cobhair ni 's leòir ;
 Chumail an lobhair ud beò,
 Is 'athair foghainteach, òg,
 Tha mac a' chlobair, &c.

Chunna mi anns a' *Bhad-chall* e,
 'S beag bha do thrusgan nan Gall air ;
 Cha b' ioghnadh ged chuirteadh clann air,
 Bha biodag is breacan nam ball air.
 Tha mac a' chlobair, &c.

Bha 'n duine suainte gu leòir,
 Bha breacan guanach m' a shròn,
 Bha fèileadh cuaiche m' a thònn,
 'S bha *strap-guail*' air a chòt'.
 Tha mac a' chlobair, &c.

Bu mhaith le Iain ¹ mar eilldeir,
 Bhi leasach' an t-Seisein le *fine*,
 Bhi 'g athris oirre gu robh cloinn aic'.
 'S gun fhios nach robh i 'n a maighdean.
 Tha mac a' chlobair, &c.

¹ John Mackay, Borley, appears to have been a member of Session before 1765. John Mackay, junior, also an elder, was in office till 1803.

CATHERINE MACKAY'S FIRST BORN.

Air fonn :—"Horo mo nighean, a chinn donn aluinn."

Luinneag.—Hithill ohoro thugaibh

'M mac a rugadh air eigin,
'S ge b' e chuireadh an clodh e
Bha rud neonach mu dhéighinn,
Gun aon fhocal a dh' fhàs da,
Rinn e 'mhathair tur bhreugach,
Seachd mìosach do 'n phìobair,
Agus naoidh do'n Ghéigein.

'S i Màiri 'n Iùil¹ a bha eòlach,
Rinn i 'n tròcair bha feumail,
Caoidheach, Sutherlach, Leòdach,
Thoir as an rog nach bu léir dhi ;
'S ged nach b' urradh dhi innseadh,
Liuthad mhìos bha i 'n éigin,
Leig i mach e a phrìosan
As an rùm iosal aig Cèitidh.

Hithill ohoro thugaibh, &c.

Chunnaic mis' thu gu cumant'
Mu chomhair na h-uiread do dhaoine,
'S bha thu 'g ràdh nach do phòg thu
Duine beò ach am pìobair.

¹ The midwife.

Ach 'n uair dhearc sinn gu dìomhair,
 Air a gnìomh bha air a t-ìomchair,
 Ged bha do bheul gle chealgach,
 Rinn tearball an fhirinn.

Hithill ohoro thugaibh, &c.

Oir bha Bhana-Mhorair starach,
 'S gur h-i bu choireach r' am pòsadh,
 Chaillidheadh i fear as a fine,
 No 'n deadhadh an gille ri Seòras.
 Bheireadh i molt as an *Fharaid*,
 Gus am faigh a' bhan-altrum feòil dheth,
 Agus bolla gu aran,
 D' an chuid a 's glaine d' an eòrna.

Hithill ohoro thugaibh, &c.

An sin thuirt bean Dhomh'll 'ic Dhòmhnuaill,
 'S ann is còir do na ceudan,
 Bhi 'g a àireach mar Leòdach,
 O 'n tha Seòras bochd liathach,
 Ach ma 's Sutharlach thà 'n sud,
 Gheibh mo bhràthair-s' a' cheud ghreis,
 'S ma se MacAoidh air an t-slàn e,
 'S mis gu bràth a ni bhiadhadh.

Hithill ohoro thugaibh, &c.

Captein Iain á Strathaidh,¹
 Bha e feitheamh na h-uaire,
 Ach an àm dol gu Seisein,
 Dh' ìomchain lethsgheul mu 'n cuairt e.

¹ John Mackay of Strathy intromitted with these lands in 1752, and in 1756 had sasines of lands in Caithness.

Ach na saòilsinn-s' gu 'm b' leis e,
 Mu 's cuirteadh ceist air no gruaman,
 Chumainn fhéin e ri baisteadh,
 Air son an eich ud a fhuair mi.
 Hithill ohoro thugaibh, &c.

Tha cagar bheag agam fathast,
 R' a thoirt do fhear *Eilein Shanndaidh*,¹
 Bha e 'm *Baile-na-cille*,
 Mu 'n tràth so 'n uraidh 's a' gheamhradh.
 O 'n tha 'n chùs mi-chinnteach,
 'S gu 'm faod cuibhleachan tionndadh,
 'S fhearr a bhiadhadh gu falchaidh,
 Gus an dearbhar a' chlann air.
 Hithill ohoro thugaibh, &c.

¹ Robert Mackay, brother-german to Major Hugh Mackay of Farr, had sasine of Islandhanda and others, 21st July 1749.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

GUR muladach mi 'n còmhnuidh,
 Measg cuideachd 's mi m' ònair,
 'S ged bheir mi greis air spòrs,
 Bidh mi trom, trom, trom.

Gur muladach mi, &c.

Ach ged 'eil mi ro ghnìomhach,
 Mu 'n ni mu 'm bheil mi miannach,
 Gidheadh cha neil mo chrìochan,
 Dol leam, leam, leam.

Air son ged 'eil, &c.

Gach seachduin dhomh mi-fhaoilteach,
 Gach là a' deanamh saothrach,
 'S gach oidhche luidhe m' aonar,
 An rùm, rùm, rùm.

Gach seachduin dhomh, &c.

Di-sathuirn bidh mi gruamach,
 'S Di-dòmhnach bidh mi smuainteach,
 'S air moch-a-thràth Di-luain,
 Théid mi null, null, null.

Di-sathuirn bidh mi, &c.

Ged ruigeas mi gu h-anmoch,
 'S ged fhairich mi mo mheanmuinn,

Cha 'n fhaigh mi cainnt á Barabra,
Ach gann, gann, gann.

Ged ruigeas mi, &c.

Le iomadaidh luchd mì-ruin,
Cur bacadh air ar miannaibh,
'S 'g a folach-sa á m' fhianuis,
Gu teann, teann, teann.

Le iomadaidh, &c.

Sin 'n uair labhair Bàbaidh,
"Tha roghainn diubh a b' fheàrr leam,
Na 'm faighinn sud gu m' àilghios,
'S an àm, àm, àm.

Sin 'n uair labhair, &c.

"O athair, na biodh fearg ort,
Tha 'n roghainn ud neo-chearbach,
Am fear a 's fhaid' bha 'g earbsadh,
Leig leam, leam, leam."

O athair na biodh, &c.

Mo bharail air do rannsachd,
Is t' fhanadh anns an aon stagh,
Nach 'eil thu 'g a mo chunntadh,
Ach gann, gann, gann.

Mo bharail air, &c.

Do dh' innseadh dhuit nach fìor sud,
Thoir dhomhsa pears' an lìon-anart,
Is gleidh do chuid is t' ìomhaigh,
Gu àm, àm, àm.

Do dh' innseadh dhuit, &c.

TO MARY MACKAY OF BIGHOUSE,

On the occasion of her marriage with William Baillie of Ardmore.

Air fonn:—"Tha lidhe 's an abhuinn 's an allt."

CHO fad 's a tha cliù nan Reul tuath',
Thar gach reannag tha shuas a' toirt car,
Cha lugha tha Màiri NicAoidh,
Toirt urrainn os ceann Mairi Carr.

Cha 'n ann ged tha 'sùilean mar innleachd,
Gu smùsachadh inntinn nam fear,
Air chor 's gu 'n robh mòran 'g a h-iarruidh,
O dheas, is o 'n iar, is o 'n ear.

Ach oir a tha feartan 'n a h-aodan,
Mar tha anns a' ghréin 's i 'n a teas;
Mu 'n aon fhear a sheallas gu dùr oirr',
Bheir ceudan an sùil' air an ais.

Cha mhò tha do neart anns a' *chanon*,
Chur ghaisgeach le 'anal air falbh,
Na 'n cumhachd th' aig Mairi gu 'n tarruing,
Le 'seallaidhnibh banaile, balbh'.

'S ann tha luchd-oifig is beathach'
Is àireamh d' an leithidibh sin,
A' ruith ann an cùisibh a 's dàcha
Bhi fiùghail air Màiri mar bhean.

'S caomh leis a' Chaiptein an oifig,
 Cha 'n ann air son gnothuich an Rìgh,
 Ach gus am bi 'onoir ni 's àirde,
 'S gu 'm buinig e Màiri NicAoidh.

Buinidh do 'n Bhàillidh mòr cheartas
 A thoirt do gach neach thig 'n a ghaoith;
 Ach cluichidh e *tric* air a nàbaidh,
 G' a philleadh o Mhàiri NicAoidh.

Am fear 's tha cho sona 'n a phòsadh,
 'S gu 'n chothaich e 'n òigh s, thoirt a mach,
 'S e beath' na tha ris-sa am farmad,—
 Tha esan gun fharmad ri neach.

An Caiptein a dhearbhadh leis na sheinn e,
 Gu 'n robh e gu tinn ri car seal,
 Dh' fhòghnadh dha sealladh d' a h-aodan,
 Gu 'leighis o ghaol Màiri Carr.

Ged chuireadh fortan ceud fàilt' air,
 'N a stòras, 'n a chairdean, 's 'n a mheas;
 Cha 'n urradh mi mholadh ni 's cruaidhe,
 Na innseadh gun bhuannaich e is'.

Ach ged a tha Màiri cho cliùteach,
 'S e 'n ni a chuir crùn air a sealbh,
 An cothachadh treun rinn *Gleann-Iughair*,¹
 'N uair thug e a piuthair air falbh.

¹ Colin Campbell of Glenure married her sister Janet, daughter of Hugh Mackay of Bighouse.

Oir tha i cho fiùghail air dànaibh,
 'S a bheireadh r' a dheanamh do *Phope*,¹
 Tha i nis bliadhna 'n a màthair,
 'S e sud a dh' fhàg Màiri 'n a *top*.

¹ Pope, the poet.

TO ALEXANDER CORMACK.

Cormack was the Baron Bailie of the district. He paid over part of the fines imposed in his courts to the Kirk-Session for behoof of the poor. He seems to have had a sort of oversight of those requiring assistance from the Session, and his name occurs frequently in the parish accounts to May 1773. Rob Donn and he were good friends till shortly before this song was composed as a reply to one of Cormack's to Clarke of Cnocbreack. Cormack was a poet of some repute himself.

SHANNDAIDH, cha 'n 'eil spéis agam,
 Do ghamhlas ris a' Chléireach ud,
 Ach 's teann leam bhi 'g ad éisdeachd,
 O 'n a thug thu beum air clann.
 Shanndaidh, cha 'n 'eil, &c.

Ged ni fear gàir' 'n ad fhianuis riut,
 Gu t' àireach ann do dhìomhanas,
 Canaidh iad gu dìomhair,
 Nach robh focal fìor 'n ad cheann.
 Ged ni fear, &c.

Eisdidh iad gu tosdail riut,
 Air eagal t' fhearg a bhrosnachadh;
 Oir tha iad faicinn coslais ort,
 Gu 'n d' fhàs do thoimhsean gann.
 Eisdidh iad, &c.

Bitheadh iad ciotach, cealgach, riut,
 Mar bhios fear glic ri balgaire,

'N uair bhios a làmh 'n a charbad,
Is an caothach dearg 'n a cheann.
Bitheadh iad ciotach, &c.

Thuit thu le droch thrì rudan,
Eudach, òl, is aotramas ;
'N uair a dh' fhàs thu baoth leo sud,
Cha b' e 'n tlom dhuit dheanamh rann.
Thuit thu le, &c.

An rùidhtear dona mhilleas rud,
Bidh caoidh, is gainne, 's tinneas air,
Bidh farmad agus iomas air,
Ma bhios fear cinnicht' ann.
An rùidhtear dona, &c.

Cha b' ioghnadh leam ged b' olc leat,
Bhi toirt airgid o na bochdaibh ud,
Thu féin gun latha cosnaidh, is
Do stoc air dol 'n a dheann.
Cha b' ioghnadh leam, &c.

Ma leanas tu ri d' éisgealachd,
'N ad luidhe sin, 's nach éirich thu,
Cha 'n fhada nach thu féin am bochd,
Cha feumail 's a bhios ann.
Ma leanas tu, &c.

Ciod a' bhuint' bha agad-sa,
Ri Seisein no ri eaglaisibh ?

'S nach robh thu riuth ach teadalach,
 'S nach b' fhada dh' fhan thu ann.
 Ciod a' bhuint', &c.

Shaoil leam gu 'm bu nàire dhuit,
 An t-aideachadh a mhàbadh,
 'S gur tu féin a theich gu dàna,
 'N déigh do làmh chur ris a' chrann.
 Shaoil mi, &c.

Bho 'n sguir thu do'n diadhaidheachd,
 'S a shin thu ris an t-sriopaidheachd,
 Gu 'm bheil do thigh na ghriosaich dhuit,
 'S na h-uile nith' tha ann.¹

Ach ged b' olc na stòpannan,
 'G an tomhas air na bòrdaibh ac',
 Bha Sanndaidh riamh ag òl orr',
 Gus an d' fhàs a phòcaid gann.
 Ach ged b' olc, &c.

Gu 'n d' luidh thu orr' gu bliadhnachail,
 Gun chomhairl' duine riamh ghabhail,
 Dh' òl e 'n leth an —,
 Rud a nigh a chiall á 'cheann.
 Gu 'n luidh thu, &c.

Tha gnàth-fhocal a' Ghaill againn,
 Tha buintinn ri do ghloichdearachd,
 “*Once mad, never wise*” —
 Leig uainn an *subseig* fann.
 Tha gnàth-fhocal, &c.

¹ This stanza was omitted from previous editions.

ALEXANDER CORMACK AND ROB DONN.

A Dialogue.

As mentioned already, the poet and Cormack were good friends at this time, which was prior to the song to the "Geigean" on p. 285. As an indication of the friendship which subsisted between the two, it may be mentioned that Rob Donn had a child baptized George on 12th September 1769, and on the 14th Cormack had his son baptized by the same name.

Air fonn:—"Logan Water."

A. C.—CEUD furan is failt ort féin a Rob Dhuinn,
Gu 'n chaill thu do thàland am bà-theach MhicAoidh,
Mur caochail thu àbhaist, gu 'm fuiling thu tàmailt,
Ma chluinneas do chàirdean gu 'n chaill thu do chll.

R. D.—Tha mise mo thàmh ann am bà-theach Mhic-
Aoidh,
'S na gnothuichean aige-s' dh' fhàg m' aigeadh fo
strì;
'S e sin bheireadh orm-sa, gu 'm fuilinginn do 'n
Ghéigein,
Sineadh leis féin air a mhàbairachd bhaoth.

Ach bheir mi mo mhionnan nach bi mi aig sìth,
Ma chluinneas mi tuilleadh o 'n duin' ud a chaoidh;
O 'n tha mi cho abuich toirt freagairt duit féin,
Cha mhò orm és' na 'n gobhlachan gaoidh,

A. C.—Tha e gu tinn, 'n a luidh' air a dhruim,
 'S 'g a leigheas le drine, is ìm, is èin ;
 Se eanaraich a' choilich air fholach le h-ìm,
 Chuir riplis a dhruim a mach air a thòn.

R. D.—Ged rinn thu a leigheas, cha d' rinn thu a'
 chòir,
 N uair dh' innis thu 'n acfhuinn a leighis a leòn,
 Mur biodh an leigheas a thug bean Shanndaidh Cor-
 maig,
 Bhitheadh e marbh, 's cha chluinnteadh a bhròn.

PIBROCH OF AODH'S WIFE.

THOGAIREADH bean Aoidh,
 Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
 Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
 Uainn do dh' *Aisir*,
 Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
 'N aghaidh na gaoith',
 'S rinn iad MacAoidh
 Aig *Lochan-nan-Glainhidheach*.

'S folluiseach a dh' fhalbh i,
 Callaidheachd an déigh Aoidh,
 Thoilich i bhi 'n a mnaoi,
 'N àiteachaibh fàsachail.
 Chunnaic mise mar bha i,
 Turraban an déigh Aoidh ;
 'M Bealach Eadar-dhà-bheinn,
 B' àill leo gu 'n tàmhadh iad.
 Chunnaic mi rud eile ris,
 Dh' innis domh nach robh sibh saor,
 H-uile aona d' an ni,
 Sgaoilt' feadh nan àiridhnean.
 'S chunnaic mi thu féin, Aoidh
 'N uair a rinn thu 'm pill,

Gurraidh cruinn anns a' bheinn,
'S duilich dhuibh 'àicheadh.

'S folluiseach, &c.

'S suarach an t-uidheam,
Do ghruagach no nighin,
Bhì pronnadh 's a' bruidhean,
Is cab oirre gàireachdaich.
Triall chun na h-uighe,
Gun ghnothuch no guidhe,
A' mhealladh le bruidhean,
Pàisteachain bà-bhuachail.
Ma tha agaibh do chridhe,
Na philleas mo bhruidhean,
Théid mis' air an t-slighe,
Is feuchaidh mi 'n t-àite
An robh sibh 'n ur dithis,
'N ur luidhe 's 'n ur suidhe,
'S mu 'n ruitheadh beul duibhe,
B' fheàrr gun a chlàistinn.

'S suarach an t-uidheam, &c.

Na càirdean bu deala bha stigh,
Chàirich iad iomadh fear roimp',
Dh' fheuchainn an cumadh iad uaith,
Ailghios nach fuilingibh 'n lagh',
Thionndaidh i 'bus ris an fhraigh,
'S bhòidich nach pilleadh i troigh,
Chaoidh gus an ruigeadh i 'n tigh,
Am b' àbhaist do 'n ghille bhith roimh.
Dh' fhàg i an t-aran a' bruich',
'S dh' fhalbh i o thilleadh a' chruidh,

Dh' àicheadh i comhairl' 's am bith,
 'S mhèarsail i dh' *Aisir* uainn.¹
 Mhuinntir a thachair a muigh,
 'S iad a fhuair sealladh a' chluich',
 Anna 'n a ruith, teannadh o 'n tigh,
 'N deigh a' ghille chraiceanaich duibh²
 'N deigh a' ghille chraiceanaich.
 Na cairdean bu deala, &c.

Thogaireadh bean Aoidh, &c.

¹ The popular local version of this and the two preceding lines runs thus :—

“ Is leum i an amhuinn na ruith'
 Boideachadh nach till' i tuille
 Gus an ruigeadh i 'n gille 'n Asair.”

The version published in Gillies' Collection in 1786 has in place of the line noted the following :—

“ 'S shnamh i 'n amhuinn air chrith,
 'N deigh a ghille Mhoileinich duibhe.”

² This line was omitted in previous editions.

THE FISHER'S MARRIAGE.

CHO luath 's a thig an geamhradh,
 Bithidh danns' againn agus ceòl ;
 Co a 's àirde leumas,
 Na céile Ni 'c Nèill-ic-Eòin ;
 Gur mise chuireadh pàirt
 Anns a' bhaidse, ged b' ann de 'n òr,
 Mochthrath an latha mhaireach
 'N déigh màrsail nan casan mòr'.

'N saol thu fhein nach duaineil
 An sluagh ud a' dol air stòl,
 Ise leis a' chuaran,
 'S an t-uachdar aige san á 'bhròig ;
 Shaoil mi air mo bhriathar,
 'S an t-iasgach a' dol air chùl,
 Gu 'n tigeadh am fear liath ud
 Am bliadhna dheanadh a' chùis.

Agus do leigeas sinn uainn iad
 'S an uair ud, an déigh bhi pòsd',
 Cha dean iad ceum réidh,
 Ach a' bhi beiceadaich
 'S a leum air an leth-chosaibh,
 Dheth 'n taobh air am bheil an leòn ;
 Cha 'n 'eil neach bhiodh làmh riu
 'N tràth ud, nach faigheadh spòrs.

O 'n dheanadh i a bhiadhadh,
 Gu rianail 'n a luidhe 'n cùil,
 Ciod an rathad àraich
 A b' fheàrr na sud na dhùil.
 Gheibh e pailteas aodaich
 Gun dìth, gun deasbhuidh lòn,
 O 'n tha a' bhean ag innseadh
 Bhi gealltanach air ni 's leòir.

'S ann a bhios a ghiùrnaich
 Air dùirn Ni-'ic-Neill-'ic-Eòin,
 Is i 'n a gurraidh air a cèal,
 A' càradh nan sopanan,
 'S a sgaoileadh nam pocanan,
 'S i 'g éideadh a chois le clò ;
 'S maith an rathad àraich
 Sud dhà-san ri fad a bhed.

MARION AND HER LOVER.

Air fonn :—" Flowers of Edinburgh."

THA maighdean 's an àite s'
 Tha àireamh do bhliadhnaibh
 Is shaoil leam nach pòsadh
 Neach beò i, chion briadhadh ;
 Ach 's garbh-dheanta calg-fhionnach
 Calbhar r' a bhiadhadh,
 An gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
 Tha triall 'n a gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
 Ciar-dhubh, ciar-dhubh,
 'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
 Tha triall 'n a gaoith.

A Mhairiread, cha chòir dhuit
 Bhi gòrach no fiata,
 Tha marbhaist ni 's leòir dhuit,
 An còmhnuidh 'g ad iarraidh ;
 Ni 's araidhe cha 'n eòl domh,
 'S ni 's bòidhche cha b' fhiach thu,
 Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
 Tha triall 'n ad ghaoith,
 'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha ministear còir ann,
 Is mòran do chiall aig',
 'N a thaoitear do 'n inghean,
 Gun iomrall gun fhiaradh ;

Is b' fheàrr leis, an òigh
 Bhi gun phòsadh seachd bliadhna,
 Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
 Bhi triall 'n a gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh ann a phòcaid,
 Do dh' òr na th' aig Iarla,
 Bu mhòr a' chùis bhròin e
 Do 'n òigh tha e 'g iarraidh ;
 Sùilean is sròn,
 Agus feòsag, is fìaclan
 A' ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
 Tha triall 'n a gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'S olc an leannan òineid
 An t-òlach s' 'n a fhìonaig,
 'N a luidhe 'n a chòta,
 'N a rògaire mìodhoir,
 A shàilean 'n a thòn,
 Is a shròn ris a' ghrìosaich ;
 'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
 Tha triall 'n a gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha pung ann a chàileachd,
 Thug bàrr air na ceudan ;
 Tha 'aogas rò ghrànda,
 'S e air fàile 'n t-srianaich,

An uair bha e 'n *Grùididh*,
 Cha taobhaicheadh fiadh ruinn,
 Leis a' ghille dhubh chiar-dhubh
 Bhi triall 'n an gaoith.
 'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged tha e cho daochain,
 Is aogas cho fiadhaich,
 Bithidh feum air 's an tìr so,
 Air tioman de 'n bhliadhna,
 A thoirt ghabhraibh o mheann,
 'S a chur chlann dheth na cìochan ;
 'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
 Tha triall 'n a gaoith.
 'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'N uair a bha sinn cruinn
 Anns a' bheinn, 's sinn ri fiadhach,
 Bu tric a bhiodh tu 'n sàs
 Anns an t-*sauce-pan*, is biadh ann ;
 Bhiodh eagal ar bàis oirnn,
 Gu 'n cnàmhadh tu bian oirnn,
 A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
 Tha triall 'n a gaoith.
 'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

GLENGOLLY.

Air fonn :—"Lochaber no more."

Luinneag.

Gleanna-Gallaidh, Gleanna-Gallaidh,
 Gleanna-Gallaidh nan craobh ;
 Cò a chi e nach mol e,
 Gleanna-Gallaidh nan craobh.

Ri faicinn crìoch àrdain,
 'G a mo bhreugadh gu taobh,
 'S ann a smuainich mi fanadh,
 An Gleanna-Gallaidh nan craobh.
 Gleanna-Gallaidh, &c.

Cha 'n àill leam bhur n-airgiod,
 'S ri bhur n-arm cha bhi mi ;
 Cha diùlt mi bhur drama,
 Ach ri tuilleadh cha bhith.¹
 Gleanna-Gallaidh, &c.

Ged a gheibhinn gu m' àilghios,
Ceann-taile MhicAoidh,
 'S mòr a b' annsa leam fanadh,
 An Gleanna-Gallaidh nan craobh.
 Gleanna-Gallaidh, &c.

¹ Referring to efforts made to induce him to leave this district where his hunting proclivities had too much scope to be acceptable to those in power.

Fonn diasach, 's mòr a b' fhiach e.

Gu fiadhach 's gu nì,

Aite sìobhalt' ri doinionn,

Is nach criothnaich a' ghaoth.

Gleanna-Gallaidh, &c.

JOHN DONN AND CATHERINE PHAIL.

John Donn in Crosple had a child baptized Hugh—22nd July 1770. Catherine appeared before the Kirk-Session on 12th November 1764.—*Par. Reg.*

Air fonn :—" O'er the Hills and far awa'."

'B' FHEARR leam gu 'm pòsadh
 An t-oganach grinn,
 Gheibhinn banais òlar,
 Is ceòl a bhiodh binn.
 Tha sliochd ud gun dèanadh,
 'S tha cràdh orm d' a chinn,
 Oir 's ionndrain á bàghan
 Pòl mac Iain Duinn.

Dona sin a Phàileig,
 Ma chaidh Iain Donn
 Dh' iarraidh nan àilleagan
 Dh' fhàg e air chall.
 Gur measa mar dh' éirich,
 Chaidh 'n fhéill thar a bonn,
 Le tinneas a leum air,
 Dh' fhàg a ghéillinean lom.

'S e 'n leigheas bu shaoire
 Chaidh 'shaoithreachadh dha,
 Bùrn¹ deth na bhìth,²
 No do 'n aol, na 'm b' e b' fheàrr ;

¹ Water.

² Tar.

B' e deireadh na cuise,
 Bhi 'g a sgrùdadh le sàl,
 Bhi 'g a ghabhail le sùileig,
 A sgùird nighein Phàil.

Tha 'chasan 's a làmhan
 Gu cràicinneach, cruinn,
 'Amhach 'm bheil òirleach
 Smiot shròin os a cinn ;
 Tha cromadh ¹ 'n a shléisdibh,
 Is réis ² ann a dhruim ;
 'S a' chuid nach cuir mi 'n céill dheth,
 Cha 'n fhiach leam a sheinn.

¹ The length of the middle finger.

² A span.

THE NEW BOAT.

The owner of which was so careful of it that he would not give the use of it for a day to any of his neighbours.

NACH aoibhinn a' chulaidh ùir,
'S nighean Raoghaill air an stiùir,
Nach aoibhinn a' chulaidh ùr,
'S nighean Raoghaill air an stiùir.

Nighean Raoghaill is Caitriona,
'S làir nan siad a muigh air ùir.
Nach aoibhinn, &c.

Chaidh an cìobair is na nàbaidhean,
Agus am bàrd a chur air chùl.
Nach aoibhinn, &c.

'N leth-chrun gheall mi air bòrd duit.
Nì mi 'òl aig Màiri 'n Iùil.¹
Nach aoibhinn, &c.

Bitheadh Uilleam is Seònaid is fearg orr',
'S bitheadh mise is Margaid 's a' chùirt.
Nach aoibhinn, &c.

Nighean uasal Phàdruig Ghrè,
'S nighean peathar bean *Bail-phùir*.
Nach aoibhinn, &c.

¹ Midwife and keeper of a small change house.

DONALD BODACHAN'S WEDDING.

Luinneag.—Sheònaid mhòir, sgòdach, bhuidhe,
 Sgòdach, bhuidhe, sgòdach, bhuidhe,
 Sheònaid mhòir, sgòdach, bhuidhe,
 Co a shuidheadh cuide riut?

DOMHNUL Bodachan mo chridhe,
 Hùistein logaideach 's a nighean,
 Rinn iad a' bhanais gu cridheil,
 Gun phìobair, gun fhiodhull, gun dram.
 Sheònaid mhòir, &c.

Iain Pearsanach an cliamhuinn,
 Ged bha e 'n a dhuine rianail,
 Rinn iad a leagadh, 's a stialladh—
 Loisg iad a chiabhag 's a cheann.
 Sheònaid mhòir, &c.

Na h-airm a bha na daoine folach,
 'N uair chaidh iad uile 'n an cabhag,
 Na 'm faigheadh na mnathan car dhiubh,
 Cha robh tuilleadh carraid ann.
 Sheònaid mhòir, &c.

Bha daoine na bannse mi-shùghach,
 'N uair chuir iad do 'n t-sabhull gàch *fuidsidh*.

'N uair a loisg iad an cuid fùdair,
Shìn iad an sin ri mùn 'n an ceann.

Sheònaid mhòir, &c.

'N uair chaidh an gobhann a dh' ùrnuigh,
Shìn am bodachan air ùspunn,
Bha Seònaid an sin gun sùgradh,
Agus Hùistein leigeadh bhramm,

Sheònaid mhòir, &c.

THE BOATMAN'S WIFE.

The boatman was the owner of the boat referred to on p. 318.

THA 'm fear a tha 'n *Seumeuca*
 A' tigh'nn gu cladach,
 'S bheir e leis a dh' òr,
 Uiread 's a lìonas flagan.
 Tionailidh e chlann,
 'S an tè bhoichd a th' againn,
 'S a' chuid nach bi 's an *Ridhean*,
 Gu 'm bi iad ann an *Cragaidh*.

Dh' aithnich mi air seòltachd
 Nic Ille Pheadair,
 'N uair bha a cuid òr aic',
 Dol d' a fhreagairt.
 Rinn i sgil a' mhòrain
 Chur air a' bheagan,
 'N uair a bhruidh i 'n dòbhran,
 Bha air na cabair.

Tha mo bhean-s' gu tinn,
 'S tha mi gabhail eagail;
 Bidh mi muileach uimp',
 Fhad 's a tha i agam;

Ged a bheir an t-aog i
 Uam thun na h-eaglais,
 Nach fhàir mi thaobh
 Ri Nic Ille Pheadair.

A bhean bi rium fial,
 'S na bi tric a' trod rium,
 Nì mi mòran spòrs' duit,
 Gach oidhche 's maduinn;
 Agus nì mi chòir
 Fhad 's a bhios tu agam,
 'N uair nach fhaigh mi pòg
 O Nic Ille Pheadair.

Bha mi an *Dun-éidin*,
 Agus an *Dunrobin*;
 Bha mi ann an *Dornach*,
 Agus anns an *Abaid*;
 'S cha 'n fhaca mi riamh,
 'S nach robh coire agam,
 Tè bu mheasa rian rium,
 Na Nic Ille Pheadair.

ILLEACHAN.

Luinneag.—Illeachan, an tig thu idir,
 Illeachan, an tig thu chaoidh,
 Illeachan, an tig thu 'm bliadhna,
 Na 'n tu cliamhuinn Rob 'Ic-Aoidh.

CHA 'n fhaca mis' o làthibh m' òige,
 Leithid do phòsadh an Dùth'ch Mhic-Aoidh,
 'N nighean a 's òig' aig Rob nan goibhnean,
 Pòsd' aig oighre Glog na gaoith'.
 Illeachan, an tig thu, &c.

Fhuair i ciùrradh ann an cnàmhaibh,
 A dh' fhàg i trà ràidheach' gu tinn,
 Uilleam, 'n uair theid i gu fiaras,
 Cum an t-slias'd ud os a cinn.
 Illeachan, an tig thu, &c.

Gur h-e Naoghas mac Iain 'Ic Hùistein,
 'N duine 's lùthmhoir' tha 's an tìr,
 'S éigin es' a chur r' a h-earball,
 O nach tearbar i gun taod.
 Illeachan, an tig thu, &c.

'N saoil sibh féin nach maith an stàbull,
 Fhuair an làir aig Rob MacAoidh,
 Cia b' e 's am bith a tha 'n a h-eanchainn,
 Am fear ud calg tha oirr' do mhuing.
 Illeachan, an tig thu, &c.

RORY MANN'S DOG.

Composed when the bard was a boy.

THAINIG Iain mac Iain-'ic-Eòin,
 'S b' e 'n leòmhann e 's a 'n robh taic,
 Tighinn a nuas an *Caoileum*,
 Na chruinn-leum air gach bac,
 Cha mhaitheadh e do *Bhàlas*,¹
 Na 'n tàireadh e a bhat,
 'S gu 'n dearbhadh e le 'làmhann,
 Gu 'n d' rug a mhàthair mac.

'N uair thagair mise 'n cù sin,
 'S e Iain a dhùin mo cheann.
 Thubhairt e gu diorrasach,
 Cha 'n fhocal fìor a th' ann;
 Tha m' airgiod-s' air a' chlàr,
 A's feuchaidh mi a' bhann
 Tha agam air a seuladh,
 O làimh sgrìobhaidh Ruairidh Mhann.

Thuirte mise 'n sin gu bargaideach,
 Cha 'n 'eil do bhargan cinnt',
 Cha robh e ach gle mhearachdach,
 Is b' fhurasd a chur sgaoilt'.

¹ Wallace, the dog's name.

Dhearbhairns' air gach buachaille
 Tha eadar an t-Suain¹ 's an *Fhraing*,
 Nach d' fhuair e riamh do léirsinn,
 Na dheanadh feum le ainnc.

Shuidh iad sud gu cealgach,
 Is iad feargach, mu na bhòrd.
 Sheònaid, bi gu furanach,
 So leat, agus bi 'g òl :
 'N uair chunnaic e gu 'n d' oibrich oirr'
 An driogaid bha 'n a sròn,
 'S e dh' iarradh e gu curaisdeach
 An cuilean a bha beò.

Bha 'n cuilean sin a' miolaran,
 'S cha 'n fhalbhadh e leis féin ;
 Rug mi air mo ghuaileachan,
 Is shuain mi i mu 'n bhéist.
 Cha mhaithinn-se mo chù,
 'S gu 'm bu diùgh leam dol 'n a dhéigh
 Do dh' Iain mac Iain-'ic-Eòin,
 No do Dhò'ull mac Thòmais féin.

Fan-sa dheth an fhòd,
 'S na tig le d' ghlòir ni 's faisg,
 Le do chuid bhreugan luaineach,
 'S iad cho luath ris na fir chlis.
 Gheibhinn cù 's an uair,
 Mus deach a' chuain do 'n uisg ;
 Ach 's ann a bha e uainne,
 An uair ghabh Ruairidh misg.

¹ Sweden.

WILLIAM MACKAY AND ELIZABETH ROY.

Air fonn :—" Robie dona gòrach."

THA Uilleam dona gòrach,
 Gu pòsadh air éigin,
 Tha Ealasaid 'na h-òinseach,
 'N uair dheònaich i féin e,
 Shaoil leath' o 'n bha pròis oirr',
 Gu 'm pòsadh i 'n dé e,
 Ach chuir an nighean chàrn,
 Anns an àm s' dheth an fhéill e,
 Heich h-eile hò ro, ho bò, ho éile,
 Heich h-eile hò ro, ho bò, ho éile,
 Hillin 's na ho rò, nach mòr a ni an éigin,
 'N uair thogair fear gu pòsadh na siùrs-
 aich aig Davie.¹

Tha cuplaichean an nàdur,
 Chaidh dheanamh r' a chèile,
 Ma chunnaic mise h-aon diu,
 'S e ise agus éise.
 Tha Ealasaid ag radh
 Nach stà aic air léirsinn,
 Ged bhiodh e bodhar, dall,
 Ach gu 'n ceangladh sud bréid oirr'.
 Heich h-eile hò ro, &c.

¹ On 12th November 1764, Elizabeth Roy compeared at a meeting of Session and delated David Sutherland. They were fined 8 merks each, which were paid, and accounted for in the annual accounts of 1765.—*Par. Accts.*

A Bheataidh, so am bargan,
A dhearbh gu 'n robh feum ort,
Ge olc a radharc cinn,
Cha 'n e 'n inntinn a 's géire.
Cha robh a' bheag de 'n ghaol ud,
Air sìneadh o reuson,
Ach dìreach cleas an ainmhìdh,
Ga d' leanmhuinn mar chéile.

Heich h-eile hò ro, &c.

ELIZABETH ROY.

MAC Mhic Alais-'ic-Uilleim,
 'S e 'n a dhuine saor ;
 Choinnich e gun solus,
 Ealasaid 'n a caoir.

Fear gun chiall, gun chlàith,
 Tha e triall 'n a déigh,
 Maitse cha 'n 'eil d'i,
 Ann an so ach e.

'M faic sibh chàraid ghloichdeach,
 Dh' fhàg mi 'n raoir an sìth ;
 Ma bhios mac 'n an déigh-san,
 Cunntar es' a trì.

Fear gun chiall, gun chlàith, &c.

Rinn do phiuthar bargan,
 Ghlac i 'm balbh air ball,
 Is bha thu féin cho tapaidh,
 'S gun sgrìob thu leat an dall.

Fear gun chiall, gun chlàith, &c.

Mur 'eil esan fearail,
 Cha tè bhanail i ;
 Gu 'n d' fhuair mosag moisean,
 Is foghnaidh moisean dh' i.

Fear gun chiall, gun chlàith, &c.

JOHN MACLEOD,

Who was bald, and for whom a wig was provided by the young women of the district. This took place when the men of the place were away with the Earl of Sutherland's regiment.

Air fonn :—" Fear Chulchairn."

DH' FHAG an cogadh fleasgaich gann duinn,
 'S tha na bantraichean fo chaoir ;
 'S cha 'n 'eil nighean aig Rob Friseil,
 Nach toir meas air Iain maol.

Gaol currachd, gràdh currachd,
 Gaol currachd, currachd mhaol ;
 Gaol currachd, gràdh currachd,
 Gaol currachd, currachd mhaol.

Ged tha 'n naidheachd so ro bhrònach,
 Ni e spòrs' do phàirt de 'n tìr ;
 'N tè a dhiult an uraidh 'n gobhann,
 Ruith an lobhair, Iain maol.

Gaol currachd, &c.

Thog na nigheanan *collection*,
 A chur deis' air Iain maol ;
 'S gur h-e na rinn an t-airgiod uile,
 Gruag, is currachd, agus cìr.

Gaol currachd, &c.

'S iomadh tè their riut am bliadhna,
 Dearbh gur maith is fhiach thu gaol,

Chanadh an uraidh riut le fuath-chainnt,
Sud an spuaic an deachaidh 'n t-aol.

Gaol currachd, &c.

Cainnt gach maighdin, cha ruig aithis,
Air do bhathais, fhir mo ghaoil ;
Far am b' fhionnach, cha bu ghagach,
Far 'm bu charrach, cha bu mhaol.

Gaol currachd, &c.

Fhuair sinn reitheich' thar Port-Phàdruig,
Agus tarbh na dhà thar tìr ;
'S e mo dhùil nach fhaigh sinn tuilleadh,
Beathach firionn, ach fear maol.

Gaol currachd, &c.

'S e mo bharail, do thaobh nàduair,
Gu 'm bheil gnè anns na fir mhaol',
Cheart cho meamnach ri fir eile,
Chaidh na 'm fanadh iad cho chaol.

Gaol currachd, &c.

REPLY TO STALWART JOHN.

(Ian Thapaidh.)

Air fonn :—"The Auld Wife ayont the Fire."

MOCH 's a' mhaduinn, 's mi lan airtneil,
 Tha mi 'g acain aon rud,
 Tha trian mo stuic am fiachan cip,
 Aig aon a sgiot a chùinneadh;
 Cha làimh fir ceàird a rinn an dàn,
 Ge glan a dh' fheuch e 'dhùrachd,
 Bithidh 'n t-òlach pàidht' air son a ràdh,
 Gu 'n robh Balaam ùir ann.¹

Cha b' fhiach do ghnothuch chur an leabhar,
 A dh' iarradh cobhair cuilbheirt,
 Gu 'm faic a' chléir, gu 'n chuir iad féin thu,
 Anns a cheum nach b' fhiù thu;²
 'N uair chi thu meall do shaothar rann,
 Ma ni do *choinnseas* dùsgadh,
 Cha 'n ionann beath' do dh' fhear do bhreith,
 'S do 'n Ti chaidh bhrath le Iudas.

Fhir a shaothraich dheanamh aoire,
 Cha robh saoil fir céill' ort,
 Coimeas t'aoire ris na daoine
 Bh' anns an t-saoghal leughant';

¹ John in his song had compared Rob Donn to Balaam.² He was schoolmaster, session-clerk, and precentor.

Dean-sa t' fhìrinn air a Bhìobull,
 Is cuir ri aodann cléir' e ;
 'S cha 'n e do thuigse mhill do laigs,
 Ach meud do chreidimh féin duit.

Mo bharail riamh nach robh do chiall,
 Cho maith ri trian na h-aois duit ;
 Do réir mo bheachd air fear do chleachd',
 Cha b' ann le ceart a shìn thu.
 'S i cainnt do bheoil a dhearbh do ghlòir,
 'S an àit nach b' eòl do dhaoine' thu,
 Culaidh-bhùird na h-uile dùthaich,
 Nach fuiling sùgradh inns' duit.

TO THE SAME.

ACH a fhleasgaich mhill iad t' alladh,
 Chuir am braman fìò ort,
 'N uair chaidh do chiùrradh anns a' bhathais,
 Le gunna ghlas an Leòdaich ;¹
 'N uair thilg thu 'n capull anns a' bheinn,
 Do réir cleachdaidhean a' ghille,
 Bha e coltach bhi mi-chinnicht',
 Thug thu gunna leat gun teine,
 'S an damh ceanfhiann chur gu cinn.

Tapadh leat, a Mhargaid laoghach,
 Is tu roghadh còmhnaidh,
 Tha mi 'n dùil gu 'm faigh mi cothrom,
 Ort am Fearann Dòmhnaiull.
 Tuiteam cha b' fhuathach leinne,
 Ma tha 'n dàn dhomh dol dachaidh,
 'S leat mo chàirdeas le mo bheartas,
 'S feàrr duit sin na Iain Thapaidh,
 'S e cho lapach anns an t-seinn.²

¹ See reference to M'Leod's gun in the song to the Bull.

² Referring to his indifferent success as precentor.

TO THE SAME.

John, having quarrelled with the maltster, lost his temper and assaulted him.

Air fonn :—"O'er the Hills and far awa'."

THA 'm brachadair a' rànail gu tric, tric, tric,
O ! c' àit an deach' do chràbhadh, bha glic, glic, glic ?
Gun do sgrìob thu le t-ingnean mo lip, lip, lip,
Mar bhreun chlamhan aig éirigh ri circ, circ, circ.

'S ann am bàghan *Cheann-tàile* tha chluig, chluig,
chluig,
Chaidh an t-òlach do *Dhòrnach* le 'chuid, 'chuid,
'chuid ;
Gu 'n d' fhàg thu an t-àgadh air rud, rud, rud,
Nàirich an làir ud thu ; ud, ud, ud !

Dh' fheadraich a mhàthair 'n do reic, reic, reic
Thàinig e làmh ri le peic, peic, peic,
Bh' fheàrr gu 'm bitheadh Margaid 'n a t' airc, t' airc,
t' airc,
'S gu 'm tàireadh tu a ghràdhaich bhi aic, aic, aic.

N uair thàir thu an làir, a bha rag, rag, rag,
Dh' fheuch thu le càirdeas i ; dh' ob, dh' ob, dh' ob ;
Gus 'n do shàth thu 's a' bhlàr, i, bha bog, bog, bog,
'N uair ghlac thu le stràchd i, le hob, hob, hob !

TO THE SAME.

GU 'N d' thig Margaid chum an anmoich,
 'S gu 'm biodh am bargan ud aic' do steall,
 Ni sibh bargan a bhios ro shealbhach,
 Ri macan tarbhach nach feudt' a chall.
 Tha i 'n trath-s' a' dol an ràdh air,
 'S cha 'n 'eil mi 'g ràdh nach dean i call ;
 Ri fleasgach dealbhach, is casag ghorm air,
 A' seinn nan salm anns a' bhail' ud thall.

Gum bheil an sluagh ud a' togail buairidh,
 Gur culaidh-thruais leam a bhi 'g an inns',
 Air son òigridh nan daoine còire,
 Bhi dol a phòsadh air bheagan ni.
 Their a' cheud fhear a bha ga h-iarraidh,
 Bheir mi mo bhriathair nach gabh mis' i,
 Is their an sluagh ud, le 'n caomh a ghruagach,
 Nach biodh a buannachd dheth car ni b' ìls'.

Fhuair thu 'm prìmeir ud nìs o 'n chlàobair,
 'S gur gasda dìreach a thilg thu 'n gràn,
 Chuir thu dùbailt innt' urchair fhùdair,
 Air chor 's gu 'n giùlaineadh i thar sàl.
 Chaill thu 'n geall bh' agad ris a' ghriobha,¹
 Se leud a chaolais a thug do shàr ;

¹ Grieve.

'N uair thilg thu 'n fhaoileag bha 'm *Port-na-craoibhe*
 Gur h-ann a sgaoil i m' a tarraing mhàis.

'S mòr am pian duit a ghunna bhriadha,
 A thug thu 'n iasad á tigh Mhic-Leoid,
 Thubhairt càch riut gu 'n d' fhuair thu slàn i,
 Ach bha i sgàinte gu ruig an t-òrd.
 A ghunna Spàinneach a rinn thu chàradh,
 'S e chuir a' ghràin ort na mnathan òg',
 'S e dhearbh a chùis duit gu 'n d' fhàig i brùit thu,
 Le cairteal fùdair is furaist clòdh.

TO THE SAME.

Concerning the quarrel with the maltster, see page 334.

Air fonn:—"O'er the Water wi' Charlie."

'S MI-CHLIUITEACH a' cheist ort,
An cliù th' ac' a nis ort,
Gun aon neach a' teicheadh air t' àilghios.
'S mi-chliùiteach a cheist ort, &c.

Bha eagal air Coinneach,¹
'S air iomadaidh cloinne,
'S cha bu lugh' bh' aig a' chaillich, bean Phàil,
romhad.

Bha eagal air Coinneach, &c.

Bhris Uilleam Cothardach
Fèithean a ghobhail,
A' ruith thun an t-sobhail d' a theàrnadh.
Bhris Uilleam Cothardach, &c.

Mu chùis Iain Thapaidh,
Chuir crùn air a mhasladh,
'N uair mhùch e am brachadair càbach.
Mu chùis Iain Thapaidh, &c

Mu mharbh thu an duine,
Bha gléidheadh an leanna,
No thruaighe mu dh' fhuilingeas bàrd e.
Mu mharbh thu an duine, &c.

¹ Kenneth Sutherland of Cnocbreac.

Gu 'n do reic thu 'n damh ceanfhionn,
 Air peice mòr uinnean,
 G' a chur ann am mionach na làire.
 Gu'n do reic thu'n damh ceanfhionn, &c.

'S e sin a thuir Dòmhnall,
 " Bithidh so ann ad chòmhdhail,
 'N uair théid thu Di-dòmhnuidh do 'n Bhàghan."
 'S e sin a thuir Dòmhnall, &c.

TO DONALD,

An untidy, little-thought-of simpleton, who was cadaverous and greedy.

AM brochan bhios aig Dòmhnall,
 Cha nèonach leam e bhi salach,
 Oir bithidh e le 'chrògaibh,
 An còmhnuidh toirt dheth na barraig.
 Hei 'm fear dubh, ho 'm fear dubh,
 Hei 'm fear dubh feadh a' bhaile ;
 Hei 'm fear dubh, ho 'm fear dubh,
 Hei 'm fear dubh feadh a' bhaile.

Sùilean mar an cù aig',
 A's lùthan mar bhios air searrach ;
 Co nach gabhadh daoich
 Roimh an aogas a th' air a' bhalach.
 Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

Cha 'n fhaca mise riamh
 Cat fiadhaich no gaothar baile,
 Bu sgaitiche fiacaill,
 Na 'n ciaran dubh leis a' bhearras.
 Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

Ged a bhiodh e riabhach,
 Ciar-dhubh, dubh, agus tarr-fhionn,
 Odhar, glas, no du-ghlas,
 Cha diùltainn-se dhol 'n a charaibh.
 Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

THE WHITE HORSE OF TARBERT.

Air fonn :—"Loch Erroch Side."

CHA 'n 'eil mis 'n am àraidh do dhaoine' uails',
 Ach 's aobhar-thruais gu dearbh mi,
 Le bean is clann, 's nach 'eil mi saoibhir,
 'S each gun oighr' air falbh uam.
 Tha mise 'm bliadhn' air seòrs do rian,
 Nach robh mi riamh, 's nach earbainn,
 Mo phears' fo phian, 's mo chroit fo chliabh,
 Is cnap na cliath ri m' earball.

Fhuair mis' o Sheòras ¹ gearran bàn,
 'S o *Henni* làir mur oighreachd,
 Ach mus d' fhuair mi dhuibh mor stà,
 'S iad sud na dhà a chaill mi.
 Bithidh m' athchuing dìchiollach 's gach tiom,
 'S gach ùrnuigh ni mi ris an Triath,
 A' bhean a 's feàrr a thabhairt dà-s',
 'S an duine a 's feàrr do 'n mhaighdinn.

O 'n là a chaill mi an t-each bàn,
 Gur tric a làn 's a' chliabh orm,
 E bhi bàitht' gun fhios dhomh c' àit',
 Chuir mise tràth gu liathadh.
 Do cholla-mhás làn, bhi 'm poll no 'm blàr,
 Aig sionnaich chàrn 'g am biadhadh;
 Chaidh a thogail òg 's an sgoil aig Deòrs',
 'S bu mhaith a chòir air cliathadh.

¹ George Mackay of Handa.

Bu ghasda mo phonaidh air an t-sraid
 Gu marcach speiseal iomchainn;
 'S b-fhiannuis e air tarruing feill'
 Nach robh e riabh ag iomradh.
 Fear *Eilean S-Hannda* air a chrann,
 'S b'e'n toirein teanntadh cuimseach,
 Air glasaich ghleann gun bhaile gun chàrn,
 'S gun cheannair ann ach inighean.

Their fear *Shrathie*, sean is òg,
 Is canaidh Domhnuill Foirbeas,
 Their fear *Mheilinis* a rithist—
 Se fein bhiodh gleusd 's an t-seirbheas—
 “Gur mairg nach d' fhuair nuair bha e òg
 Airson tomhas oir no airgid,
 Fear a ghléidheadh a rùn gu brath,
 Mar ghléidh each bàna na Tairbeirt.”

An duine maith o 'n d' fhuair mi thu,
 'S e fein an tùs fhuair t-fheum-sa,
 Cha b' ionnan rian bh' agad 's aig pairt,
 Gu iasgach fàt na bheusan.
 Na 'm biodh tu beulach, bruidhneach, breugach,
 Mar tha cach mu d' dheighinn's,
 Bhiodh Maighstir Falconair¹ ag radh
 “Gu 'm bu mhaith an trath-sa 's a Chleir thu.”²

¹ The Rev. Alex. Falconer, minister of Eddrachilis from 1763 to 1802.

² These three last stanzas were not included in either of the former editions.

TO TWO LOVERS,

Who were about to be married, when the young man, at the call of duty, had to leave for Jamaica.

'N RUD sin chunnaic thus' am bruadar,
 Chum thu gu stuaim' e ad rùn,
 Gabhaidh tu màireach a leisgeul,
 Nach tàir e ni 's fhaisge dhuinn.

Mo nighean dubh, 's tu gun togainn,
 Mo nighean dubh, thogainn thu ;
 Mo nighean dubh, 's tu gun togainn,
 'N uair thig fear a thogas tu.

Gar bheil aisling 'g a dhearbhadh,
 Gabh thus a dhealbh ann ad rùn,
 'S subhaiche bhios tu ad chadal,
 Gu fada na bhi ad dhùisg.

Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh seachd oidhche thun an latha,
 'S dileas a luidhinn ri do thaobh,
 B' fheàrr leam na cupull reidhneach,
 Gu 'm biodh t' oighre air mo ghlùn.

Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Dearbhaidh mise gur h-e 's feàrr dhuibh,
 Sibh a thearbadh na bhi dlùth,

Oir cha 'n 'eil duine gun fhalbhan,
Ach mar chuilein gun mharbhan ùr.
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Tha a dhuinealas 'n a bhuannachd,
'S tha do stuamachd-s' cosnadh cliù,
'S ged a dh' iom-sgar an cuan sibh,
Gu 'm bheil a' bhuidh air gach taobh.
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

DAVIE.

David Sutherland, better known as "Davie," was not the best of characters. He appeared before the Session in connection with Elizabeth Roy in 1764, and in August 1766 he was ordered "to stand in sackcloth with his hand upon his mouth," for making false charges against John Miller, the tinker.

Luinneag.—Hei 'm fear dubh, ho 'm fear dubh,
 Hei 'm fear dubh feadh a' bhaile;
 Hei 'm fear dubh, ho 'm fear dubh,
 Hei 'm fear dubh feadh a' bhaile.

CHREID iad uile 'n tòs,
 Gur h-e 'm pòsadh a bha air 'aire;
 Ach eadar magadh 's gàire,
 Chaidh Daibhidh gu fire-faire.
 Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

Dh' aithnicheamaid sliochd Dhaibhidh,
 O 'm pàrantaibh thaobh na fola,
 Bus-dubh, cas-dubh, ceann-dubh,
 Bitheadh a chlann-san measg na cloinn' eile.
 Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

Tha Ni-'ic-Dhò'uill, 'ic-Hùistein,
 A's triùir dhiu air-sa mar eire,

Ealasaid ¹ is Pàileag,²

Is Bàbaidh Nic-Ille-mhoire,³

Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

'S ann a smuainich Bàbaidh,

Mu Dhaibhidh gun robh e smiorail ;

Ach fhuair i mach nach tilg e

Cho cuimseach ri Iain Caimil.

Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

'S comharradh ro chinnteach,

Air daoine bhi dol an gainnead,

Ceathrar a bhi co-stri

Mu 'n t-iunnsair aig Daibhidh tarr-fhionn.

Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

¹ Elizabeth Roy, her fine, November 15th, 1765. } *Par. Accts.*
² Catherine Phail, too poor, November 15th, 1765. } 1765.
³ Barbara Morison, her fine, November 15th, 1765. }

BRIOGAISEAG.

Lord Reay's factor dismissed them, whereupon the wife got a letter written to his Lordship complaining of the factor. The writing was so bad that it could not be read.

Air fonn :—"Fhir na casan caoll' cha leig mi."

'S MITHICH do Sheòras dol a *Chealldail*,
 Ma tha teaghlach idir aig',
 Laimh ri Naoghas Mac Iain-'ic-Hùistein,
 'S duine lùthair sgiobalt' e.
 Ged tha e 'n a dhroch bhall,
 Cha 'n 'eil e 'n geall air biogaireachd,
 Ach cuiridh mise riut geall,
 Nach seall e ri Briogaiseag.

Is olc a leig thu an làir dhonn,
 'N talamh toll a shluigeadh i,
 Ged a ghabh thu peann is ainnc,
 A sgrìobhadh cainnt nach tuigeadh iad.
 Ged bhithinn gun fhearann, gun fhonn,
 Gun duin' a' sealltuinn idir rium,
 'S mi nach earbadh gnothach trom
 Ris an Nòtair ghalld' aig Briogaiseag.

'S e mo bharail air an t-sluagh,
 Gu bheil fuathas miodail annt',
 Oir chaidh iad uile de an rian,
 'N uair nach fhiach leo idir sibh.

Tha sibh nis gun bhallan, gun bhò,
Gu mheasair mhòr, gun bhiogaran,
Ciod a dh' éireas do 'n fhear dhearg,
An uair a dh' fhalbhas Briogaiseag.

JOHN OAG'S SON'S WEDDING.

LATHA dhomhsa tigh'nn an ròd,
 Thighinn a stigh am Bealach Mòr,
 Chuala mis an rud a thachair
 Anns a' mhachair, nach bu chòir.
 Maighdean an a' ràsaireachd
 Rì strainnseirean, bha air chòir,
 Eildeirean aig an dorus,
 Gus a' charraid chur an clòdh.

Sin an t-àit' an robh an spòrs',
 'N uair a chaidh iad air an seòl,
 H-uile tè a thuit 's an obair,
 B' fheàrr di briogais oirr' na còt.
 An cléireach 's an eadraiginn,
 'S àm éigin air Inghean-'ic-Leoid,
 Is éis ann an sin ag acain,
 Tachairt eatorr' gun bhi òg.

Thàinig Beataidh leis an t-sròn,
 Gus an d' fhuair i leth an sgedil;
 Thubhairt i gu 'm b' aobhar-clisgidh,
 Na 'm biodh ise ann an tós.
 Theid mise cuide riut,
 Gu teumnach a bhualadh dhòrn,
 Séididh mi gràine niosgaid
 Mach á clisich Ni-'ic-Leoid.

Sguiridh mi a nis de 'n cheòl,
Gus an tig an rud air chòir ;
'S tha mi 'n dùil 'n uair thig Mac Culach,
Nach bi fuireach air a' chòrr.
Gheall mi gu 'n seinninn e,
Air fonn doibh na 'm bithinn beò,
Oran cuideachd a' chonais,
Shuas air banais Mhic-Iain-dig.

THE WORTHLESS FELLOW.

Air fonn :—" Andrew with his Cutty Gun."

'S EIGIN dhomhsa dol a dh' innseadh,
 Ged nach caomh leam a bhi toirm,
 Gun deachaidh es' a chur 's na laos-buic,
 O nach fhaodtadh 'chur 's na tairbh.
 'M faic thu bagan an dubh chladaich,
 Sud na bh' againn air son tairbh ;
 'M faic thu bagan an dubh chladaich,
 Sud na bh' againn air son tairbh.

O 'n tha Ealasaid 'g a àrach,
 Chuir i 'n gàrlaoch ud fo bheirm,
 'S e dh' fhàg measail e 's na h-àiteachs',
 A lughad 's a bh' ann gu dàir do thairbh.
 'M faic thu bagan, &c.

Ged tha meanmuinn ann gu riasradh,
 Le teas biadhaidh bhi 'n a ghairbh,
 B' fheàrr leam reang a chur 'n a earball,
 Na 'n te dhearg a chur 'n a sheilbh.
 'M faic thu bagan, &c.

Fòghnaidh ainmeachadh le bruidhean,
 Gu clann nighean chur am feirg ;

'S feàrr duit fanadh 'n *Coire-Chàrnaich*,
 Gus an gabh do chrògan meirg.

'M faic thu bagan, &c.

Shiubhail e gus na h-uile inighean,
 Eadar *Mioghradh* 's taobh a' *Phairbh*,
 'S ann aig inighean Iain Gobha,
 Fhuair e chobhair a bha soirbh.

'M faic thu bagan, &c.

DONALD FRASER AND HIS LASS.

THOG na suiridheich buailteirean,
 Och, faillin o,
 Is bha iad bristeadh bhualaidhean,
 Och, faillin o.
 Ged bhiodh an abhuinn 'n a caoir,
 Is *Alld-a-chraois* bu shuarach e,
 Cha bhiodh iad saor 's a' ghruagach ud,
 Och, faillin o.

Thàinig mi-sta maslaidh orr',
 Och, faillin o,
 Dhol a sìos 's nach fhac iad i,
 Och, faillin o.
 'N uair thàinig an oidhche dhorchas,
 Cha robh falbh nan casan aic,
 Aig leathad *Alld-an-Fhaslaghairt*,
 Och, faillin o.

A Chléirich na bi fachainteach,
 Och, faillin o,
 'S mise 's measa càradh dheth,
 Och, faillin o.
 'N t-àit an d' rinn an nighean tuiteam,
 Chaill mi cupall làiridhnean,
 'S feumaidh tusa 'm pàigheadh dhomh,
 Och, faillin o.

'S mòr am mealladh òigheanan,
 Och, faillin o,
 'M fear nach cum a bhòidean riu,
 Och, faillin o.
 'S e mo bheachd nach fheud mi earbsa
 Ann an cealgair òganaich,
 Cho maith ri balgair òtraich,
 Och, faillin o.

Fhuair mi mach do chealgaireachd,
 Och, faillin o,
 Ann an deanamh bargain riut,
 Och, faillin o.
 'N uair ràinig mi 'n t-àite coinnidh,
 Dh' fhàs an duine feargach rium,
 Ach thog an cuilean earball rium,
 Och, faillin o.

DONALD FRASER'S DOG.

As it were by his sweetheart, referred to in the previous song.

Air fonn :—"Lochaber no more."

Luinneag.—Sìos do 'n mhuileann, suas do'n chuil',
Triallaidh an cuilean as mo dhéigh ;
Sìos do 'n mhuileann, suas do'n chuil',
Triallaidh an cuilean as mo dhéigh.

THA iad uile toirt a' ghàir domh,
Mu 'n chù bhlàr bhi as mo dhéigh ;
Ach 's ro dhuilich leams' a mharbhadh,
'S a chaidh cha 'n fhalbh e uam leis féin.
Sìos do 'n mhuileann, &c.

Cuiream fios gu Do'ull Friseil,
Gu'm bheil mis a' sìleadh dheur,
'S mur faigh mi tuille' da sholaidh,
Fanadh *Bóini* aige féin.
Sìos do 'n mhuileann, &c.

Ach ma 's dealach sinne, *Bhóini*,
Míle beannachd ann ad dhéigh ;
Tha do nàdur càirdeach, tairis,
Sud am beul nach d' aithris breug.
Sìos do 'n mhuileann, &c.

Cha 'n ioghnadh mis a bhi feargach,
'N uair chaidh m' ainm a chur an céill,
Anns an *líst* aig Maighistir Murchadh,
Sgrìobh iad fear-chù bhi mo dhéigh,
Sìos do 'n mhuileann, &c.

ISABEL GUNN'S LOVER.

O NA thàrladh thu làidir, foghainteach,
 Tha thu 's an àit anns am fàs an cobhartach,
 Bi taghadh chàirdean gu bràth ni cobhair duit,
 'S thoir leat am pàist ud mus tàir an gobhann i.

O na ghluais thu a suas an toiseach leath',
 Gun toir na h-uaislean duit duais mar choisneas tu ;
 Thig bagar cruaidh o cheann shuas an loch thugad,
 'M faic thu 'm fear ruagh ud, 's cha d' fhuair e
 tocharadh.

Bithidh Coinneach càirdeach gu bràth do 'n urra sin,
 Is gheibh thu 'n làir ud air fàn *Bad-shuirigil*,
 Ged robh iad gruamach mu 'n cuairt a' mhuilinn
 riut,
 Cha bhleith thu càrt as nach pàigh thu giollaidheachd ?

Ged robh iad gruamach mu 'n cuairt a mhuilinn
 riut,
 'S ged chum iad stròic riut, cha mhòr an cunnart e ;
 Ged robh thu salltair an call 's an giollaidheachd,
 Do 'n fhear sin gràinne nach pàigh na Guinnich deth.

THE LOVER'S TRIP TO GRUDIE.

CHÀIDH e null do *Ghruidi*,
 Le dùil a bhi réidh,
 Cha d' rinn iad idir taobh ris,
 Ach dù-'bhreith gun fheum.
 Cha tugadh Iain òg dha
 A nighean féin ri phòsadh,
 'S cha mhodha bheireadh Seònaid da
 Còmhnaidh do 'n spréidh.

Ged tha sùil aig Seònaid
 An còmhnuidh 's an spréidh,
 'S mòr a b' anns an t-òigean,
 'N a dhòirneineach treun.
 Tha ceàird ro mhàith air eòlas,
 'S gur buaine sud na òr dha,
 'S feàrr e na beagan stòrais,
 Le tòir-iasg gun fheum.

Thig rathad taobh na gaineamhaich,
 Far 'm bi 'n seanachaidh a chaoidh ;
 'S minic bha e 'm *Boralaidh*,
 Bha sealbhach air nì.
 Tha nighean aig Mac Hùistein,
 Cho maith 's a tha 's an dùthaich,
 'S ma gheibh thu i ri phòsadh,
 Cuir cùl ris gach manoi.

THE DOMINIE AND KITTY.

Air fonn :—" Roy's Wife of Aldievalloch."

Luinneag.—"S grànd' an togar, Sheumais, thug thu,
 'N àird do 'n tobar 'n robh am bùrn;
 'S grànd' an togar, Sheumais, thug thu,
 'N àird do 'n tobar 'n robh am bùrn.

CHA 'N 'eil litir anns a' Bhiobull,
 A 's trice chi thu le do shùil,
 Na na h-ainmeanna bh' aig Céitidh,
 Anns an léine bh' air a glùn.
 'S grànd' an togar, &c.

Nach bu ghrànd' an sealladh, Dominie
 'G éiridh lomnochd as a' chùil,
 Ged bha bhriogais aige leathann,
 Bhris an leathair bha 'n a cùl.
 'S grànd' an togar, &c.

'S ann bha sinne 'g a do chleachdadh,
 Mur gu 'm biodh ann *Parson* ùr,
 Cha b' e Gnàth-fhocail Sholaimh
 Bha air t' aire dol do 'n bhùrn.
 'S grànd' an togar, &c.

TO ROB MACEACHAINN.

A ROB 'Ic Eachainn, ma théid thu Shasunn,
 Gheibh thu mharcaid fo do cheann,
 Cuir làmh 'n ad phòcaid, is cuimhnich Seònaid,
 'S aithnicheadh' còmhach gu 'n robh thu ann.
 Cuir làmh 'n ad phòcaid, &c.

Na tugadh géireineachd mu na spréidh ort,
 Gu 'n caill thu 'n t-eud sin a dh' fhàs 'n ad cheann,
 Le comhairl' dhilsean no taine nithe,
 Na tréig do ghaol ged a bhiodh sibh gann,
 Le comhairl' dhilsean, &c.

Tagh a' ghruagach, do réir a buadhan,
 Mu 'n tagh thu 'm buar, ged a bhiodh e ann ;
 Thig gillean treubhach troimh iomadh éigin,
 Mar theine séideadh á éibhle gann.
 Thig gillean treubhach, &c.

Ma ni thu 'm pòsadh, mar thriall thu 'n tòs e,
 Cha chan neach beò riut gu bheil thu meallt' ;
 Bheir creidimh còir dhuit tre ghainne stòrais,
 Gu 'n tig an còrr ort mar thig a' chlann.
 Bheir creidimh còir dhuit, &c.

Ma ni thu caochladh o 'n tè a 's caomh leat,
 Cha bhì thu sìthicht' ged fhaigh thu meall ;
 Cuir seòl air bargan, 's bi beò an earbsa,
 Gu 'n tig an sealbh air a dhara ceann.
 Cuir seòl air bargan, &c.

MARY OAG AND HER LOVER.

Air fonn :—"Bonnie Lassie will ye go."

Luinneag.—Mhàiri, ud, ud, ciod a thainig riut,
 Nach deach' thu do Sgianaid ;
 Mhàiri, ud, ud, 'n e nach tig riut,
 Croman no cas-dìreach.

MA tha thu crìochadh dhol a phòsadh,
 Tè ni 'n croman is an t-òtrach,
 Màiri Nì'n Do'll 'ic Uilleim òig,—
 Gur maith is eòl di 'n gnìomh sin.
 Mhàiri, ud, ud, &c.

Ciod e bhur barail de an òlach,
 Nach gabhadh ise 'n déigh òrduigh,
 'N déigh a deasachadh an tòs,
 Le còcair Mhorair *Mhioghraidh*.
 Mhàiri, ud, ud, &c.

B' fheàrr duit an fheòil a bh' air fuaradh,
 Fhuair thu o chòcair nan daoine uaisle,
 Na 'n ròst a thabhairt o 'n bhuachaill
 Tha shuas aig ceann *Ridh-mhichi*.
 Mhàiri, ud, ud, &c.

TO JOHN MACKAY,

Who was keeper of Lord Reay's forest. Although he and Rob Donn were good friends, the latter's predilection for deer constrained John to complain of the poet, who was brought to court in Tongue for his conduct. John is referred to on p. 141. His father, Angus Mackay, was forester in Strathmore, and is mentioned in a deed of Sasine dated 17th December 1734.

AN taobh stigh do thlòm gearr,
 'S mi nach creideadh an sgeul,
 Gur tu thogadh, ged bhiodh bàs féidh orm,
 Na 'm biodh barrant air mo chùl,
 No caraid agam anns a' chùirt,
 B' i mo bharail gu 'm bu tu féin e.
 Ach dh' fhàs an comunn sin cho searbh,
 'S nach robh fhios a'm e a dh' fhalbh,
 Tha mi cinnteach gu 'n d' rinn sealbh feum dhomh,
 Freasdal fradharcach, teann,
 A dh' fhàg goirid agus gann,
 H-uile h-adharc air gach ceann beumnach.

Dhuine chridhe, glac fios,
 Dh' aindeoin urram agus meas,
 Nach 'eil romhad ach greis bhliadhnach'.
 Faodaidh faillinn bhi an trath-sa,
 Fo do bhreitheanas air clàr,
 Thàirngeas fathast anns an t-sàs cheudn' thu.
 Chuir thu thuig le do chruas,
 Daoine urramach, uails',

Nach do loisg an fùdar-cluais riamh orr',
 Is cha 'n 'eil mionnan mu 'n bheinn,
 Nach tig mallachd ort do 'n cinn,—
 S mòr am peanas sin, mar pill Dia thu.

Pàirt do t' alladh tha gun bhreug,
 'S faide mhaireas na do chré,
 Réir do chomais, bha thu glé naimhdeil.
 Chuir thu thuig le do bheum,
 Ni bu liutha na thu féin ;
 Cha 'n 'eil samhail duit an ceud nàbuidh.
 An lagh a rinn thu gu geur,
 Nis a bhuineasi riut féin ;
 'S ann is coslach thu ri céill Hàmain,—
 Bi-s' gu saothreach rè seal,
 Ri bhi saor is an *t-Sail*
 Sin 'n uair chì thu gur smal caimein.

THE INCONSTANT LOVER.

Air foun :—"The Campbells are Coming."

Luinneag. — Hillin is oho, bean-bhleoghain nan
caorach,
Hillin is oho, bean-bhleoghain nan
caorach,
Hillin is oho, bean-bhleoghain nan
caorach,
Banachaig nan gabhar 's bean-bhleog-
hain nan caorach.

Tha mise 'n am bhantraich,
'S neo-shanntach mo cheum,
Toradh mo bhargain,
Air falbh gun dad feum.
'S cianail mo chòmhradh,
Mu 'n òigean a thréig mi,
Tha mi cho brònach,
'S ged phòsadh e 'n dé mi.
Hillin is oho, &c.

Tha mi mall-shuarach,
Mu bhuachailleachd chaorach,
O 'n dh' imich an tuathach
Suas uainn do 'n dithreabh.

Shil air mo ghruaidhean,
 O 'n chuala mi rìreadh,
 Nach robh am fleasgach
 Cho seasmhach 's a shaoil mi.
 Hillin is oho, &c.

Truagh gun bhi beartach,
 A' faicinn mar dh' éirich,
 Duin' agus bean
 A chur aithn' air a chéile.
 Chrioach dhol air ais
 Anns an t-seachduin an deigh sin,
 Tha mis' a' sìor stad
 Gus an las an tein'-éigin.
 Hillin is oho, &c.

Tha mac peathar m' athar
 'G am fheitheal 's 'g am fhògradh,
 Feuchainn a comais,
 Cur maill' air mo chòrdadh.
 Ged chuir e le 'carachd,
 Seal mi do 'n *Olaind*,¹
 Thig mi gu baile,
 'S bidh Ealasaid pòsd' rium.
 Hillin is oho, &c.

¹ Holland.

TO A YOUNG MAN,

Who was leaving the country, and had suffered disappointment at the hands of his sweetheart, who had just married one of his rivals.

Ho, gur muladach, trom, sgìth mi,
Dol do 'n tìr nach 'eil mi eòlach.

Ho, gur muladach, &c.

Thaobh na té do 'm bheil mo roghainn,
Tha mi 'n dùil nach meallar orm i.

Thaobh na tè, &c.

'S maith a b' aithne dhomh chur an òrdugh,
'N rud a dh' fhàg an tòs cho mòr thu,
'S maith a b' aithne dhomh, &c.

Lòn an t-*Srath-bhig*, 's maith gu spréidh e,
Bad-an-t-Sluichd gu féidh, is gobhradh.
Lòn an t-*Srath-bhig*, &c.

Comhairl' ort, a Naoghais 'Ic Iain.
Pàirt do mnathan tha iad gòrach,
Comhairl' ort, &c.

Cha seall iad ri car am buannachd,
Gabhaidh iad an uail a 's bòidhche;
Cha seall iad, &c.

Ach bheirinn comhairl' ort mu 'n t-suiridh,
O nach 'eil thu mu 'n iorghuill eòlach.

Ach bheirinn comhairl', &c.

Bi gu fearail, foinnidh, sgiamhach,
'S bi gu briathrach, bruidhneach, pògach,
Bi gu fearail, foinnidh, &c.

Na leig as a' ghlacadh mheann i,
Ach còmhlaich ann 's gach ceann do 'n chrò i.
Na leig as a' ghlacadh, &c.

Caith an aimsir sin gu dìomhain,
'S dean a gnìomh an déigh dhuit pòsadh.
Caith an aimsir sin, &c.

'N uair théid an crodh do na gleanntaibh,
Sin 'n uair gheibh thu cainnt gu leòir dhi.
'N uair théid an crodh, &c.

Leigeam cead, gu 'n trod, gun fhearg leat,
Fhir a dh' fhàg mo bhargan sgòdach.
Leigeam cead, gu 'n trod, &c.

Na 'm biodh bean r' a cosnadh 'n cruadal,
Cha bu tus' bu luaithe phòsadh.
Na 'm biodh bean, &c.

LITTLE LACHIE.

Lachlan was in the service of a gentleman in the south of the county of Sutherland. Rob Donn, coming to the place, Lachlan inquired of his master if it was his guest who made the song to the "Little Granges," declaring that if he sung of him in the same strain he would not tolerate such conduct. Rob hearing this, composed this song on the spot.

Luinneag.—Dona sin, a Lachaidh ghoirid,
Fhuair mi fradharc air do chuing,
'S fachaint' thu na fear de 'n cheathrar,
Tha air aithris tha 'n Duthaich 'Ic-Aoidh.

THA thu coslach ris an t-srianach,
Bhithear a' biadhadh anns an fhrìdh,
Fiacail gheur, is casan gearra,
Sùilean searraich, sròn gun ghaoith.
Donn sin, a Lachaidh ghoirid, &c.

'S truagh leam fhéin an tè thug gràdh dhuit,
Leis an fhàsaich rinn an rìgh;¹
Nì thu clann, 's cha dean thu cosnadh,
'S aobhar-osnaich thu do d' mhnaoi.
Dona sin, a Lachaidh ghoirid, &c.

Ged tha es' 'n a dheanntaig mhisgeach,
Bithibh measail air a mhnaoi,

¹ The young men of the country having joined the Earl of Sutherland's regiment.

Oir tha ise maith gu cosnadh,
 Ged tha croisean air a claidh.
 Dona sin, a Lachaidh ghoirid, &c.

Ach ma thionalar gu lach sibh,
 'S gu 'n tig Lachaidh ann 'ur gaoith,
 Sineadh h-uile fear air fath-chainnt,
 Sgiursar dhachaidh e g' a mhnaoi.
 Dona sin, a Lachaidh ghoirid, &c.

'S iomaidh maighdean th' air an t-seasgach,
 Eadar Catadh 's Dùthaich-'Ic-Aoidh,
 'S ma 's e Lachaidh 's seòrsa tairbh dhoibh,
 'S beag an t-airgiod 's fhiach na laoigh.
 Dona sin, a Lachaidh ghoirid, &c.

THE RED WELL OF RUSPIN.

The poet, being in Ruspín, asked for a drink of water, and by some mistake he was supplied with water which was anything but palatable. Margaret, who supplied it, declared it came from the Red Well.

Air fonn :—" 'So an gille ruagh."

Luinneag.—Sud e 'n tobar ruagh,
 So e 'n tobar ruagh,
 Sud e 'n tobar ruagh,
 'S truagh an t-uisge th' ann.

'N UAIR a fhuair mi 'n t-sùileag,
 Cha robh h-àileadh cùbhraidh,
 'S ann a tha mi 'n dùil,
 Gur h-e am mùn 'na bh' ann.
 Sud e 'n tobar ruagh, &c.

Anns an tobar rapach,
 Chladhaich iad 's na leacaibh,
 'S ann tha e ro choslach,
 Gur tric an c—c 'n a cheann.
 Sud e 'n tobar ruagh, &c.

Tobar Uilleim Chorbaid,
 Tha e cheart cho searbh dhomh,
 Ris an tobar dhearg ud,
 A rinn Margaid mheallt'.
 Sud e 'n tobar ruagh, &c.

An tobar a tha fodhaibh,
 Cha 'n ioghnadh e a bhreothadh,
 Bha i féin 's an Reothach,
 Deanamh 'n gnothuich ann.
 Sud e 'n tobar ruagh, &c.

'M fear sin deur a leiginn,
 A tobar na creige,
 Oir an sinn tha Peigidh
 'N còmhnuidh leigeadh bh—m.
 Sud e 'n tobar ruagh, &c.

THE LITTLE COUPLE.

Air fonn :—"Wha will be King but Charlie."

THA dithis anns an dùthaich-s',
 Tha triall dhol a phòsadh ;
 'S gur beag an t-aodach ùr,
 Ni dhoibh gùn agus léine.

Hei, tha mo rùn duit,
 Ho, tha mo rùn duit,
 Hei, tha mo rùn duit,
 A rùn ghil' na tréig mi.

Dithis a tha òg iad,
 Dithis a tha bòidheach,
 Dithis tha gun òirleach
 A chòrr air a chéile.

Hei, tha mo rùn duit, &c.

Ma bhios macan buan ac',
 'S gu 'n téid e ris an dual'chas,
 Cuiridh e gu luath
 An cù ruadh as an t-saobhaidh.

Hei, tha mo rùn duit, &c.

Ach ma théid an crùsach,
 Sgaoilt' air feadh na dùthcha,
 Théid *prospeic* ris na sùilean,
 Tha dùil a 'm, mus léir iad.

Hei, tha mo rùn duit, &c.

THE FLIRT AND HIS FOUR SWEETHEARTS.

Luinneag.—Soraidh o slàn, ho ro, gu ma fallain duit,
Soraidh o slàn, do'n leannan so thréig mi.

'N UAIR chunn'cas *covàd* ort,
Bu bhrònach a ghàir,
Bh' aig Seònaid, 's aig Màiri,
Aig Bàbaidh, 's aig Céitidh.
Soraidh o slàn, &c.

Ged bha 'm fear barr-fhionn,
'N a fhleasgach cho barrail,
Se gainnead nam fear,
A chuir ceathrar na dhéigh dhiubh.
Soraidh o slàn, &c.

Bu bhrònach an sgreadail,
Bh' aig Bàbaidh 's a' mhaduinn,
'G a fagail 's an leabaidh,
'S i clabail gu éiridh.
Soraidh o slàn, &c.

'N uair dh' éirich i aithghearr,
Gu bhi air a casan,
Bha 'm *pavineir*, 's an clachair,
'G a faicinn 'n a lèine.
Soraidh o slàn, &c.

'S e barail gach gruagaich,
 'N uair bha e 'n a bhuachaill',
 Gu 'n d' fhairich e fuathas,
 Mu 'n cuairt do Nì'n-Raoghaill'.
 Soraidh o slàn, &c.

'S e 's cleasachd an trath-sa
 Do na h-òigheanan bàtha,
 Bhi 'g innseadh 'n cuis nàire,
 'S iad pàigeadh a chèile.
 Soraidh o slàn, &c.

ROBBIE AND FROGGIE,

Two men of mean stature but of great conceit. Robbie, in a wrestling match with Betty Taylor, had got the worst of it.

SHAOIL mi féin 'n uair shln thu rith,
 Nach robh neart an inighean 's am bith,
 Ach 'n uair chaidh thu 'n éigin a' chluich',
 Sud thu air chrith, 's thuit thu mar-rith.

'N uair fhuair Robaidh foill air Beataidh,
 Bha e deònach roinn mu Bheataidh.
 Cuiridh gach fear làimh air Beataidh,
 Oir 's i 'm ball nach leam 's nach leat i.

O 'n bha Beataidh Tàillear beadaidh,
 'N uair a dh' fhalbh na daoine tapaidh,
 'S nach do chuir i spéis am Frogaidh,
 Sud i suas 'n a leum air Robaidh.

Sud na daoine 's tàire 's am bith,
 O 'n tha chuid a 's feàrr diubh a muigh;
 Chuir iad Beataidh Tàillear gu cluich',
 Frogaidh 'n a ruith, 's Robaidh cur rith.

TO DR ROBERT MUNRO.¹

The doctor was summoned to visit a young widow whom the poet declared to have feigned illness that she might have an excuse to see the doctor.

'S RO mhaith an gnothuch thug an Reothach,
 Tamull feadh na dùthcha,
 Tigh'nn air aghairt air a pheghinn,
 Rinn e leigheas ùrraichd,—
 Do shàr mhnaoi uasail bha 'n staid chruaidh,
 Ged bha i stuaim 'g a ghiùlan,
 O àireamh bhliadhna dh' fhàs a pian-sa,
 'S i gun rian a mhùthadh.

'N uair a bhreithnich e a galar,
 'S nach robh barail bàis dhi,
 Dhise thug e pàirt d' a *dhrogan*,²
 Réir 's mar thuig e 'nàdur.
 Chuirinn geall nach cunnt e 'chall,
 'S nach iarr e bonn do phàigheadh ;
 Gun dad o fhéill a chur an céill,
 B' e Reabard féin am plàstair.

B' e Reabard féin a fhuaireas treun,
 'N uair chuir e 'n céill a chàirdeas,
 Tinneas fad' a leigheas grad,
 'S nach d' iarr e dad do phàigheadh.

¹ On 27th January 1773, Robert Munro, surgeon in Rispond, had a child baptized Andrew by the Rev. John Thomson.—*Par. Reg.*

² Drugs.

Thugar dha-s' an cliù a thoill e,
 O na rinn e slàn i,
 Air leabaidh 'tinneis, le treis chaithris,
 Gun leus soluis làimh riu.

Ged nach bu chaomh leath bhi 'g a innseadh,
 Cia mar shìn an cràdh rith,
 Bha 'cridhe 'g éirigh ann a cré,
 Nach b' urr' i féin d' a àicheadh.
 Gu deimhin 's taitneach leam mar thachair,
 Tha 'n sean fhocal breugach,—
 Mion air mhion an euslaint uile,
 'S muin air mhuin an t-slàinte.

"CUARAN."

Donald MacRory's daughter dreamt that she had a pair of shoes from a tall comely man, but soon afterwards poor "Cuaran" was found to be her lover.

THA nighean Dho'uill 'Ic Ruairidh,
 Ro stuama 'n a còmhradh,
 'N uair dh' innis i 'm bruadar,
 Bu shuaicheantas air pòsadh—
 Chunnaic i 'n a suain,
 Fear do 'n tuath a' toirt bhròg dhi,
 'S 'n uair dhùisg i 's e fhuair i
 An Cuaran aig Deònaidh.

Ged gheibheadh i gruaigean,
 Cha bu bhuannachd do 'n òigh e,
 'N uair phaisgeadh i 'chearbain,
 Cha 'n aithnicheadh i foip' iad.
 Thug iad do 'n tìr shuas i,
 Air sguaban do 'n eòrna,
 B' e sud an t-socair bhualt',
 'S cha b'e gruag Iain mhic Dhòmhnuill.

'N uair shuidhich iad am mairbheist,
 Bha seirbhis ni 's leòir ann,
 Bha rosadh air an arbhar,
 Gu dearbh cha b' e chòir e.
 Ged fhuair e a bhualadh,
 Le buailtear an òlaich,
 'S i nighean Dho'uill 'Ic Ruairidh,
 A fhuair 's chur seòlt e.

THE WANDERER,

Who was accompanied through the country by a blind woman,
to whom he pretended to be guide and friend.

Luinneag.—Mo ghille dubh, 's tu gu 'n obainn,
Mo ghille dubh, dh' obainn thu,
Mo ghille dubh, 's tu gu 'n obainn;
Dh' obainn, c' uim nach obainn thu?

'S e dh' fhàg an duine air dhroch shealltuinn,
Gu 'n robh e fò 'n steall mar am bùrn;
Is mòr m' eagal gu dean thu call,
Do 'n dall d' am bheil thu toirt iùil.
Mo ghille dubh, &c.

B' eòl do 'n fhear a rinn do chrith-shùil,
Difir a dheanadh bu mhò,
Chur eadar thus' agus duine,
Na bha eadar duine agus cù.
Mo ghille dubh, &c.

Ged tha thu a' siubhal air mòran,
Tha thu do lèbhrean gun fhiù;
'S ann air na daoine tha 'n aithis,
'N uair shloinneadh air an leithid thu.
Mo ghille dubh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil call air bith gun bhuannachd,
Ged bu chruaidh a bhi gun sùil;

'N tè bhoichd ris am bheil do dhéilig,
 Gur maith dhi nach léir dhi thu.
 Mo ghille dubh, &c.

Is coltach ri giomach do chom,
 'S ri deata bealltuinn do thaobh ;
 Cha b' iognadh do mhàthair bhi trom,
 'S ann aice bha 'n dom 'n a brù.
 Mo ghille dubh, &c.

Ni mi innseadh ann am focal,
 Gur duine mi-thlachdmhor thu ;
 Maragach, luideagach, crupach,
 Gun slàinte, gun chuid, gun chliù.
 Mo ghille dubh, &c.

TO A YOUNG MINISTER,

Who was anxious to be appointed successor to a clergyman recently deceased.

'S E mo ghràdh-s' am fleasgach,
 Nach iarradh each 'g a ghiùlan,
 Bithidh MacAoidh 'n a dhleasdanas,
 Gu leasachadh gach cùis duit.
 Bithidh Chléire 's gach *Parson* leat,
 'N an seasamh air gach taobh dhuit,
 'S ma dh' fhaodas am fear-ceasnachaidh,
 Cha téid Easbuig ann do Chùbaidh.

Théid thu suas 's na gleanntaibh,
 Rathad beanntaichean an dìthreibh,
 Faoiltichidh na mnathan riut,
 'S theid do cheann a shliobadh.
 Cha 'n fhag iad clach gun tionndadh.
 Gus an cuirear crann air *Gliob* dhuit,
 Sin 'n uair sin bheir a' bhantrach dhuit,
 Am *mantal* bh' aig *Elijah*.

THE HUNTSMAN'S SWEETHEART.

The young man, who was on a hunting expedition with the poet, took ill on his arrival at the house where his sweetheart lived. She paid him less than usual attention, being afraid of attracting the bard's attention. Her behaviour, however, did not escape his notice, and the song was the result.

LEAMS' is goirid a thàmh thu,
 Ris an duine a tharladh gu tinn,
 Gun an deoch thoirt g' a leabaidh,
 Deadh bhrochan, le peabair is Ìm,
 Gabh do nèapaig mòr, leathan,
 'S bhi 'g a shnaidhmeadh mu bhathais a chinn,
 Sior fheuchainn 'm biodh fallus,
 Eadar ìochdair a bhodhaig 's a dhruim.

'S mis a' bhantrach bhoichd, dheurach,
 As do dhéigh, mar a h-éirich thu chaoidh;
 Bu tu mo roghainn measg òg-fhear,
 Fhad 's a bhitheadh tu beò, 's tu gun mhnaoi;
 Buinidh dhomhs' a bhi lámh ruit,
 Fhad 's a bhitheas tu làthair a chaoidh,
 Sparradh còinnich is sopan,
 Anns gach toll an tig osag do 'n ghaoith.

Dearbh cha bhithinns' fo chachdan,
 Na 'm bu mheur do na chneatan bhiodh ann,
 S' cha b' e m' aobhar gu osnadh,
 Ged bhiodh ruathar do ghoirteas 'n a cheann;

Fhuair thu speucadh mòr gobhail,

A' tigh'nn a mhàn air bheag cobhair 's a' ghleann—

Faodaidh sud bhi mar reuson,

Gus an duine chur eug an droch àm.

Ach na faicinn-s' an t-òigean,

Tigh'nn air ais gu bhi 'g òl is ag ith'.

Is gu 'n tilleadh a dhòghruinn,

Is nach cailleadh e mòran d' a mheas,

Dheanainn latha gu pòsadh,

'S bhithinn fathast ro dheònach bhi ris,

Na 'n rachadh duin' air bith 'n ràthan,

Nach 'eil euslaint a mhàn air a chrìos.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE WIDOW.

Luinneag.—Théid mi cuide riut do 'n bhail' ud thall,
 'S ni sinn rud-eigin mus tig sinn a nall;
 Théid mi cuide riut do 'n bhail' ud thall,
 'S ni sinn rud-eigin mus tig sinn a nall.

'S DUINE sona, saoghalt' thu,
 Mu 'n e 's gu dean i taobh riut,
 Cha bhi dad do shaothair ort,
 Ach slleadh ris 'n a àm.

Théid mi cuide riut, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil clach á gàradh agad,
 'S cha bhi tigh r' a bhàrradh agad;
 Faodaidh tu cheud ràidh an sin,
 Do làmhnan chur mu d' cheann.

Théid mi cuide riut, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil leac no dòrnag uait,
 No croman théid 's an òtrach uait,
 No poit a dh' easbhuidh clòsaigeadh,
 No bòrd a théid 'n a ceànn.

Théid mi cuide riut, &c.

Oir tha thu làidir, foghainteach,
 'S gu 'n dean do chàirdean cobhair ruit,

Gu 'm b' fheàrr leam anns an t-sabhull thu,
No gobhair agus meam.

Théid mi cuide riut, &c.

'S feàrr duit té a dh' oibricheas,
Gnìomh na tuath' mar thigeadh dhi,
No òinseach ghòineach, spidealach,
'S dos rioban air a ceann.

Théid mi cuide riut, &c.

LITTLE ANNIE OAG.

GUIDHEAM soraidh sìos duit,
 Mo Nanaidh bheag òg,
 Bu duilich domh sud innseadh,
 Nach deach' mi air do thòir.
 'S olc a dh' fhàg a fiamh mi,
 'N uair chunnaic mi na siantan,
 Nach do leig dhomh bhi briodal,
 Ri Anaidh bheag òg.

Sin 'n uair thuirt a' ghruagach,
 "Cuir uait sin, 's bi slàn ;
 Creid gu h-e do bhuannachd,
 Gu 'n toir thu thairis bàith'.
 'S e foighidinn le fuaradh,
 Ni leigheas air do bhuaireadh,
 'N uair dh' aithnicheas tu nach d' fhuair thu,
 Ach fuadaichean gràidh."

Tha gnothuch anns an t-suiridh,
 Nach iomaireadh bhi bàth,
 Ciod fhios domh 'm bheil mo ghaol
 Do na chi mi gach trath.
 A thricead 's a bha t' iomhaigh,
 R' a faicinn ann am fhianuis,
 Rinn calum de mo mhiannan,
 'S a bhlìonaich mo ghràdh.

Nach truagh an coslach céile dhomh,
 Anaidh bheag òg,
Bhi call mo latha féille,
 Cho fad 's a tha mi òg.
Mo thoil os ceann mo reusoin,
 'G am fharrach ort air éigin,
'S e sin mar thachair m' eud-sa,
 Do Anaidh bheag, òg.

THE HERD AND THE WEAVER.

The herd, who was in love with the daughter of Lord Reay's dairymaid, was being supplanted by a local weaver.

Air fonn :—"Logan Water."

Luinneag.

Tha 'n gille maith ruagh, 's e làidir, luath,
 Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas 's nach d' fhuair e i ;
 Tha 'n gille maith ruagh, 's e làidir, luath,
 Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas, 's nach d' fhuair e i.

FHLEASGAICH tha 'g imeachd an aghaidh na gaoith',
 Gun dùil aig mo nighean thu thighinn a chaoidh,
 Gu 'm b' fheàrr a bhi shuas leat am buaile Mhic-
 Aoidh,

Na fleasgach na fighe, le ficead bò laoigh.

Tha 'n gille maith ruagh, &c.

Cha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh mar chearb air bhur
 clann,

Gur ann anns na càirdean tha mhèirl' air am fonn,
 'N uair theid gach mearachd a chronachadh thall,
 Bidh fuigheall an innich 's an ime cho trom.

Tha 'n gille maith ruagh, &c.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach 'n a dhuine 'm bheil spéis,
 Tha onoir o 'leanabas 'g a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus ;
 Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s' gun chal ach an spréidh,
 Tha 'n uidheam na goide ni 's faide no éis'.

Tha 'n gille maith ruagh, &c.

Comh'rl' ort a nighein, na suidhich do bhonn,
 Air rud bhios 'n a pheanas, 's 'n a mhearachd dhuit
 thall,

Tha dùil agad achdaidh ri beartas 'n a steall,
 Le fuighleach an innich, 's cha chinnich e ball.
 Tha 'n gille maith ruagh, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh na fleasgachain tapaidh a th'
 againn,

Ag iomart an casan mu seach air na maidean,
 Le 'iteachan innich a' tilleadh 's a' glagartaich,
 Cnap aig a' mhùidh, 's an t-slinn a' feadaireachd.
 Tha 'n gille maith, &c.

FAOLAN.

He and the bard were one day planting potatoes. The latter adjourned to the inn with acquaintances. "Faolan" hurried to the poet's house and informed the family of the turn which events had taken.

Air fonn :—"Dheirich am Muillear 's dh-fhag e."

Luinneag.—Hé, hoirionnan ho,
 'S ho, hoirionnan ho,
 'S e hoirionnan ho,
 'S ho, hoirionnan ho.

'S ANN tha bhean againn muileach,
 Mu 'n fhear ghurrach gun treòir ;
 Ach feuch an innis e nis dhi,
 C' uin' théid mis do 'n tigh-dìl.
 Hé, hoirionnan ho, &c.

Gur h-i mo bharail air Faolan,
 Gur h-e stic na tha beò,
 Fear nach ceileadh an fhìrinn,
 'S fear a dh' innseadh an còrr.
 Hé, hoirionnan ho, &c.

Na 'm bithinn fhéin mar tha Faolan,
 Dheanainn strì ri bhur leòn,
 Gu 'n cuirinn, na 'm faodainn,
 A' chorrach dhìreach 'n ur tònn.
 Hé, hoirionnan ho, &c.

WILLIAM MACHUSTAIN.

DON' a *Choire-Dùghaill*,
 Is tu gun fhiù an fhéidh,
 Cha b' ionann *Coire-Diùbh-loch*,
 Bha dùn dhiubh ann an dé.
 'S e mac Uilleim 'Ic-Hùistein,
 A leigeadh smùd 'n an déigh,
 Cha b' mhò orr' a chuid fudair,
 Na dheanadh a th—tan féin.

Mharbh thu an t-agh grànda,
 'S an sgàird air toirt a leòd,
 'S e Biogas is a bhràthair,
 A phàigheas duit ni 's leòir.
 'S cho luath 's a thig am Màidsear,
 Mò làmh-s' gu'm faigh thu 'n còrr,
 Air son gu'm bheil' thu marbhadh
 Gach biasd tha salachadh 'n fheòir.

Dh' fhalbh thu féin 's a' Mhaolag,
 'N ur caol-ruith suas am blàir,
 Leis a' ghunna stumpach,
 A ghabhadh punnd 'n a beul,
 An toll a rinn an ruagair,
 Ni e nead ri fuachd do 'n gheàrr,¹
 'S gu 'n d'fhag am peileir riach,
 Anns am beir an-t srianach àl.

¹ Hare.

TO STALWART JOHN,

As if by his sweetheart.

Luinneag.—Iain uallaich, Thapaidh,
'S toigh le gruagaich maitse,
Sud bheir uam fear t' fhasan,
B' fhèarr bhi 'm feasd d' a dhìth.

FHUAIR thu cairteal fùdair,
Agus furaist dùbailt,
'S dh' fhàg iad craicionn brùit'
Air dara taobh do chinn.
Iain uallaich, Thapaidh, &c.

Ged tha casag ghorm ort,
Cha 'n 'eil cruth fir séilg ort,
Gunna glas gun charbad,
Leis 'n do mharbh thu 'n t-saoi.
Iain uallaich, Thapaidh, &c.

'S olc a fhuair thu 'n galar,
Chaidh do shnuadh 's an talamh,
Thilg thu 'n làir le peileir,
'S ann is gainne nì.
Iain uallaich, Thapaidh, &c.

Chaidh do thigh a reubadh,
 Is chaill do ghunna 'gleus ;
 Is ghabh na h-eich am *feursaidh*,
 'S chaidh iad féin a dhìth.

Iain uallaich, Thapaidh, &c.

'S iomadh oidhch' is freasgar,
 Bha mi 'g a de fhreasdal,
 Eadar *Innis-Bhreacaidh*
 Agus *Lios-nan-craobh*.

Iain uallaich, Thapaidh, &c.

Ged 'eil ràidh o dh' fhairich,
 Cha 'n 'eil trà o dh' aithnich,
 Gu'm bheil nàdur manaich
 Ann, gun chron do mhnaoi.

Iain uallaich, Thapaidh, &c.

STALWART JOHN AND THE MARE.

MHEALL thu mi 'n uair thilg thu 'n làir,
 'S nach deach' i bàs mar chualas,
 Le arm ri sùil, is fùdar bàn,
 Is e gun ghràine luaithe.

Tha mulad agus cachdan,
 Is faspan orm le gruaman,
 Fhleasgaich òig an òir fhuilt chais,—
 Thilg thu 'n t-each do ruathar.

Tha casag ghorm air mo ghràdh-s',
 Is adharc làn r' a ghuallainn ;
 Cha robh thu glic nach d' thiorc thu 'n làir.
 Mu 's deach' an gràn 'n a cluasan.

STALWART JOHN AND HIS GUN.

MHARGAIDH, na bi mire

Ris a' ghille tha 's an spùrst air ;

Mhargaidh, na bi mire ris,

Oir dh' innis mi o thùs e.

Cuir fios gu MacCormaig,

Oir 's tric a mharbh e 'n t-ùrlach,

E dh' fheuchainn ciod am cumbaist,

Théid 's a' *bhlunderbus* do fhùdair.

Ged gheibh thu miosar cnáimhe dhi,

'S ged gheibh thu càmus ùr dhi,

Na téid do thilgeadh laire leath',

Mur cuir thu làn an dùirn innt'.

'N uair ràinig mi na beallaichean,

Gu 'n d' thug mo thoil gu taobh mi,

Gu 'n deach mi suas an rathad ud,

Gu lathaich *Preas-nan-Rudhaig*.

THE SLOOP "JANE" OF RUSPIN.

SEANA mharaich, seana cheannaich,
 Le seana chaileag, 's iad gun sliochd ;
 Gun tuar conaich air a' chual chrannuich,
 Is luath rainich air a ceud luchd.
 Bha sean acair, gun aon taic innt',
 Air sean bhacan, ri sean tigh ;
 Leig an sean todha gun aon chobhair,
 An sean eithear air seana chloich.
 Bha triùir ghaisgeach gun neach coisricht',
 Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith.
 Gu long *Ruspuinn* nach pàigh cuspuinn,
 An t-seana chupuill nam plàigh rith'.
 'S mòr an éis e do fhear *pension*,
 Bha 's na rancaibh fada muigh,
 Bhith air chùl fraighneach air stiùir Sìne,
 Gun dùil sìneadh ri deadh chluich.
 Bha 'n t-sean chlasach do 'n t-sean spreisneach,
 Dh' fhàg seana chòrsair, de 'n t-seana bhrac,
 Bha seana chompaisd gun aon tionntadh,
 An seana chrumpa do bhràth thombac ;
 Seana ghlagach an t-seana chladaich ;
 An t-seann rodach ris gach sean tobht,
 Sean sgrogag an t-sean bhodaich,
 Gun aon sodal aig tonn riut.

THE GREY-HAIRED BRIDEGROOM.

Composed on the occasion of the wedding of one who went by the sobriquet of "Am fear liath"—"The Grey Man." The poet on his return from his day's work as a herd in Mackay of Musal's house, was disappointed to find the household had gone to the wedding without him, and composed the song before their return.

'N UAIR shuidh iad ri biadh,
 'S 'n uair thaingich iad Dia,
 Bha 'n duin' òg ac' cho liath,
 'S ged b'iar-ogh' do Adhamh e.
 Bha 'm muillear mòr liath ann,
 Le 'churrachd mhòr liath,
 'S a' chailleach mhòr liath bu mhàthair dha.
 Bha 'm bodach mòr liath a' sgeulachd dhoibh,
 'S bha chailleach mhòr liath ag èarlachadh,
 'S bha 'm ministear liath a' cràbhadh dhoibh.
 Bha Seòrasan liath, 's a cheann anns a' chliabh,
 Agus Guinneich beag liath á *Ardachadh*.
 Na h-uile fear liath, o 'n ear gus an iar,
 Eadar *Bealach-nam-Fiann* is *Càrnachadh*.
 Bha h-uile fear liath d' an càirdean ann,
 Gach duine bha liath an *Arnaball*;
 'S na h-uile fear liath a thogair ann triall,
 'S Mac-Neill mòr liath 'g am bàrnaigeadh.
 Bha bioran mòr iarunn mar b' àbhaist ann,
 Bha teine le biadh 'g a èarlachadh.
 Bha mòine dhe 'n t-sliabh, air a tarruing le cliabh,
 Mar ri cuillionn mòr liath nan *Ardachain*.

TO ANN MORISON,

To whom the bard composed the love song on page 148.

Air fonn :—"Tibbie Fowler in the Glen."

Luinneag.—Hi-im, agus hi-im o,
Hi-im, agus hi-im o.

Tha gruagach àraidh shuas air àraidh,
'S mòr thug gràdh dhi, 's mairg nach fhàir i.
Hi-im, agus, &c.

An tùs na bliadhna, dùn 'g a h-iarruidh,
Triùir a' tigh'nn diubh, 's triùir a' triall diubh.
Hi-im, agus, &c.

Fear goirid leathan, fear eadar-mheadhonach,
Fear dubh, fear donn, fear crom, fear dìreach
Hi-im, agus, &c.

Tha Guinneach cionalt, cinneant, càirdeach,
Gnìomhach, beartach, neartmhor, làmhant'.
Hi-im, agus, &c.

Raibeart Abrach, tapaidh, treubhach,
Gnìomhach, greigheach, màgach, spréidheach.
Hi-im, agus, &c.

Tha pàirt de 'n t-sluagh, 's an uair s' r' an innseadh,
 Muillear, tuairnear, tuath, is greubhar

Hi-im, agus, &c.

Cha liutha litir anns na bradaibh,
 No duin' òg an tòir cho fad oirr'.

Hi-im, agus, &c.

Bha I, N, D, bha E, *two Angus*,
 U, R, O, gu *poly gamos*.¹

Hi-im, agus, &c.

¹ πολυ γαμος, very probably suggested to the poet by the Rev.
 Mr Macdonald.

CHARLES ROY.

FAILT' ort féin, a Thèarlaich Riabhaich,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi ort riamh ach gnùig.
 Anam anns a' chorp mhi-dhiadhaidh,
 Ann am bheil dà thrìan do 'n bhrùid.
 Goile madaidh, làmhan lapach,
 Tàrr lachduinn 's muineal ciarr,
 Casan grànda, cama, crubach,
 Aig Tèarlach smugach nam miall.
 Mheud do chàirdeis ris na madaidh,
 Dh' fhanadh oidhch', anns na creagaibh
 Chuir thu mearachd air an t-sluagh,
 Ghabh iad romhad fuathas oillt'.
 Ged bha sinne mar a bha sinn,
 'S beag an càs ged bhiodh an fheòil 's a' mhin,
 Agus mo dhà chàbag, fad na sàbaid air do mhuin.
 'S iomadh tè fhuair mac air éigin,
 Nach d' rinn feum; 's bu neach diubh sin
 Nighean Mhic-Amhlaidh,
 'N uair rug i 'n t-amhlair dubh.

CHRISTIAN BRODIE TO COLONEL MACKAY.

The poet composed this song one evening in Mrs Brodie's house at Eribol, a year after Colonel Mackay left for Jamaica. The song which follows this was composed next morning. On inquiring at Miss Brodie what the subject of the last night's dream was, she declined to tell.

Luinneag.—'S olc a dh' fhàg an uraidh mi,
 An uraidh, 'n uraidh, 'n uraidh mi,
 'S olc a dh' fhag an uraidh mi,
 An uraidh dh fhalbh an gille uam.

CHEART cho luath 's a dh' imich thu,
 'S an tìr shuas gu 'n d' innis iad ;
 'S ged bha do ghaol mur theine dhomh,
 Cha 'n fhaiceadh càch mi sìleadh leis.
 'S olc a dh' fhag, &c.

'S e thug dhomhs' sud iomrachadh,
 Eagal mo chliù a mhilleadh leis ;
 'S ged bheirinn éigh a chluinneadh tu,
 Gu 'm faiceadh càch nach pilleadh tu.
 'S olc a dh' fhag, &c.

Nis o 'n chaidh thu as an tìr,
 'S iad do dhaoine' a 's fine leam,
 Gur h-e do ghaol is tinne dhomh,
 'S do chliù o chàch a 's binne leam.
 'S olc a dh' fhag, &c.

Tha mi 'g athchuing ort bhi tigh'nn,
Mu 'n dean a' ghrian milleadh ort,
Mu 'm faigh thu biadh ni tinneas duit,
'S mu 'm faic thu òigh ni mire riut.
'S olc a dh' fhag, &c.

CHRISTIAN BRODIE TO COLONEL MACKAY.

Luinneag.—Mo nighean donn, 's tu gu 'n togainn,
 Mo nighean donn, thogainn thu ;
 Mo nighean donn, 's tu gu 'n togainn,
 'N uair thig fear a thogas thu.

AN ni sin chunnaic thus am brúadar,
 Chum thu gu stuam' e a' d' rùn,
 Gabhaidh tu màireach a lethsgèul,
 Nach tàir e ni 's faisge dhuinn.
 Mo nighean donn, &c.

Ged nach 'eil aisling 'g a dhearbhadh,
 Gabh thus' a dhealbh ann ad rùn,
 'S subhaiche bhios tu 'n ad chadal,
 Gu fada na bhi ad dhùisg.
 Mo nighean donn, &c.

Ged bhiodh seachd oidhche thùn an lathà,
 'S dìleas a luidhinn ri d' thaobh ;
 Is b' fheàrr leam na cupull reidheach,
 Gu 'm biodh t' oighr' air mo ghlùn.
 Mo nighean donn, &c.

Tha a dhuinealas 'n a bhuannachd,
 'S tha do stuamachd-s' a' cosnadh cliù ;
 'S ged a dh' iom-sgair an cuan sibh,
 Gu 'm bheil a' bhuaidh air gach taobh.
 Mo nighean donn, &c.

THE STRANGER AT THE DANCE.

At a dance in the poet's house a stranger of unprepossessing appearance would dance with one of the bard's daughters and no one else. The poet reproves his boldness and lack of manners.

ACH ma nì thu bargan,
 Gu 'n cuir an sealbh do 'n tìr thu.
 Ach an toir mi urra dhuit,
 'S nì 's urrainn mi do 'n t-saoghal.
 Fal da ral da rà, fal da rà ra ral.

Na 'm faiceadh tu 'm fear crasg-shuileadh,
 B' e tasgullach *Ri-mhichidh*.
 Leis na bh' air do sgreataidheachd,
 Gu 'n bhreac a chasan caola.
 Fal da ral da rà, fal da rà ra ral.

Tha spuachdean is tha sgealpan air,
 Le tachas is le sgriobadh,
 Gur leath' iad air ghàirdeanan,
 Na bàrnaich air *Leac-Fhlìrim*.
 Fal da ral da rà, fal da rà ra ral.

Tha 'n duine sin r' a mheasrachadh,
 Nì 's miosa na mar shaoil leam,
 Cha 'n 'eil àit an suidheadh e,
 Aon nighean nach gabh daoich dheth.
 Fal da ral da rà, fal da rà ra ral.

Cha 'n 'eil àit an suidheach e,
 Aon nighean nach daoich dheth.
 Cha chreid thu leis an tuar a th' air,
 Gu 'n d' fhuair e riamh ach faochagan.
 Fal da ral da rà, fal da rà ra ral.

Tha 'n fheòsag aig 'n a greidheanaibh,
 Is sneadhan air gach gaoisdeag.
 'M falt carrach aig air caitheamh,
 Mar gu 'n dàthadh tu le fraoch e.
 Fal da ral da rà, fal da rà ra ral.

'S iomadh beathach b' fheàrr na e,
 A bhàsaich leis a' chaoile;
 Brògan dubh' gun iallan air,
 'S na miallan air a chaol-druim.
 Fal da ral da rà, fal da rà ra ral.

Ach ma ni e pòsadh,
 Bitheadh mòran leis do dhaoineibh,
 Oir cha b' uilear sèathnar dhuibh,
 Gu deanamh teachd-an-tìr dha.
 Fal da ral da rà, fal da rà ra ral.

'S gu dearbh cha b' uilear dithis da,
 G' a nigheadh is g' a sgrìobadh,
 'S gu 'm bu bheag dha deichnear dhiubh,
 Gu faosgadh a chuid aodaich.
 Fal da ral da rà, fal da rà ra ral.

JOHN MACLEOD,

Who had left his wife and was thought to be dead. His wife having married, it became the talk of the country that John was returning to his home.

Luinneag.—Agus a sheann duine,
'S fhada leam a tha thu agam ;
Agus a sheann duine,
'S fhada leam tha thu beò !

IAIN 'Ic Leoid, laogh mo chridhe,
B' fheàrr leam éin gu 'm biodh tu tighinn,
Gu 'n rachadh Alastair do dh' *Uibhist*,
'S gu 'm biodh Naoghas fuidh na bhòrd.
Agus o sheann duine, &c.

Ged bhiodh fiachan, 's ged bhiodh *reasd* orm,
'S ged nach pàighinn leth nan clachan,¹
Chionn 's gu 'n cluinninn e thigh'nn dachaidh,
Bheirinn lach do dh' Iain MacLeòid.
Agus o sheann duine, &c.

Dheanainn òl, 's dheanainn caithris,
Chionn gu 'm faicinn Iain mar-riut,
Alastair an cùl an doruis,
'S e na dhonas bochd fuidh sgleò.
Agus o sheann duine, &c.

¹ Referring to the quantity of butter and cheese which as bo-man he had to account for to Lord Reay.

Gur i Eòraidh bha gun athadh,
 Dhol a chumail tigh le h-athair,
 Fhuair i Alastair gu brath air,
 'N uair a chaith i Iain MacLeoid.
 Agus o sheann duine, &c.

Ach a dhearbhadh gun robh teas oirr,
 Cha robh Sagart, 's cha robh Parson,
 Nach d' ràinig i air a casan,
 Eadar *Crospull* 's cùl *Tigh-Leoid*.
 Agus o sheann duine, &c.

JANE NIC-DHONIL,

Who was angry with the poet for nicknaming her son-in-law as in the second verse. He had not enjoyed good health since his marriage.

ACH a Shìne nìghinn Dòmhnuaill,
 Cha chòir dhuit bhì cho fiata,
 Air son *miotar* chur air *pros*,
 'S e 'n tòs am beul nan ceudan.
 Fal da ral da rà, &c.

Ach ma ghabh thu fearg,
 Air son Bod Dearg thoirt air do chliamhuinn,
 Nì guirmean fathast purpaidh e,
 Na 'n cuirt' e anns an iar-dath.
 Fal da ral da rà, &c.

Tha rud eile ann a 's nàire,
 Na dàn a rinn mì riamh dha,
 Tha 'n sluagh sin a tha làimh riut,
 Ag ràdh nach d' thoir thu 'm biadh dha.
 Fal da ral da rà, &c.

Ach na 'm biodh a' bhean bu mhàthair dha,
 Le 'làmhann féin 'g a bhiadhadh,
 Gu 'n geallainn-sa nach cuireadh air,
 An uiread ud do miadhlaidh
 Fal da ral da rà, &c.

Ged 's goirid o 'n a phòs e,
 Tha 'n t-òganach air siasnadh.
 'S ged bu bhòidheach dearg am leadan aig',
 Cha 'n fhada gus an liath e.
 Fal da ral da rà, &c.

Ach ma chaochail innis air,
 No tinneas bhi 'g a phianadh,
 Bu shultmhor glan an gille sud,
 An uraidh seach am bliadhna.
 Fal da ral da rà, &c.

THE GREY BUCK ¹
(Am Boc Glas).

This poem, although ascribed to Rob Donn in Mackenzie's *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, is not usually reckoned as his. Many of the people of the bard's native district aver it is not Rob's. There can be little doubt, however, that the song is Rob Donn's, and one of the very latest of his productions. The third verse throws some light upon the occupation of the subject of the song, and is confirmed by references in the Kirk-Session records. He was Donald Mackay, *alias* Mac Mhorchie Machustain in Hunleam, and under date May 16th, 1776, Eric, daughter of Donald Mackay, compeared before the Kirk-Session at Achindun, and delated Donald, the criminal correspondence having taken place in James Mackenzie's barn in Hunleam where he was thrashing corn. In December following, Jean Roy, mentioned in the last stanza, and only one month later, Mary Buie, delated the same Donald. Two other cases coming against him, Donald enlisted and was drafted to the first battalion of Lord Macleod's regiment, which by March 14th, 1778, had sailed for the East Indies. After he had been away a year, Isobel Mackay delated him as the father of her child which was then a year old, and was baptized on 18th December 1779.

Luinneag.—Fi-hi fann-da-ri, fe-hi-n o-rò,
Hi-li fann-da-ri, fe-hi-n o-rò
Fa-hil-ò fann-da-ri, fe-hi-n o-rò
Hi-li shiubhail e,
Fann-da-ri, hi ho-rò,
Fa-hil-ò, fa-hil-ò.

O 'n tha mi na m' aonair,
Gu 'n teann mi ri spòrs,
'S gu 'n cuir mi mar dh-fhaodas,
'M boc air a sheol.
'S gu 'n leig mi fios dhachaidh
A dh-ionnsuidh nan Catach
Gur h-e 'm boc glas
A bhitheas ac' air an tòs.
Fi-hi fann-da-ri, &c.

¹Now included in the poet's works for the first time.

'S iomadh òganach smearal
 Bha fearal gu leòr,
 A chunnaiceas leam-sa
 Ann an cogadh rìgh Deòrs'.
 Ach cha 'n fhaca mi boc,
 Ga thogail air feachd,
 Ach aon bhoc glas
 Bh' aig mac an Iarl' oig'.
 Fi-hi fann-da-ri, &c.

'Nuair thigeadh am foghar,
 Co dheanamh a bhuain?
 Co dheanamh an ceanghal,
 No stucadh na sguab?
 Co chuireadh na siomanan
 Ceart air na tudanan?
 Ach am boc luideach,
 Na 'm faigheadh e duais.
 Fi-hi fann-da-ri, &c.

Gu 'n tug iad a chobhair ud
 Bhuaine gun fhios,
 'S dh' fhagadh na gobhair,
 Gun bhaine gun bhliochd.
 Tha Sine nigh 'n Uilleim
 A caoine 's a tuireadh
 'S a suilean a sileadh
 Air son a bhuic ghlais.
 Fi-hi fann-da-ri, &c.

DOROTHY AND GEORGE.

George Morison was miller's man and was courting Dorothy, who was a maid in the service of the Tutor of Farr.

Luinneag.—'S mear a ni Eòraidh mire ri Deòrsa,
'S mear a ni Deòrs' ri Eòraidh ;
'S mear a ni Eòraidh mire ri Deòrsa,
'S mear a ni Deors' ri Eòraidh.

'S gasd' air a dheasachadh m' fheasgar na Sàbaid,
Dol do na bhà-theach mhor e,
Le 'chòta maith fasanach, Sasunnach, gorm air,
'S bata d' an ainm am Pònaidh.
'S mear a ni, &c.

'S toiseach air fortan dì taghadh fir cèairde,
Choisneas gu bràth ni 's leòir dhi,
Gleidhidh e iomall na mine 's a' ghràin di,
Ged nach can Màiri "Foghnaidh."
'S mear a ni, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh tu 'n nighean 'n a suidh' air an àiridh,
B' aobhar gu gàire mhòr i,
Casan an fhleasgaich mar shlachdan an èangaich,
A tarsuinn air manachan Eòraidh.
'S mear a ni, &c.

Tha 'n gille maith', sgiobalt le acfhuinn ro dhearbhta
 S cha 'n 'eil e gun ainm aig mòran,
 Clachan is claban a' mhuilinn 'n an arm dha,
 Feitheamh air seirbhis cobhrach.

'S mear a ni, &c.

Na cuiribh an nighean gu bruidhean no fiaras,
 Air son i bhi 'g iarruidh sòlais;
 Bheir Mac-Ille-Mhoire dhuibh buille do 'n lorg,
 Ma chuireas sibh fearg air Eòraidh.

'S mear a ni, &c.

DONALD DONN,

The poet's brother, who was reported by the keeper of the forest for killing deer. Donald Donn is mentioned in a deed of sasine of 17th December 1737, by George Lord Reay to his son George, as one of the tenants of Islandryre, with Angus Mackay, forester, and William Mackay, *alias* M'Ean Vic Angus. Rob Donn then resided in Islandryre, and was constituted bailie for the occasion. Angus Mackay acted for Mr George Mackay.

Luinneag.

Hogaidh ho, mo Dhomhnullan dubh,
 Sealgair sìthne Domhnullan dubh ;
 'S fear neo-bhruidhneach Domhnullan dubh,
 'S gheibh e nì a chionn a bhi riuth.

BHA fuil am broilleach do léine,
 'S cha b' e fuil na gaibhre céire,
 Ach fuil an fhéidh a bha 's an dàmhair,
 'S cha bu mhèirleach Dòmhnnullan dubh.
 Hogaidh ho, &c.

Tha nighean an t-Sutharlaich cinn-teach
 'S nighean bhreabadair nan slinntean,
 'S na h-uile nighean ann an *Hilleam*,
 'S iad dannsadh cruinn le Dòmhnnullan dubh.
 Hogaidh ho, &c.

'N uair a chuala sinn an sgeula,
 Gu 'n deachaidh na fir òg a' dh' Eirinn,
 Bha h-uile tè bu mhodha spréidh dhiubh,
 Suiridh gu leir air Domhnullan dubh.

Hogaidh ho, &c.

'N uair a chuala sinn farbhas,
 Gu 'n d' rinn na fir oga falbh uainn,
 Thàinig dithis as a' *Pharbh* dhiubh,
 Ag iarraidh lorg air Dòmhnnullan dubh.

Hogaidh ho, &c.

A' cheud latha do na Faoillich,
 Againn bha 'n sealladh faoilteach,
 Nighean breabadair an aodaich,
 'S i 'g a chaol ruith anns a' *Bhlàr-dhubh*.

Hogaidh ho, &c.

"THE BOAT." ¹

The nickname of a certain woman in the parish.

MILE fault ort fhir na culaidh,
 Thu fein gu' meal i,
 Na 'm faiceam a chaoidh air droch bhuil i,
 Fo fear eile 'n deigh dhuit sgur dhi.
 Fhuair thu 'n-eithear sin, o Chormaic,
 Agus ro mhaithe 'n airidh
 Bha i diamhan 's mi-tharbhach aige 'n uiridh,
 Uair ar clodach tiorram, trasgte, 's uair air feisde ;
 Gun aon duine cuir siol innte no aisde.
 'S ann eolach mar na fìor sgiobaran a tha thu
 Mionnan gun ghniomh, iochd gun mhasgul, 's ciall
 gun chrabhadh ;
 Cha 'n eil bagar dhaoine ort
 Triath no sagairt.
 Cuim o chladach, o gharbhach 's o sgeir i,
 Cuim air a taobh i mu 'm faigh i ciuradh air a deiridh.
 'S air a druim gu socair samhach
 'N am a lionaidh.
 'S ann agad fein tha 'n t-eithir mhaiseach, sgiamhach,
 'S i na suidhe gu socair, samhach, gidheadh gniomh-
 hach ;

¹ Not included in previous editions.

'Si gu crannach, meallach, ropach,

'N am dhuit sineadh.

Gu ma buadhach air do luchd 's paigh thu 'm frachd,

Na ma luaidhe sud as a h-uchd na tuille steach,

'N uair theid i air a ceud siubhal

Olamaid *foy*,

Gu 'm faighear tuille luchd aisde

Ach aon *bhoy*.

BARBARA MURRAY,

Who was a "wandering character," and always repeated the refrain of this song as she went.

Luinneag.—Ochanan, ochanan, ochanan, hàrum,
 Hì ri ri hàrum, ochanan, o,
 Ochanan, ochanan, ochanan, hàrum,
 Hì ri ri hàrum, ochanan, o.

CHUALA mi 'n raoir gu robh i 's a' *Bha-theach*¹
 'S thig i a màireach rathad *Beinn-Hop*.
 Ochanan, &c.

Ged bhiodh i mu fheasgar an glas choire *Shàbhail*,
 Mu thuitem nan tràthan, bhiodh i 's na *Lòin*
 Ochanan, &c.

Thàinig i seachad oirnn rathad nam *Blar-loch*,
 Thig i do dh' *Aisir*, 's bheir i leath' bò.
 Ochanan, &c.

Air chumha gu 'n faigh i na gobhair o Huistean,
 Bheireadh i dhuinne ceithir no cùig.
 Ochanan, &c.

'S na 'm bitheadh i againn air maduinn Didòmhnaich,
 Gheibheamaid ceòl air "Ochanan ò."
 Ochanan, &c.

¹ Ba-theach Mhercain, on the east side of Loch Hope.

RICHARD'S WEDDING.

Richard Denoon lived in Eribol in 1765. By 1768 he had returned to Balnaceill, and under date 18th February 1772, the parish register has it that "Richard Denune in the Farout had a child baptized Donald."

'S ANN anns an *Fharaid* tha bhanais a' chluinntear,
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi ;
 'S e *Richard* 's fear-baile, a' bhean is a' mhuinntir,
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi ;
 Bha 'm ministeir féin aig réiteach an fhigheadair,
 'S na faiceadh tu *Richard*, gu 'n clisgeadh do chridhe
 roimh',
 'S e 'n donas chuir idir gu *Brod-dubh-namfitheach* iad ;
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi.

'S lapach a rinn sibh, 'n uair chaill sibh na pioban,
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi ;
 Gidheadh bu mhaith mhisneach dhoibh 'n t-iteachan
 fhaotainn,
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi ;
 Tha fear na bainnse féin 'n a thaibhse do bhreabadair,
 'S e a thachairt 's an oidhch' air a' chloinn gu 'm
 biodh eagal orr',
 An t-armadh r' a aodann, 's an glaoth r' a chuid
 crabhuichean,
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi.

THE WIFE OF INCHVERRY,

Who was twice married—to an old man on each occasion—and it being common talk that she was not satisfied with either, but had frequent visits from a local joiner.

BEAN *Innse-mheiridh*, cha 'n 'eil i ro bhrònach,
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi ;
 Ged thiodhlaic i bodach, tha bodachan beò aic',
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi.
 Na gabh-sa mar éigin eudach nan glas-bhodach,
 Nì mò bheir i *sràbh* air am bàs, oir a chleachd i e,
 Air nì 's lugha na *gìnidh*, gu 'm puinnsean Gilleas-
 buig e,
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi.

Tha Seòras 'n a bhuannadh mu 'n cuairt do 'n tigh
 òsda,
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi ;
 Ged théid e a' chodal, cha 'n fhada a stòlas,
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi ;
 Siùbhladh e 'n oidhche, gun soillse, gun ghealach,
 Oir is saor a tha ann, cha chum bantrach dorus ris,
 Tollaidh e dìomhair, tha snìomhair is fairche aig',
 Tha mi 'n am chodal, 's na dùisgear mi.

THE TAILOR AND HIS BREEKS.

The tailor while working in the poet's house had his "breeks" stolen before he was up in the morning. The poet rallies one of his daughters for having done this, and at the same time rallies the tailor on his appearance.

Luinneag.—Och hò, mo nighean donn,
 'S an droch uair ghoid thu bhriogais;
 Och hò, mo nighean donn,
 'S an droch uair ghoid thu bhriogais.

'S i bhriogais bh' aig an tàillear,
 'A folach nan gàg bha 'n a easgaid.
 Mu 's faic neach 's am bith mar tha i,
 'N ainm an Fhàidh cuir anns an uisg' i.
 Och hò, mo nighean, &c.

Bi muigh mu 'n éirich a' ghrian leath',
 'S na caomhainn siabunn is *brush* dhi.
 Ma dh' fholach thu 's a' bhà-theach mhòr i,
 Marbh-phaisg air a' bhò nach d' ith i.
 Och hò, mo nighean, &c.

Eudach na mnatha ruaighe,
 'S e cheist ma chualas e 'n *Ruspunn*.
 Thuit a' bhriogais de na sléisdean,
 'S cha 'n fhanadh 'fhéileadh gun chrìos air.
 Och hò, mo nighean, &c.

LORD REAY'S GRASSKEEPER.

NIS a Dhòmh'll 'Ic Huistean,
 Na smùisich rud searbh ;
 Feuch am bheil do thùir annad,
 Ciùineas thòirt á storm.
 Ach gur beag an càs,
 Ged nach teàrnadh tu o 'n arm,
 Ma reiceas tu an càirdeas,
 Air sgàth nan ochd marg.¹

Am fear a tha 'n a éigin,
 Na déilig ris mar Ghall,
 Oir tha iomadh fàt,
 Gu do chàirdeas chur an call.
 'S gu 'm faodadh fear an trath-sa,
 As am fàisgeadh tu geall,
 Bhi fuadach do bhàis,
 O 'n a' ghàradh ud thall.

An diugh thabhair sgeul doibh,
 'S a màireach tog geall,
 'S gur mearachd ma tha
 Cuid no pàirtidh ort 'n a throm.
 Ma 's biadh, no ma 's fiacaill,
 Leis an dean iad do chall,
 Leag fiach air a' phrìomh fhear,
 'S na caomhainn iad bonn.

¹ Eight merks being his wages.

THE GREEDY MAN AND THE WORLD.

G.M.—'S mi-chomaineach thusa, Shaoghail, 's b' abhaist duit,

'S olc a leanadh tu ri daoineibh a leanadh riut ;

Am fear a cheangail sreang gu teann riut leis a' ghlut ;

'N uair tharruing gach fear a cheann fein di 's es' a thuit.

W.—Is sibhse tha mar sin, a dhaoine, 's b' àbhaist duibh,

'S olc a leanadh sibh ri saoghal a leanadh ribh ;

Ged chuir mise sorchan foidh, 's air gach taobh,

Is sibh féin tha gabhail teichidh, soraidh leibh !

G.M.—O, na 'n gleidheadh tu mis', a shaoghail, bhithinn dha do réir,

Oir tha na h-uile ni a 's toigh leam fo na ghréin ;

C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dìlinn mi gu péin,

'S nach 'eil flaitheanas cho prìseil dhomh riut tēin.

W.—'S ann bu chòir dhuit bhi cur t' èòlais na bu deis',

Far am biodh na h-uile sòlas na bu treis',

Ged ni mis' an t-ùmaidh àrach ri car greis,

'N uair a thogras e mis' fhàgail, leigeam leis.

THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

The young man addressed was very unwilling to learn the catechism, although pressed to do so by the minister.

Mo ghille maith, ruagh,
 Thoir aire gu luath,
 Nach 'eil aig an t-sluagh
 Ach ruaig do thiom.
 Mo ghille maith, ruagh, &c.

THEID mi do shealltuinn air Alastair Calldail,¹
 Ach an cuir e féin gràin do na ceisteachan romham,
 Mu 's tig am ministeir làidir Reothach,
 Mu 's tàir e gu stòl thu na seòl chur mu t' amhach.
 Mo ghille maith, ruagh, &c.

Cha bheag a' chùis nàire do 'n àl tha sinn ann,
 Uiread 's thàinig gu aois eadar dhaoin' agus ghillean,
 Nach ionnsuich sinn tìomal na focalan binne,
 'S nach d' fhuair am Biobull a sgrìobhadh ni 's giorra.
 Mo ghille maith, ruagh, &c.

Ach bithibh-s' ni 's glice, 's ni 's trice anns an Eaglais,
 Togaibh na chluinneas o mhinisteir *Eadartoin*,
 Ged a tha 'm Bàillidh an trath-sa anns an Abaid,
 Cha 'n urrainn na thàireas am bàs a chur fad uaibh.
 Mo ghille maith, ruagh, &c.

¹ Charity Schoolmaster, Eribol.

HECTOR MACKAY AND JOHN GORDON,

Two young men whom Lord Reay wished to send to the army against their will. Men were sent to arrest them, who pursued them from one hiding-place to another.

Luinneag.—Mo ghilleán dubh, sibh gu 'n togainn,
Mo ghilleán dubh, thogainn sibh ;
Mo ghilleán dubh, sibh gu 'n togainn,
Thogainn, c' uim nach togainn sibh.

CHA 'n 'eil dad do mhùthadh cleachdaidh,
Eadar Eachan 's an cù ruadh,
Codal 'n uair bhios latha soills' ann,
'S bhi fad na h-oidhch' air an tuath.

Ged tha Eachan is Iain Gordan,¹
Anns an ròig a' fulang fuachd,
Ciod fhios na 'm faigheadh iad mnathan,
Nach bitheadh iad fathast 'n an tuath.
Mo ghilleán dubh, sibh gu 'n togainn, &c.

Gur sibh féin is luchd bhur glacaidh,
Aig' bheil a' choimeas gun chliù.
Sibhse mur shionnaichean falchaidh,
'S iads' air bhur lorg mar chù.

Mo ghilleán dubh, sibh gu 'n togainn, &c.

¹ In August 1777. John Gordon's name was before the Kirk-Session in connection with Mary Munro, Balnacille.

TO THE POET'S GRANDSON.

The poet's daughter Christina was married to Hugh Murray in Ruspín, son of John Murray, joiner, who had married Ann Morrison, the poet's early love. On the 9th August 1774, Hugh and Christina had a child baptized Francis.

CHI thu 'n t-oighre so fathast,
 Falbh a dh' oidhche 's a latha,
 Aga raidhlich do dhrathais m' a thònn ;
 Is ma théid e r' a dhaoineibh,
 'S gur ogha dhomhsa 's do 'n t-saor e,
 Co is urrainn a shaoradh o 'n òl ?

TO A WORTHLESS FELLOW.

THA làmhnan, is casan, is pearsa gu leòir,
 Tha achadh ro mhòr 's an dìthreabh aig',
 Tha aodach is anart m' a cholluinn gun trèòir,
 Na h-innsibh mu bhòrd an aois a th' aig'.
 Feumaidh e 'sgoladh le steallaidhnean fuail,
 Is taghadh nan iarunn sgriobaidh dha ;
 Cha tig am fear carrach air leanaban òg,
 Mar cuir sibh an seòl air *piorbhuig* dha.

TO THE GEIGEAN,

In reply to a song which he made to the poet's brothers.

Air fonn :—"There's nae Luck about the House."

CHA 'n 'eil mi 'g ràdh nach bi thu pàight'
 Air son do mhàbaidh beumnaich,
 'S gu 'n do thàrladh mi dhe 'n làraich,
 Chuir mo nàbaidh spéis annam,
 Toimhsean làidir Mhic 'Ic Sheumais,
 Dh' aithnich mèinn a' Ghéigein,
 'N uair rinn e 'n réite mu 'n *Allt-bhreuga-h*,
 'S a fhuair e t' àite féin duit.

'S olc a labhradh tu mu bhràthraibh,
 'S gu 'm b' olc t' àireamh féin dhuibh,
 Thaobh droch ghrìd a bha 'n ad dhaoinibh,
 Sgeith an tìr s' gu léir iad.
 Bha t' athair againn fichead bliadhna,
 Gus 'n do liath a ghéillean,
 'S na chaith e 'thlachd a' deanamh thros, g,
 'S cha 'n fheudtadh 'chasg o 'n eucoir.

THE COURT AT TONGUE.

On New Year's Day in Tongue, George Macleod, the family piper, having played during dinner and no notice being taken of his performance, betook himself to the inn, which was then situated in a field near the Parish church. The poet himself was for some time overlooked. When at last he was called in he recited these two stanzas which he had composed while waiting.

Air fonn :—"I'll clout my Johnny's grey breeks."

THEID mise an déigh Sheòrais,
 Oir is còir dhomh bhi 'm fagus da ;
 Oir 's bràithrean ann an ceòl sinn,
 An còmhradh beòil 's am feadaireachd,
 Oir is duine ciallach e,
 Da 'm bi luchd-fiarais freagarrach,
 'S tha dùil agam gu 'n tàir mi e,
 'S an tigh tha mhàn o 'n eaglais.

A' chùirt bha ann an *Tung'* againn,
 Gur fada 's cuimhne 'n cleachdaidhnean ;
 Bha breitheamh agus Cléireach ann,
 Gun reuson no gun cheartas ac',
 Bha 'm Foirbeasach¹ le 'lùban ann,
 Bha Hùistean ann 's an Sasunnach,
 Gur dona an aon trìuir tha 'n sud,
 Na h-uile taobh an tachair iad.

¹ Daniel Forbes, Writer and Sheriff-substitute.

THOMAS AND BETTY.

Thomas, who was a tailor, made a chemise for a young woman whom he wished to marry, but found she would have nothing to do with the chemise or himself.

Luinneag.—Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o,
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o,
 Hi ri choll o bhi h-iùraibh o,
 'S a Thòmais, thig do Dhiùrinnis,

'N LEINE sin chaidh dhiùltadh ort,
 Thoir leat gu Beataidh stumpach i,
 Ma bhios i fad á cumbaist di,
 Bheir mise bàrr an earbuil dhith.
 Hi ri choll o, &c.

Ged rachadh 'n léine shuaineadh uimp',
 Cha chum sud fadal uaire ort;
 Oir 's eòl duit féin mar dh' fhuaigh thu i,
 'S an clàr is còir bhi 'n uachdar dhith.
 Hi ri choll o, &c.

TO PATRICK MACDONALD,

Eldest son of the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, who was an accomplished musician and great friend of the bard. He and his brothers and sisters were the pupils (in music) of Kenneth Sutherland, Cnocbreac. Joseph excelled on the pipes and Florence on the violin. Patrick edited a collection of Highland airs which was published in 1784. On this occasion the poet bewails his inability to entertain Mr Patrick and the Reay family piper as he should like.

'S MISE th' air mo nàireachadh,
'S gu 'm b' fheàrr leam a bhi muigh,
'S nach fhaigh sinn biadh air èarlachadh,
Ach làgan sgaoilt' 's e ruith.

'S olc baileachadh nan daoine sin,
Luchd-sgrìobhaidh agus cluich',
Mac ministeir na sgrì' againn,
Is pìobair fir an tigh.

Na 'n tigeadh tu do m' ionnsuidh,
'N uair bhiodh annlan ann mo thigh,
Cha 'n fhaicinn thu tighinn òirleach,
Nach rachainn 'n ad chòmhdhail troidh.

Cha bhiodh sinn uair gun téis againn,
O éirigh gus an luidh,
'S na 'm b' ann air là Féill-bearachain e,
Gu 'm marbhainn duit an reith.

THE WEDDING IN OLDSHORE.

The marriage had to take place a day earlier than that for which the guests were bidden, as the minister of the place was suddenly summoned to a distant part of the country.

Air fonn :—"Null air na h-eilleanan."

'N SAOIL sibh nach robh iomas orr',
 'S am ministear 'g am fàgail,
 Bha 'n drama uath', bha spìosradh uath',
 Bha 'm pìobair uath', bha 'm bàrd uath'.
 Am bothan beag do shabhull,
 'S a' chuid a b' fhoghainteich' bha 'n *Aisir*,
 A' sparradh Uilleim Ghobha,
 Ann an gobhall Shine-an-Tàilleir.
 Bitheadh banais am *Port-chamuill* ac',
 'S bitheadh dramachan gu leòir ann,
 Bitheadh banais eile dh' fhòghnas,
 'S an tigh mhòr aig Domh'll mac Dhòmhnuill.
 'S a' bhanais bh' ann an *Aisir*,
 Gu 'n robh gàir' oirr', ged bha bròn oirr',
 'S bitheadh banais an duin' fhoghainteich,
 An sabhull Dhomh'll 'Ic Sheòrais.

THE GREEDY SON-IN-LAW.

Donald Mackay, or "Donald of the Lugs," already mentioned, was married to Mary, daughter of John Mackay (Iain Maceachain). He threatened to make a raid upon his father-in-law's cattle, and appropriate a number in the name of tocher for his wife.

Tha fear an tigh 's a chliamhuinn,
 An diugh 'n an daoinibh rianail,
 'S cha téid dad gu rian,
 Ach rud théid fhiarachd ris.
 Tha fear an tigh, &c.

Cha b' ionann sin 's a' bhliadhna,
 Bha gèard air a' *Chreag-riabhach*,
 Le Dòmhnall 's dà fhear dheug aig',
 'S iad triall a thogail creich.
 Cha b' ionann sin, &c.

Crodh-laoigh anns a' *Choir-fhèarna*,
 'S crodh seasg á cul na *Fèarnaich*,
 'S na h-uile each is làir,
 Bha stàn air *Coire-phris*.
 Crodh-laogh, &c.

ALASTAR BUIE'S SON.

'N UAIR phòs iad, chaidh 'n cur gu *Supull*,
 An rùm gu h-aparr,
 'S am fear sin cha b' fheàrr an cupull,
 Na dà chapull.
 Nighean Uilleam duibh na casaig
 Aig mac Busaig,
 'S mac Alastair buidhe nan glasag,
 Pòsd' aig mosag.
 'S ann bha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
 Ac' gu *Innis*,
 'N uair chaidh crìon-bheul dubh a' chonais.
 Gu droch innis.
 'S ann a dh' àraich Deònaidh bheulach,
 An trosg claonach,
 Thog i e le duileasg is tràilleach,
 Iasg is maorach.
 An sin 'n uair shiubhail an cù gun àireach,
 Am bith braonach,
 Ach an d' fhuair e ghobhlach mheurach,
 Altach ìngneach.

WILLIAM MACKAY OF MELNESS,

Who, when in the South, had got a pair of trousers to wear in place of the Highland dress which so well became him.

Luinneag.—Bheir mi ho air car an triubhais,
Uithis agus ho ro ;
Bheir mi ho air car an triubhais,
Uithis agus ho ro.

COMHAIRL' ort a' bhean a' Mhìlich,
Oir is caomh leat a bhi subhach,
'N uair chi thu giùmanach gleusda,
Feuch nach 'éid thu e le triubhas.
Bheir mi ho, &c.

Sin 'n uair thubhairt bean *Dail-choinnidh*,
B' ait leam Uilleam air an t-siubhal,
Ach na 'm faighinn e mar chéile,
B' fheàrr leam féileadh air na triubhas.
Bheir mi ho, &c.

An sin 's e thubhairt Iain Mac Eachuinn,
Cò a rachadh ann do thriubhas ;
B' e sud an stàbull a ghlasadh,
An déigh nan each a bhi air shiubhal.
Bheir mi ho, &c.

ROB THE HUNTER.

In reply to a song which he composed on a certain woman.

Air fonn: —“ John Roy Stewart.”

PAIGHIDH mis' a shaothair dha,
 Air son gu 'n ghabh e dh' aodan air,
 A dhol a dheanamh aoire
 Do mhnaoi fhaoilidh Naoghais 'c Leòid.
 Pàighidh mis', &c.

Bu cheann uighe 's chliaranach,
 Gu tigh teine 's biadhtachd i,
 Cha b' ionann i 's Rob liath ud,
 Bhiodh ag iarraidh air gach ceò.
 Bu chean uighe, &c.

Clisgidh mnathan fialaidh roimh'
 'N uair thig e stigh an sliabh thugainn,
 Bidh 'm madadh ruadh 's an strianach aig'
 'S an dà chù dheug 'n a thònn.
 Clisgidh mnathan, &c.

Cha bu bheag am fuathas e,
 A' falbh air feadh na tuatha sin,
 Aon fhocal riamh cha d' fhuaras uaith.
 Ach c' àit an d' fhuair e 'leòir.
 Cha bu bheag, &c.

THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

Hugh Murray, who afterwards married Christina, Rob Donn's daughter, was at this time in Leith. His father, John, married Ann, daughter of Donald Morrison in Hope (the Ann Morison of the poet's best love song), and was at this time in Ireland, whither he had gone as ship carpenter.

Air fonn :—"Ealasaid Nì' Connuil, se t-oige a chuireas orm."

'S ANN air Anna Dhòmhnuill Bhàin,
 'S air mo nighean féin a tha 'n éigin,
 Ma phòsas Huistean, an *Lìte*,
 Agus an saor an Eirinn.
 Ma tha 'n t-suiridh ud cho meallt',
 Cha chan mi drannd m' a déighinn,
 Ach cuiridh mi Curstaidh chun á bhràighe,
 Air chor 's gu 'n tàir e féin i.
 'S ann eadar a' mhachair 's am bràighe,
 Fhuair thu 'n sàr a dh' fhòghnadh,
 Eagal, is cachdan, is nàir ort,
 'N uair a dh' fhàg a' bhò thu.
 Ach cha chunntainnse bhì gun onoir,
 Cheart aindeoin do dhòghruinn,
 Na 'n tàirinn bhì 'n a mo sheanair,
 Do fhear a' shìol Tòmais.

THE TITHE COLLECTOR.

The Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, Mr Mackay of Strathmelness, and Rob Donn were conversing one evening when the tithe collector, John Mackay, *alias* MacUilleam Vic Neill, made his appearance, demanding dues from Mr Mackay and Rob. He mentioned that the tax was not for his use, but for God's, at the same time telling Rob Donn that he did not intend that year to exact the tithe of his kids.

THA mi nis a' faicinn,
 Rud nach d' thug mi feart air riamh,
 A' cluinntinn gur h-e 'm Pracadair,
 A 's *Factor* do Dhia.

'N uair a bha ar Slànuighear
 A mhàn am measg nan ceud,
 B' e 'm fear bu mhaighstir-sporain dha
 'N aon Donas 'n dà fhear dheug.

Rinn thu rud nach b' àbhaist duit,
 Cha do chunnt thu mo chuid meann,
 Cha b' mhisde mis' a phàigheadh,
 Cha bu mhò na dhà dhiubh bh' ann.

'S cinnteach nach deadh nàdur,
 Thug ort am fàgail 's a' cheart àm,
 Ach stic do pheacadh 'n àrdain,
 Bhi toirt bàs do pheacadh 'n t-sannt.

THE POET'S WIFE.

Shortly after his return from the Sutherland Regiment, he was one day in a hurry to go fishing with a neighbour, and finding that he had not great assistance from his wife in getting ready, addressed her thus:—

FEUCH am faigh mi iachdair,
 No riachlaid do chòta,
 A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg
 Ma 's a bi an t-iasg,
 A' biastadh na pròis orm,
 A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg
 'S a liuthad maighdean àluinn,
 Is Sàlaidh¹ air thòs orra,
 Bheireadh dhomh an làmhan,
 Is pàirt 'g a mo phògadh,
 Ged a tha mi 'n trath-sa
 Na 'm thràill an tigh Seònaid,
 A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

¹ Sally Grant referred in a previous song.

THE POET'S DAUGHTER CHRISTINA.

His wife being from home, his daughters kept house for him. Christina would not do the "baking" at her sister's request. Her father, knowing she had a special dislike for their neighbour's son, composed this song, and Christina felt the rebuke very much.

NACH h-e mis' th' anns a chall,
 Le mo bhean a bhi thall,
 'S nach dean Curstaidh mhaol Donn an fhuine
 dhomh.

Cha 'n 'eil neach anns an tìr,
 D' an d' thug ise mòr ghaol,
 Ach mac a' bhreabadair mhaoil, is currachd air.

Cha 'n 'eil piuthair-chéile dhuit ann,
 Ach Eiric rugaideach, cham,
 Car 'n a h-amhach, 's a ceann a' turraban.

Ma 's e Curstaidh a ghaol,
 'S gu 'n tig e 'n so air a tì,
 Bheir mi féin a' bhò mhaol 's an gunna dha.

THE POET AND THE WIDOW.*

(A Dialogue.)

The latter was complaining of the condition of her house and lands, as she had no husband to guide affairs.

Widow.—THA mo bhord-sa gun bhranndair,
Do thaobh na fir bhith gann domh ;
'S cha 'n fheigh thu dad fo t-undainn,
Ach ceann do thrusdair caithreach.

Rob.—Na fir tha ann tha pears' aca
Ach cha-neil ach beartas gann aca
Cha-n fheigh thu fear gu do shanntachadh
Mur sanntaich thus an toiseach e.

Widow.—Na feighineas mo nabaidh,
Gu cuir is cliathadh mhag dhomh,
Cha chreidinns' gu brath
Gu 'm biodh bàr aig fear eil' orm.

Rob.—Ged dheabhadh tu do nabuidh,
Gu cuir 's gu cliathadh mag dhuit ;
Gun bhriseadh air na h-aithntean
Cha lanaicheadh sud t-fheumas.

* Not previously published.

LORD REAY'S GRIEVE.

Good morrow ort a Dhomh'll 'Ic Thormaid,
 'S duilich sgeul a dhearbhadh ort,
 Rinn mi rann duit bha fìor,
 'N uair a shìn thu ri do phost ;
 Gabh do roghainn á dà ghiomhachd,
 'S tha gach aon diubh beag an toirt,
 Thu bhi dh' easbhuidh do dhuais,
 No nì na tuath' dhol bàs do 'n ghòirt.

WILLIAM OF DIREADH,

Whom the bard chaffed on not getting married.

GED tha crodh is caoraich aig,
 'S rud maith do dh' eachaibh 'n caomhnadh,
 Aig Uilleam anns an dìthreabh,
 Cha sìn e air mire riuth'.
 Tha 'n fhèil aig' air seanachadh,
 'S tha 'fheòsag air ruineachadh,
 'S tha 'n t-sròn aig' air biorachadh,
 'S neo-bhòidheach an gille sud.

ROB DONN AND THE SKYE BARD.

While Rob Donn was at breakfast in the Manse of Sleat during his visit to the minister of that parish, one of the local bards called and was invited by the host to compose a verse on the words "shield, butter, pork, tobacco-pipe and priest." Rob having heard the verse, remarked, "You have treated the priest badly," and shortly thereafter gave his verse on the subjects.

(The Skye Bard.)

A' MHUC mar bhiadh, 's an sgiath mar bhòrd,
 'S an Sagart nach itheadh an t-im,
 Sparrainn a' phiob 'n a th—.

(Rob Donn.)

BHIADHAINN an Sagart gu grinn—
 Bheirinn dha 'n t-im air a' mhuic ;
 An targaid air a làimh chli,
 Is plob-thombaca 'n a phluic !

JOHN MAC EACHIN'S GRANDSON.

Donald Mackay, *alias* Macuilleam Mac 'Naoghais, otherwise "Donal nan Cluas," was married to Mary, daughter to John Mackay, Musal. Donald lived for some time at Musal, and on 18th January 1765 he had a child baptized Hugh. By 1769 he went to live in Bad-na-h-Achlais, where on 1st May of that year he had a child baptized John.

GNUIG, is mùig, is stùic, is leth-taobh,
 An àm an fheasgair, 's olc air 'aoidh;
 Ged nach ogh' e do Iain MacEachuinn,
 'S mac ceart e do Dhomh'll MacAoidh;

Cha lìon e chaoidh còr' a sheanair,
 Oir 's bean a th' air a thaobh 's a' chlà
 'S ann r' a athair a chaidh a dhùthchas,
 'S iar-ogh' do nighean Hùistein è.

TO AN OFFICER

Of the Earl of Sutherland's regiment, who laid a wager with the bard that he could not compose a verse on him, while he ran round the table at which a large company sat. Rob Donn won the wager.

CALUM liath nan sùilean gaibhre,
 Tha e caoimhneil, 's tha e còir;
 Ach cha 'n fhaca mi féin riamh a leithid,
 Gu mionnan, is aighear, is òl.

BARBARA.

GAOL le truas, tha 'dhuais mu choinneamh,
 Losgadh 'm pàirt cho blath ri connamh ;
 Ach cainnt cha 'n fhaod sinn inns' gu falluin,
 Pian a' ghaoil gun strì ri comain.

Na 'n deanainn ùrnuigh dhlùth do m' anam,
 Bhiodh innt' *nòt* air tòs na chanainn,
 Mi bhi tigh'nn le triall gun fhanadh,
 Mhàn *Càrn-agadh*, 's Bàbaidh mar-rìum.

DONALD MACLEOD,

Who was grasskeeper, and was injured by a fall from a horse.

THUIT Dòmhnall MacLeòid,
 'S chuir sud bròn air a chàirdean ;
 Tha e sìnte 'n a luidhe,
 Gun aighear gun àrdan.
 'S e thuirt an làir bhuidhe,
 'S i ruith do na bàrdach',
 "Luidhe gun éiridh air,
 No éiridh bà sgàrdaich."

THE CROSPUL FUNERAL.

BHA mi air falair *Chrospuill*,
 Leas-ingham do Shanndaidh Bàn ;
 Dh' aithnich mis' air rian na fasdail,
 Gur h-e Mac Casguill a b' fheàrr.
 A chrògan anns an aran 's an ìm,
 A sgian air a ruinn 's a' chàis,
 'S ann thug e ann mo chuimhne,
 Seann Uilleam Muillear chaidh bàs.

THE KINLOCHBERVIE WEDDING.

The bridegroom, Macleod by name, was a man of small stature and little repute, and the bride, a great-granddaughter of Donald, first Lord Reay.

'S ANN an *Ceann-loch-birbhidh*,
 Tha chuir bhios an òrdugh,
 'S an uair gheibh iad an luthaigeadh,
 Bitheadh subhaich' air na Leòdaich ;
 Iar-ogh' Dhòmhnuill Duaghaill.
 'N uair sguabas iad bhàrr stòil i,
 Cha bheag an t-aobhar cachdain leam,
 A faicinn aig *Ceann-ordaig*.

TO NINE FELLOWS,

The poet himself being one of them, who met in the same house one evening.

'S MAITH nach d' rinn sinn anns a' bhaile-s'
 Mearachdan thogar os àirde,
 Plobair is e gun ealaidh,
 Chaoidh cha mholar air paràd.
 Bha dithis do chopairean each ann,
 Saor, is clachair, is ceàrd ;
 'S neònach nach d' rinn sinn carraid,
 Maor, is earraid, 's bàrd.

WILLIAM MILLER.

William was a tinker and general "orra" man. A cow of his chased by the Balnacille bull ran through the corn, and William was doing his best to get them out of the field. Lord Reay coming on the scene, went to William's aid. The poet observing this, said :—

BEAG no mòr a tha mi bhliadhnach',
 Cha 'n fhaca mi riamh gus an diugh,
 Ceàrd a' ruith feadh an arbhair,
 Morair, is tarbh, is bò dhubh.

BIGHOUSE AND IAN MAC EACHAIN :

On the occasion of the poet meeting them on the market-place at Falkirk. They were the principal cattle-dealers in the Reay Country.

FEAR tigh *Bhiogais*, 's Iain Mac Eachuinn,
 'N dà phearsa 'n robh an fhoill,
 Leis na beòil nach feudtadh sheachnadh,
 Ged a chreachadh iad thu 'n raoir.
 Gu bheil an coguis air a tachdadh,
 Reic nam marta ris na Gaill ;
 Ach sgriobaidh Dia le faobhar ceartais,
 'M beartas sin de an cloinn.

THE FACTOR'S NEW SUIT.

Bighouse was factor for Lord Reay, and had the reputation of being harsh with the tenantry. Having got a new suit, he deferred putting it on till Rob Donn was present to compose a verse in its favour. It is said that Bighouse never forgave the bard for the two concluding lines.

'S MAITH a tha i air do chùlaobh,
 'S tha i ni 's ro ùrraichd air t' uchd,
 Bu chaomh leam i bhi leathan, trom,
 Mur deanadh i call no lochd ;
 Ach cha 'n 'eil putan innt', no toll,
 Nach do chost bonn do dhuine bochd.

AT DALWHINNIE INN.

Coming from the South the poet arrived tired and hungry at the Inn of Dalwhinnie, where a party was seated at dinner. Addressing the man at the head of the table, who after serving the others was picking a mutton bone, the poet said :—

CUIR an so an drama,
Fhir tha spiolladh na druine,
'S mur lion thu dhomhs' a' ghloine,
Thig mi ort ni 's tinne.

TO A CRONIE,

Who, in place of going to the hill for peats, as he was on his way to do, adjourned to the inn with the poet, whom, when he became a little elevated, he beseeched to make a verse for the occasion.

CIA b'e dheanadh mar rinn thus',
Bu mhisd' se e gu bràth ;
Chaidh thu latha tharruing mòine,
'S ghabh do sgòrnan blàth's.
Ghabh thu pathadh air an rathad,
'S rinn thu caitheamh bàth ;
'S d' a' mheud 's a shluig thu,
Aon neach cha tuigeadh
Dìog a bha thu 'g ràdh.

THE HERD'S DAUGHTER'S WEDDING.

CHÀIDH Iain¹ gus a' bhanall ud,
 Do bheannachadh na fhuair iad,
 Is rinn e suidhe socarach
 Air sopanaibh d' an luachair ;
 'N uair théid thu troimh gach dleasdanas,
 Dean athchuing do na h-uaislibh,
 Am Ministear,² am Facadair,³
 Am Pracadair,⁴ 's am Buachaill.

BOIL-AINGERS.

The bard and some companions set out one snowy morning to hunt the deer. They brought some bedclothes with them as wraps. While waiting for the deer one of the party, nicknamed "Boil-Aingers," began composing a verse, but could not get further than the first line, as under. Being taunted by the poet on his inability to complete the verse, "Boil Aingers" asked the poet to finish it, with this result.

ROB stumpach na plaideig,
 'S Uilleam leogach na plangaid ;
 Fear dhiubh thàrladh 'n a fhilidh,
 'S fear r' an abrar "Boil-aingers."

¹ John Mackay of Boraly. ² Rev. Murdoch Macdonald.

³ Kenneth Sutherland, Cnocbreac.

⁴ John Mackay, *alias* Macuilleam Vic Neill, whose son John married Isobel, the poet's eldest daughter.

JOHN MACKAY,

Better known as " Ian Mac Dhomhnull " to whom the poet composed songs on two other occasions.

'S FAD eadar do chas is do ghlùn,
'S mòr làn do dhà dhùirn de 'n òr.
'S tu cùbair a 's modha sùil,
Eadar am *Pùiteig* 's an *Sòdir*.

TO THE SAME,

Who was on a fowl-shooting expedition with the poet and others on Island Rannich. John, who was unaccustomed to the work, frightened the birds by his clumsy approach.

'N UAIR ghlac Iain gunna 'n a dhòrn,
Ghlac na h-èoin an tonn,
Le àirde 's a thogaidh e thònn,
'S aghaidh air an *Sòdir* ud thall.

REPLY TO " THE BULL."

The poet had compared this man to a bull in one of his previous songs, and the man took it in very bad part.

NA 'n innsinn duit an fhìrinn,
Cha b' ioghnadh ged a throdadh tu,
'N uair b' fheargach leat t' ainm a thoirt,
Mar tharbh a bhitheadh bagarrach :
An cnìopanach, cnàpanach,
Tràibeanach, baganach ;
Am buillceasach, colbh-mhasach,
Corra-chosach, croganach.

MACLENNAN'S HEARERS,

Who, in place of going to church to hear their own minister, Mr Walter Ross, went to a distant part of the parish to hear an itinerant preacher of the name of Maclennan, that they might have the better opportunity of enjoying each other's company.

CHUNNAIC mise lònann,
 Tha mar òrd agus innean ;
 An déigh gach teagaisg a fhuair iad,
 Aig tighe 'n cluas 's na 'n slinnein.
 Chùlaich iad Mr Bhàtair,¹
 Gus an robh *Ceann-taile* tional,
 S chaidh iad le lethsgheul eucoireach,
 A dh' éisdeachd *Mhic-an-Linnein*.

THE CLUMSY TAILOR,

Composed when the poet was about three years of age.

'S MAITH dhomhsa bhi 'n diugh gun aodach,
 Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'c Nèill,
 Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chùlaobh,
 'S nach 'eil a dhùnadh agam fhéin.

¹ The Rev. Walter Ross, Tongue.

THE HALF BANNOCK.

One of the bard's earliest efforts.

GED nach d' fhuair mi ach bloigh bannoich,
 Dh' ithinn bannoch slàn ;
 Ach 's ann a chuir sibh mi air leth-trath,
 Air son àt bhi air mo shàil.

UNWELCOME WORK.

Being forced to attend the cattle on account of his brother Donald's illness, he composed the following stanza :—

THA mis' air mo phianadh,
 'S mi triall dol do 'n bheinn,
 A dh' iarruidh nan reidhneach,
 Is saoibhreat ma théid sud leinn.
 Tha 'n tigh-s' air a lìonadh,
 Le dìomhanas dhaoine tinn',
 Gille dubh nan cnùdan,
 Is cnùcag an Dòmhnuaill Duinn.

TO THE REAPER.

The bard's nurse, who was assisting in the harvest field, was complaining that she got the side of the field to cut on which there was but little, and that little thin. Rob exhorts her as in the lines following. He is said to have been about five years old at the time.

BI-SA dol a nall 's a null,
 Gus an ruig thu grunn na clais',
 Cha 'n 'eil agad air, ma tha e gann,
 Ach na gheibh thu ann a thoirt as.

THE BARD'S GRACE.

At a funeral the best room was well filled with the upper class, and Rob and the commoner people crowded into the other. The bard was young, but resented this classifying of people on such an occasion. Being requested to ask a blessing, he gave the following :—

DEANAIBH bhur biadh a chagnadh,
 'S ann is mils' e r' a shlugadh,
 Tha mòran tigh'nn thugaibh,
 'S nàir dhuibh nach bi dad agaibh.
 Ma 's sibhse na *House of Peers*,
 Suidhidh ni 's tuighe 's an t-sreath;
 Ma 's sinne na *House of Commons*,
 Tha na dh' f hoghnas againn dheth.
 Ach o na thàinig sinn còmh-luath,
 'S nach robh agaibhs' còrr am breth, —
 'S gu 'n téid sinn uile fuidh 'n ghiùlan,
 Thugar dhuinn a dhara leth.

REPLY TO IAN MACEACHAIN.

John Mackay of Musal, in whose house the poet was as a boy, asked him to look out and see how the weather was.

Mr Mackay said—

“ Seall a mach am bheil e 'g aiteadh,
No 'm bheil glaisidheachd air na neòil.”

To which Rob on his return replied :—

CHÀIDH mis' a mach, 's cha 'n 'eil e 'g aiteadh,
'S cha 'n 'eil glaisidheachd air na neòil ;
Ach baidean cruaidh air *Dail-an-anairt*,
Agus t-anams anns an tònn !

SALUTE TO COLONEL MACKAY.

Colonel Hugh Mackay was second son to George, Lord Reay. As Mackay of Bighouse he was factor on the Reay Estate, and the reference to Rehoboam is a tribute to George, Lord Reay, then deceased.

Good-morrow ort a Hùistein,
Do 'm bu dùchas a bhi rathail,
Na bi do inntinn dhaormannaich,
Is gu 'm bheil t' aodan flathail.
Na bi mar Rehoboam,
'N uair shuidh e 'n tòs air a' chathair,—
Bu truim' air càch a lùdagan,
Na bun an dùirn aig 'athair.

JESSIE SUTHERLAND OF MIDGARTY.*

NACH faic sibh Alastair Mhinisteir ¹
 Fo' thinneasan an còmhnuidh ;
 Ach na faigheadh e *Miss Jessy*
 Air a' glasadh ann an seomair,
 Chuirinn geall gu 'n cuimhnicheadh e
 Air spleangaig Mhaighstir Sheorais.

LEWIS THOMSON.*

Lewis Thomson was not the most discreet of men. He was brother to the parish minister, and lived first at Cnocbreac and afterwards at Crosple.

Ni mi moladh air Liubhais,
 'S cha chùr mi brùthais na càl ann ;
 Cha chùr mi suid ann, no peisear,
 Ged bu chleachdach a' b' abhaist ;
 Fear cho staidear 's cho cuimear,
 'S nach d' thoir deadh chuideachas gair air,
 'S nach càn aon fhocal toimhseal,
 Eagal 's gu 'n dean an doisearachd fhagail.
 'S e mo bhàrail gu 'm b' fhiach thu,
 Na h-arm' iarruin bh' aig *Bhàlais* ;
 Bu ro-mhaith leam a t-oibear
 Ged nach d' thug iad ach spàin duite.

* Not previously published.

¹ Alexander Sutherland of Brae-grudie, son of the Rev Hugh Sutherland of Rogart, 1755-1774.

THE MINISTER, THE DOCTOR, AND THE CONSTABLE.*

The three arrived on successive days during a snowstorm at the house of Mr Robert Gordon at Rhians, in the parish of Rogart.

DI-THAON thainig am Ministeir,
 Is e gu mìne stuaim ;
 Di-sathairn thainig Leighich thugainn
 Is e na sgritheich fuar.
 'N sin an Iarraid Domhnullach
 Ma 's deach an Dònuich uainn ;
 Is gu 'm h'e nach bidh an Donas
 Anns a bhails' air Di-luain.

ROB DONN AND THE CATTLE.*

The poet felt the irksomeness of constantly attending upon the cattle at Balnacille, and more than ever after he was not allowed to employ a deputy for the work.

NACH faic sibh mur dheilig an spreidh ri Rob Donn,
 Bha rud-eigin aird air mu 's d' thainig e nall
 Nach fhaic sibh a nis e, cha 'n airde e no meann
 Tha luath na lic-theallaich air pealladh a cheann.

* *Not previously published.*

THE TUTOR'S SONS-IN-LAW.*

Composed at the Tutor's request.

'S E Do'll sgianaid do chliamhain,¹
 Fear is crion tha air bith ;
 Is Do'll Foirbeis le lagh shiobhallt,²
 Chuireadh criosdaidh air chrith ;
 Ian Gré³ 's fear Coiri-fiuran⁴
 Chùr sannt an cliu air ruidh ;
 Ach am fear is mios do na chuig fhear
 Cionneach dubh,⁵ golach a chruidh.

THE REV. GEORGE MUNRO, FARR.*

BE Mai'stir Seoras an duine fialaidh
 Bheireadh biadh agus doch ;
 'N uair dh' iarr Mai'stir Seoras fiona
 Dh' iarr a Ministear Criona 'n loch.

* *Not previously published.*

¹ Donald was married to the fourth daughter by the tutor's second wife, Janet Mackay.

² Donald Forbes, Sheriff-substitute, was married to Jane, the eldest daughter by the first wife, Elizabeth Mackenzie.

³ Captain John Gray married the third daughter by the second marriage.

⁴ Robert Gordon, tacksman of Corrifurion, 1758-1765.

⁵ Kenneth Scobie of Achumore, who married the tutor's eldest daughter by the second marriage.

THE COMPLAINING HUSBAND *

NA cuireadh e gruaim no torran òrt
 Nach robh i trom no torrach,—
 An cron a bha 's an fhearruin,
 Dh' fhaodadh 'n càr a bhith 's a chrann

EXPERIENCES AT MUSAL.*

'S IOMADH rud a tha 's bhail-sa
 Air nach smuaineach fear gun cheill'.
 Cha bhith ruidhean odhar ann,
 Nach todhair iad le spreidh.
 Bheir iad lìn is culaidh leò,
 'S cumaidh iad na h-eisg ;
 Nì blathaich 'n ait a bhrochain doibh,
 Is crochaidh iad na feidh.

THE BURIAL AT ARNABOL.*

On the lowering of the coffin of a particularly unneighbourly man, the poet remarked :—

OLACH 's mios chunnaic mo shuil
 Mu chulaidh, mu chù 's mu each,
 Tha es-a nìs anns an ùr,
 'S tha iad-sa n' an truir mu seach.

* *Not previously published.*

GLOSSARY.

Acaras, *hunger*
 Achdaidh, *sure*
 Agadh, *ox*
 Ainnc, *ink*
 Amhran, *song*
 Amhuilteach, *ludicrous*
 Aoidh, *guest*
 Aoidhal, *cheerful*
 Apar, *swift*
 Araidh, *worthy*
 Arbh', *corn*
 Asnaichean, *ribs*

Baganach, *a little man*
 Baghan, *burying-ground*
 Ballan, *wooden dish*
 Banachaig, *dairymaid*
 Bargaideach, *argumentative*
 Bàrnach, *limpet*
 Barnaigeadh, *inviting*
 Bàrr, *cream*
 Barrag, *froth*
 Barraidh, *baron-bailie*
 Bàth, *foolish*
 Beàl, *mouth*
 Beiceadaich, *limping*
 Blogach, *small*
 Biogaran, *wooden dish*
 Bladaidh, *a cur*
 Blobhdail, *barking*
 Bodhaig, *body*
 Brad, *alphabet*
 Braiceas, *breakfast*
 Braman, *the devil*
 Bruan, *stab*
 Bruthas, *broth*
 Buannaiddh, *bully*
 Bhiteach, *threat*
 Bunndaist, *weaver's fee*
 Buthailtean, *nooks*

Cachdan, *vexation*
 Cailbhe, *partition*
 Caimean, *mole*
 Calbhar, *gluttonous*
 Callaidh, *benumbed*
 Can, *say*
 Cas-direach, *delving-spade*
 Ceapag, *verse*
 Clabail, *fluttering*
 Clè, *relationship*
 Cliseach, *side*
 Clothadh, *quelling*
 Cnap, *straw rope*
 Cnucach, *crooked-horned*
 Coinnseas, *conscience*
 Crabhaichean, *tools*
 Crampadh, *rhyme*
 Crannanach, *ploughman*
 Crùsach, *small fry*
 Cuartach, *fever*
 Cùbaidh, *pulpit*
 Cùit, *separate*
 Culaidh, *boat*

Dais, *idiot*
 Dàm, *mud*
 Daobhaidh, *obstinate*
 Daochal, *disgusting*
 Deat', *one-year-old sheep*
 Deibhtearan, *debtors*
 Deilbh, *web*
 Deilig, *deal*
 Difir, *difference*
 Diuchaich, *addled*
 Dorbh, *fishing-hand-line*
 Drine or druine, *mutton (chops)*
 Duaineal, *ungainly*
 Duairc, *clod-hopper*
 Duanaidheachd, *rhymstering*
 Dupadaich, *becking and howing*

Earlachadh, *making ready*
 Eilldeir, *elder*
 Eirmis, *find*
 Eis, *he*
 Eis, *hindrance*

Fàn, *lower reach*
 Fanadh, *staying*
 Faochag, *wilk*
 Farbhas, *surmise*
 Feachdadh, *invested*
 Feart, *heed*
 Fiuch, *conspiracy*
 Furaist, *gun-wadding*

Geiltrigeadh, *gilding*
 Gllom, *leap*
 Gothar, *bag-pipe valve*
 Gramaisean, *spats*
 Grid, *grit*

Inntrig, *commence*
 Iolaman, *waterskin*
 Iomas, *trouble*

Labhallan, *water-shrew*
 Lamhaidh, *axe*
 Laos-boc, *castrated he-goat*
 Leogach, *awkward*
 Luireach, *rags*
 Luis, *swarm*
 Lunn, *pummel*

Mabadh, *vilifying*
 Maide-seisd, *crupper*
 Maois, *heap*
 Masanaich, *deriding*
 Masgull, *flattery*

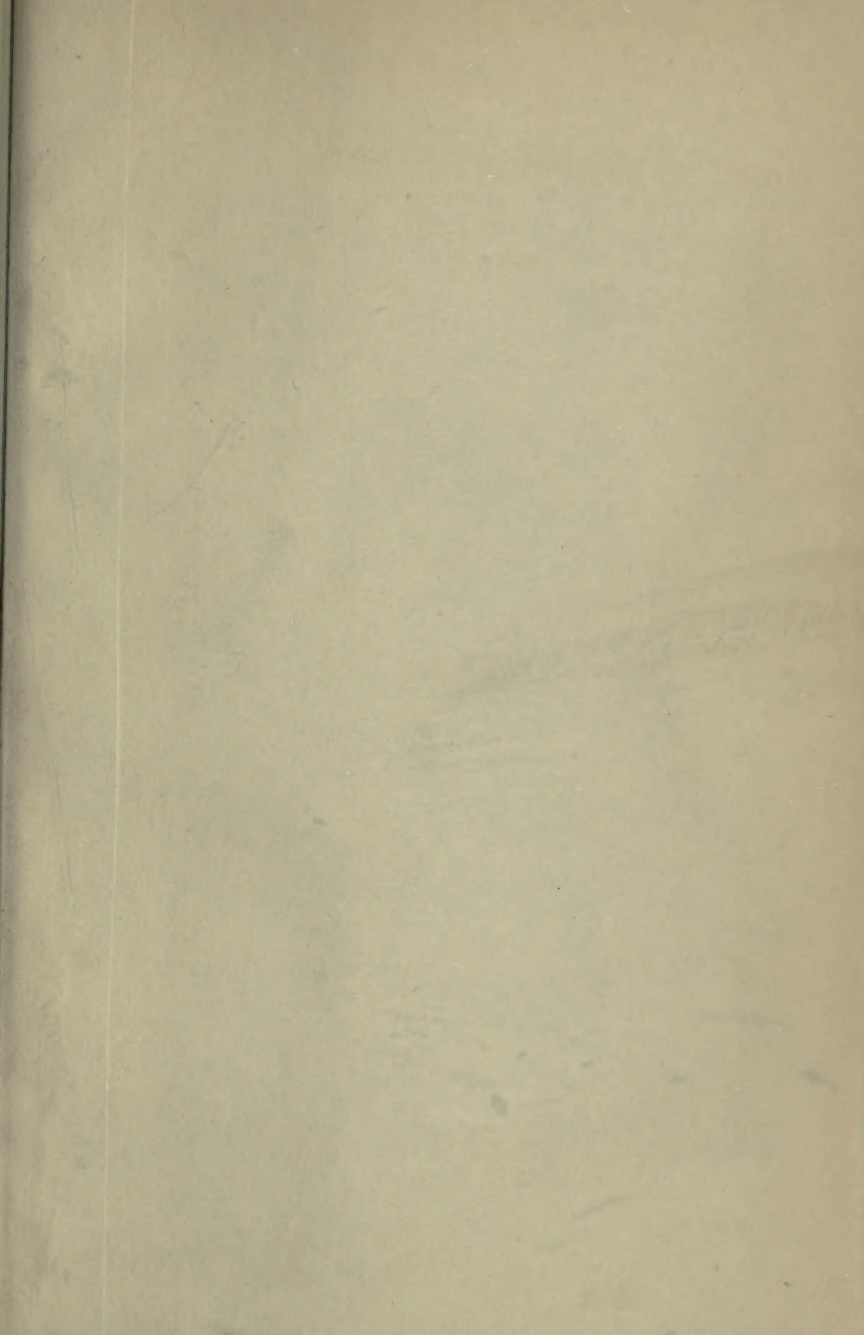
Peaphair, *bailiff*
 Pigidh, *robin*
 Prac, *small tithes*
 Procach, *year-old stag*
 Prosbaig, *telescope*
 Puthar, *hurt*

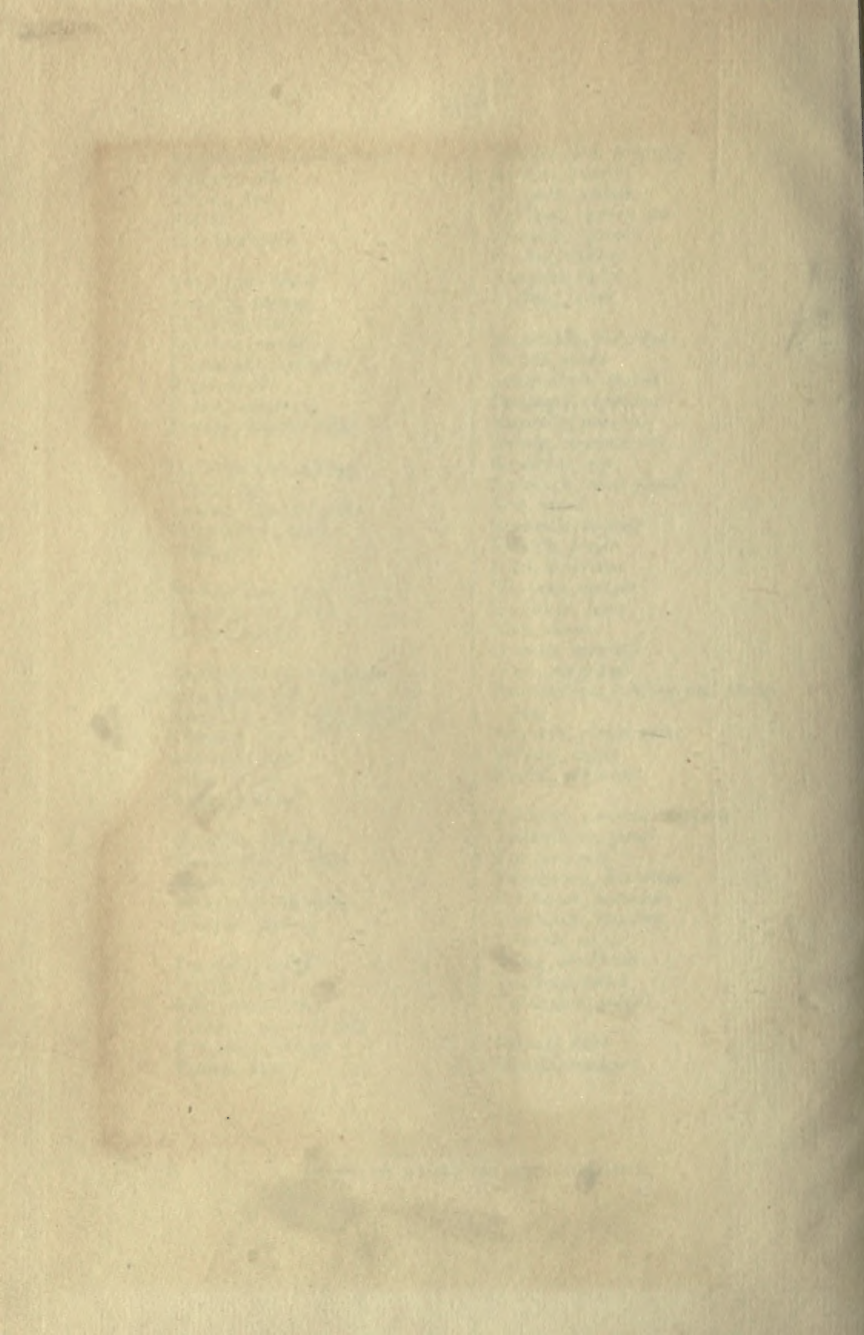
Rasaireachd, *taunting*
 Ràthan, *security*
 Rèapach, *untidy*
 Reidhne, *barren cow*
 Riataich, *bastard*
 Rothar, *chanter*
 Ruagair, *bullet*
 Rudhag, *crab*

Saobhaidh, *fox's den*
 Saoidh, *mare*
 Seachlaimh, *spared*
 Seanagar, *sagacious*
 Siasnadh, *decaying*
 Siataig, *rheumatism*
 Sinéibhir, *gin*
 Smiotach, *short faced*
 Sith, *mark*
 Smùsach, *sucking*
 Solaidh, *profit*
 Spàt, *diarrhoea*
 Srianach, *badger*
 Stabhach, *lame*
 Stàn, *down*
 Starach, *cunning*
 Stùic, *surly look*
 Suaiteachan, *rubbing and shrugging*
 Suanach, *plough reins*
 Suileag, *coggie*
 Sùsdal, *confusion*

Tabhurn, *convivial company*
 Teine-fionn, *spray*
 Toc, *sore eyes*
 Toimhsean, *discretion*
 Tràilleach, *seaweed*
 Treabhair, *steading*
 Tritcair, *rascal*
 Tros, *blockhead*
 Tuathag, *patch*
 Tulchainn, *gable*

Udlach, *hart*
 Ulaidh, *treasure*





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